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Splinters



Spring Number

Nineteen Hundred and Sixty-seven

Splinters

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Editorial

When Americans converse, we usually stand at a regulated distance from each other. Without any trouble, we speakers can extend our arms so that the index fingers will neatly fit into the listeners' ears. In conversation, we maintain the proper arm's distance to talk at one another. Symbolically, American conversation is merely a physical extension of our thoughts that we poke into any conveniently distanced ears, which ironically cannot hear, for they are well-plugged. It seems, then, that we can hear only ourselves while we talk at everyone else.

The intimate French conversations greatly contrast with the typical exchange system that we have adopted. Instead of isolating the interest of a few with our news, we manage to arrange a vast number of people in perfect spacial relationship; then, we poke our ideas and convictions into their deafened ears. Our image of the popular party-person is the artful conversationalist who simply resembles a bicycle wheel that rotates his body about a group and consecutively extends his arms as spokes into the perfectly orientated ears. Or, taking another commonplace example, we walk toward each other on a street; we halt when our fingers can tightly plug ears; we poke hello, thank you, and how are you; then we walk on wondering who it was we greeted. We talk on and on with outstretched fingers, and for all our talk, we hear only ourselves.

Italians do not poke and plug; they talk *with* their hands so people of all sizes can hear, question, answer, and then understand. We, on the other hand, try to poke someone who is just half our size. With the advantage of a longer arm we can stuff all that we want without fear of encountering a question. Shorter arms cannot poke back. If an unconventional attempt to speak is made, we simply remind our listener that we must never shout at people out of ear-poking distance. We can turn from our small victim and let him pick from his ears the message; he, in turn, can poke words of love, freedom, justice, and Freud into some still smaller plugged ears. This poking-plugging tradition is so much a part of our conversational habits that it is instinctive for a small babe to fondle stuffed animals by poking deaf ears.

Americans could move a considerable step back or a friendly step closer to talk at the targets of our conversation. We could put down the coffee cups and cigarette butts. We could unplug our victims' ears and set free our hands. And with close attention to international conversing habits we might learn the meaning of our talking; unplugged people will hear and will react. We might learn the truth of our meaning; unplugged people will question and will teach. We might even learn the art of talking to, not at, our fellow ears.

Viet-Commercial

There is fear, perhaps distaste, in your heart. You have a desire to be somewhere else catching the sun's rays in your mouth, as you run until you drop from exhaustion.

You visualize the large, brown eyes of Vietnamese children, looking for night and day upon your face, as they hide in the shadows. You are the protector of the buildings that house them and the dispenser of warmth and security. It makes a man out of you when you have no desire to be a man and play father.

Your eye must be capable of distinction between purity and filth and your mind prepared to absorb lead and reward.

You must feel a sense of accomplishment whether you clothe a naked child or repair a weapon to be used later to kill your enemy.

Smile as though you were warm inside even if you bitterly oppose your superior. Don't let your face be hardened into a frown from which the mass observes your dejection.

You are a minute part of the mass (a regiment of people) made poor through expulsion of morals, faith and love.

Be realistic in conception of war. Have no fantasy of victory or disillusionment in defeat.

You know what you are seeking and possibly you are being sent to find it, although your vision is obscured by the density of the jungle and your desire is dampened as you trudge through marsh to avoid the undergrowth.

You are a pillar to remain standing until war takes the "ouch" out of the Curad band-aid covering the hole in your chest, through which your enemy gazes into the future.

SHERI WICKWIRE '67





Leaf Colors

Mahogany, maize
And bittersweet,
Leaves are falling at my feet.

Rust, gold, scarlet
And red,
Drifting from above my head.

VICTORIA HARP '69



Anticipating Orange

Now the ugly snow is once again slushing under and around my feet. I feel that my long wait will never terminate; these harsh days of sorrow will never cease. I wonder—When will better days rescue me?

When the snow turns dirty and undesirable, I know that spring will soon come marching forward, waving her hands over all the front yards, and suddenly the snow will dribble away into the sewers. Once again I will have my bare streets and will feel my frayed wits slowly draw closer together with anticipation.

Then summer will abruptly bounce in but soon sail away with the same old clouds in a gust of cold wind. I will feel my anxious spirits climb out of the dark cave where they were hiding. Because, alas, fall will be here! Yes, after all those long days of anxiety, hope, and anguish, I will feel, in a sense, relieved that it is autumn. For that is the time that I (with my dear friend and companion, Charlie Brown) will be able to meet once more with our savior, The Great Pumpkin.

JANET KENDALL '67



The Party

Thousands of crushed cigarettes
left the room with a musty,
suffocating smell. White clouds
lingered in each corner, hovering over
the ratty chair and sofa, so as
almost to hide their ugly appearance.
Glasses lay on their sides with their drippings
staining the wine-colored
rug. In the far room, the same
record wore on. Only few were left
now; perhaps they would leave soon.
Their voices carried them further
off until the only sound was that
of the record, and I stood alone.

I crossed the room and into the
bedroom. My hand snatched at the
needle, scraping the record. On
each side of me were the signs of the
party. I didn't like it,
for it seemed to me that something
wrong had been done. Everyone had
done it together and yet alone.
They each had laughed and talked and it had
seemed good at the time. But now
they would all go their own ways back
home, and in their swirling, aching
heads, they would begin to realize how they
had tricked themselves. They
had covered reality with a musty suffocating smell.

Each sip—they knew—drained
a little more of the brain . . .
The brain which the entire body
revolves around. Yet they all tried
to destroy it—and themselves.

Quickly, I picked up each bottle
and glass . . . threw them into a
carton and left them outside my
door.

I crawled into bed and switched
the light off. I attempted sleep, but
the musty clouds engulfed my head.

DEBBIE GALE '67



D. Gale



At Midnight

A death-like calm begirded the town. The vast dark sky sent a faint wisp of air to rustle the few remaining dead leaves on the stalwart trees. Like stark steely pins spiraling up to pierce the darkness, the trees formed a regimental line guarding the broken, cracked pavement of the narrow roadway. Behind them the shadowy buildings loomed in repose like tombs marking an ancient burial ground. The town was a timeless area with no past or future. It was a space that seemed destined to stay hushed and immobile.

BETH BULLOCK '68

Undertow

Grey clam shells on pearl wheels
passing through fathoms of
veiled hate and scorn
crawling in the muck and mire
of indecency and degradation.
Infinity will engulf the
dead wood and relics
tossed into its insatiable claws.
Only the non-parasites will be
untouched by the grasping
tides of Hell.

MARTHA CHIGAS '67



The Storm

The sky was an ever-changing pattern over the rolling sea. The directionless wind began to blow. The storm mounted.

Dark and foreboding floated the endless skies; emerald green, the angry sea. White froth upon Neptune's vast acres tossed and turned. The sable night in Olympian luster grew as a ritual for Zeus and Thor, who came rushing with blinding flash and deafening crash.

The boat's straining hull bent itself against the fury of destruction, as walled mountains of fluid hell paused as if in thought and then rushed downward in a never-ending flood. Swallowed within the monstrous grasp, the boat breathed its last.

LEE MCKALLAGAT '68

Ode to a Draft Card Burner

black soot on brick walls
fingertips of a little boy
void of pretense
running in the sun along cobbled streets
ashes

yellow
fingertips of youth along a rail fence
and the spikes won't pierce leather boots
and a green dot is followed in search of winter wheat
and disfiguration is horizontal.
and he is not crowded by harsh noise
and silenced by distaste

and a hair crosses over his eye
and another flows under his collar.
and his shirt is removed and hidden under a black towel
and he wipes his face with neutrality
and his hair splits the black with color
blond purity

grapes dropped from basement windows
and dried in the sun
diluted with rain water
drained of impurities through mesh screen

wine
quench the dirt floor
and quench his tongue, removing ill word
and unsanitary mud caked on boots.
quench the particles of his conscientious objections
safely in glass canisters.
and war bumps his bottle
possibly cracks it under red umbrellas—

and the wind whispers his name through plaid trees
squinting in perspective
pouring emotion through spokes of the umbrella
raised to shelter a red ant.

SHERI WICKWIRE '67



Little Blue Riding Hood

Once upon a time, there lived a fair young girl named Blue. She lived in a city apartment with her auntie.

One day, Blue's auntie suggested that Blue ought to take her grandmother a copy of the latest *TV Guide*. Blue agreed. On with her blue cape and off she went. She hopped the nearest subway and, after three stops, she got off and marched up the street to Gran's apartment. Strangely enough, outside the building was a motor scooter. This seemed very odd to Blue, since Gran lived in the city housing project for the elderly, but she thought that someone must have parked it in the wrong space. Perhaps it belonged to a customer of the coffee house next door.

She skipped up the steps to Gran's place and sounded the buzzer. As usual, the little peekhole opened and a brown eye appeared. Blue was suspicious of nothing (Gran had brown eyes). The door slowly opened and there stood Wolf. She was surprised. Then Wolf made his first move.

He said, "How's about a date tonight, Blue Baby?"

Her reply, "Fine with me."

That evening, after Blue had returned from her frightening experience at Gran's, she heard a roaring sound outside her apartment. She looked out the window and there was Wolf on his Honda, all ready to go. He gave a blast on his horn and a loud whistle. In a few seconds, Blue was on the back of the bike. Off they went, happily ever after, of course.

CAROL ROWLEY '67





In the Morning

In the morning
Late birds dart through the air
Landing here and there
But never for long.

The wind is sharp and cold
Whistling through the trees
Taking all the leaves
The winter gains its hold.

LORRIE LACOUR '68

Crystal Child

On gilded wings of the golden angel
bear them away to the castle
A perilous trip up through tangerine sky
the word of love means die.

Children's love in crystal eyes
reflecting a world passing by
Light and laughing minds in autumn play
never suspecting their cold day.

Gaze through a convex watch crystal
translucent water colors infiltrate a portrayal
of one hundred small bodies huddled in dismay
imbibing a final display,
cascading iridescence, warmth and love.

Then dusk with red afterglow
silent sea wind begins to blow
Purple cloak suspended high the power divine
obliterated view and begirded all childkind

In this state if only it not befall
through blank space the free fall
of the unloved crystal child.

BETH BULLOCK '68



Hey You !

"Hey you, have you ever looked at yourself?
R-E-A-L-L-Y looked? Kind of brutal aren't you?
Quite the independent one! Don't need anybody to
lean on. Watch it when you fall. Nobody will clean
you up. We'll walk all over you!"

JODI LANDWEHR '68

Sunday's Decline

Masses descend somewhat happy but pensive.
Interrogations begin, replies are affirmative.
The past is recollected, revealed.
The commotion lulls—
dejection sets in.

SANDRA HALL '67

Blue Is

Blue has no shape or size or odor or sound.
Blue attaches itself to objects or parts of objects.
Blue may look different to everyone, but to everyone
it is cool, and sometimes sad.

If you paint a room light blue, in the winter
it will have an uninviting and frigid aspect. It is like
the inside of an ice cube.

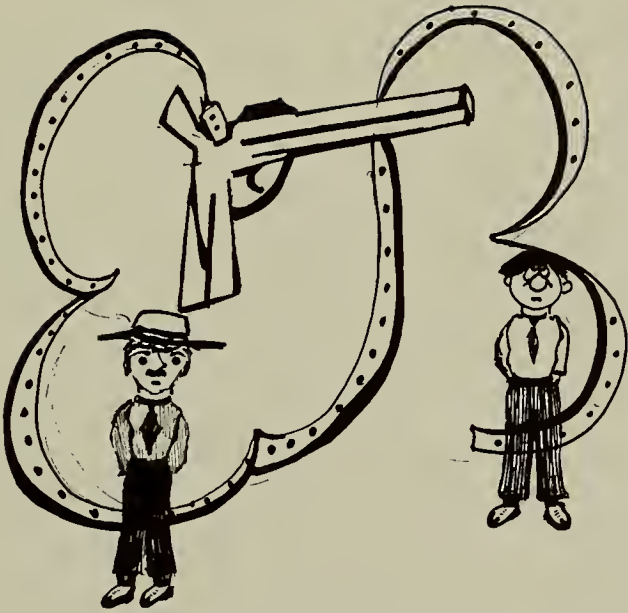
Blue is the artist's brush on the shadow of a
man's face. Blue goes with blond hair, and blue is the
shadows of snow.

Blue is looking out a window at the moon or
at twilight with a candle flickering in your room.
Blue is the sea and water.

Blue is for boys. Blue is what you feel when
you've been crying for a long time. Blue is metallic,
dull. Blue is sweet and innocent. Blue is dark and
mysterious. Blue is my favorite color.

SUE BRIGGS '67

El Ploto Supremo



The open trap door revealed *El Baron* with his custom-made super-destructive, infallible cap pistol. *El Baron* stepped forward into the light thus revealing his sturdy masculine features. But *El Baron's* face was distorted with anger. His side-kick *Chico* was reported held captive by an enemy agency. The enemy agency wanted the plan of *El Baron's* custom-made, super-destructive, infallible cap pistol. The enemy agency's desire did not bother *El Baron*. In his mind, plans were already forming by which he could save *Chico*. After all, the good agents always emerge victorious.

But this time the suspecting *El Baron* would not reach *Chico*, for the enemy agency had malicious doings intended for him.

On the way to the place where he suspected the enemy agency to be located, *El Baron* met with a slight diversion in the shape of a woman. Naturally this woman wasn't an everyday type of female; she was an enemy agent named *Lolita*. *Lolita* wore on her finger the special deliciously indescribable, sleep-perfumed ring. One breath of the marvelous vapor and *El Baron* was in a deep sleep.

Meanwhile, *Chico*, without *El Baron's* aid, was trying to appear as if he were desperate to escape. Of course his first efforts at escape were in vain. But later, as the time grew right, he used his specially cut, razor-sharp, pointed front tooth to cut his bindings. *Chico* was purposely let escape. Unknown to *El Baron*, *Chico* was a double agent!

Once free, *Chico* went in search of *El Baron* with the hope that he himself might acquire the much wanted plan for *El Baron's* custom-made, super-destructive, infallible cap pistol. He found *El Baron* just awakening from his deep sleep. But by no tactful interrogation could he obtain the plan from *El Baron*. *El Baron* was becoming suspicious. *Chico* knew then that to obtain the plan he must reveal to *El Baron* his double identity. He also knew that after obtaining the plan he would have to kill *El Baron*.

So *Chico* turned to *El Baron* and said, "*El Baron*, I am a double agent. I am after the plan for your custom-made, super-destructive, infallible cap pistol. Once I acquire it, I will kill you."

To this discourse *El Baron* replied, "But of course, *Chico*. I understand. I can see how grieved you are to do this heinous crime."

Thus *Chico* obtained the plan and killed *El Baron*. He reported to both agencies the details of the episode. Naturally each agency was given a slightly different version.

Chico rose in position with both agencies until one day, while on a job, he met *El Baron*. *Chico* was sure that he had killed *El Baron*.

El Baron stepped up to *Chico* and said, "You see, *Chico*, I am not dead. I was wearing my super-deluxe, impenetrable, insulated underwear. The plan you obtained was a phony. And now, *Chico*, I am going to shoot you with my custom-made, super-destructive, infallible cap pistol." BANG!

The Question

What is love?
What does this word mean?
Is there any one word or
Two words that can explain it?
Does love just come to certain
People, or does it come to everyone?
Is there any way of knowing if
Love has come to me?

DONNA CORROON '67

To D.

Why do you continually fight me?
Everything I say, you twist around.
Do you want me to be against you . . .
Is it your subconscious that makes you
do as you do?

Am I too submissive — too agreeable?
If so, I can change.
Yet you yourself said,
"I will not change and become
a hypocrite for those who think me wrong."

Have I ever asked you to change
or be someone else?
Then why expect me to do as such. . . .
Maybe you'd like an enemy instead of a friend.
If so, I'll leave you — to yourself.

SANDY SHIPTON '67

Nothing
The moon casts a blue haze over pine and knotted pole
a sick figure stands alone
with no shadow
looks into a pond
and sees no reflection
causes pain
with no tear of pity

Wickwire '67

Haiku

The blind
drifting now to dissonant sounds
of arbitrary colors.

A sprig of ivy
crawls slowly
towards the horizon
of a desert.

Happy blind child
focusing temporarily
on infinity.

Once independent
A raindrop slips warily
Into a puddle.

SHERI WICKWIRE '67

KIM KIRCHMAIER '68

The Dive

I jumped off the board.
Whirling! Head up! Feet up!
Wind in my ears.
The water below was green,
Now the sky — white
Both were meeting my outstretched hands.
Wet and cold — rush of motion —
light above — green below
A deep breath . . .

LORRIE LACOUR '68

I Stand

. . . watching on the wind with the grass and straw about my feet. The wind, it moves only those which want to be moved, only those which are soft and non-resistant. All others, it leaves in its shadow as mere passings in a life from the first small whirlpool to the long path across the open field . . . then the rest in the valley, where it remains only a breeze—a breeze thought of only by a child at play in the grass.



DEBBIE GALE '67

The Trial

A golden little mystery
Stood by a small birch tree
And wondered
At a leaf,
Plucked it,
Pressed it to her cheek,
And let it
Flutter to the
Faded grass.
She then bent
The sapling
'Til it too was
In the ebbing grass,
And let it go
To see if it would
Spring back.
Only,
For some reason,
When the tree quivered,
As if to recoil,
She turned away
And could not watch
As the growing treeling
Slowly returned
A little bit weaker
Than before.

JANET KENDALL '67



Les Exercices

At Chateau Mont-Choisi, about two weeks after school started, "les exercices" started too. My *dear* mother had written a very polite letter to Madame P. asking her to make sure I attended "les exercices," not the required twice a week, but four times a week! When I found out about my mother's letter, my annoyance reached hysterical proportions.

Alors, at 7:00 every morning, four times a week, I'd drag myself down to the basement. There a prancing little man awaited us. He was so nice to wake up to! He obviously enjoyed "les classes d'exercices" as much as we despised them. Half the girls stumbled into his "gymnase," clothes all twisted over their pajamas, looking as disgruntled as rebellious "demoiselles" could.

My roommates were just as outraged as I was about my getting up early every morning for this loathsome activity. If I could have skipped every morning I would have, but our little pudgy friend always took role. Of course, I managed to get out of the torture once a month. A friend would mumble "indispose" when he sang out my name. Naturally, I was always very truthful. Some of the girls managed to be "indispose" all year 'round.

Our mincing instructor insisted on giving us about five different kinds of exercises to, as he put it, "cultiver la buste." We would (of course, with smiling faces and great vitality) swing our arms in circles, frontwards and backwards, assuming all sorts of idiotic postures. With equal passion we performed "les exercices" for every part of the body. While we groaned and panted, he would march around the room cuddling his toy poodle, shouting, "un, deux, trois, un, deux, trois," and on and on ad nauseum. As he spat out these numbers with a smirk on his face, we would labor like the "bonnes fillettes" we were. Some of the bad fillettes, unlike me, would hide behind the piano or outside the doorway when he turned his back. I always resented those cowards. When they were discovered, I'd give a small snicker and gloat over their being driven back to slavery.

The Road Taken

A fact,
Soon to be an artifact.
We march along,
Some together . . .
Mostly alone.
The land stays rigid
We must curve our bodies . . .
Our minds.
We curve until ends meet . . .
Meet in a circle.
They meet and there are no more roads to explore
No more points to make contact with.
One smooth road . . .
Already paved . . .
With artifacts.

MARTHA PARKINSON '68



Monologue

(A classroom of ten or twelve seated students and a teacher; attention upon a standing figure.)

Center figure: You all will learn someday but it is already too late to save you. (*Cynically criticizing*) You only mimic the words and thoughts before you . . . listening to and then breathing what you hear . . . The monotone baas of sheep . . . (*mocking*) baa, baa, baa. (*With glorious conviction*) I, the only real individual, now, charge you with your due punishment. (*Moving to the head of the class; in a judicial tone*) What I know you will half know, and then half enjoy, even understand less. (*Drawing a horizontal line across the air*) The significance of your lives is seen in the image of this line smothered by air. (*In a confiding tone*) I have questioned, judged and have found that I, in the glorious truth, go alone. I never followed the nature that is, but drew my own life of a line not prey to air. (*Extends a chalk line across the blackboard*) (*Triumphantly*) I made a new image and how clearly it shows. I, a champion of knowledge, have taught myself well. (*Marching with high steps to the victory beat in the air the figure leaves and closes the door of the empty room.*)

PRUDY ALLEN '67



Lunch

The stampede begins. All the half-starved calves swarm into the dining room, practically trampling the head cattle in their path. The worn-out chairs sag under the assorted weights of their occupants. A tidal wave of morning gossip floods the room and then breaks into private conversations. Scents of the noonday feed escape the kitchen via the swinging door. The food is distributed, and the harmonious sounds of munching mouths fill the air. Gradually the bites and grunts diminish and satisfied silence prevails. The feeding done, small parts of the herd disperse—first slowly, then gathering momentum—trampling their leaders again in a frantic dash to the empty box.

JODI LANDWEHR '68

Who's Real ?

I don't drink. I'm crazy. I've got the opportunity. A girl, who came to visit me last fall for two days, wrote to say that she had not seen as much liquor in New York all summer as she had seen those two nights in Worcester. She thought it was disgusting the way the people in my town drink. It is. All her friends are on pot.

Do you know what I get high on? Country roads, the color orange, stars and the moon, "The Mamas and Papas", skiing, sand and the waves. So why should I drink and see only a distorted glimpse of my addictions when I am near them. They all have one thing in common: beauty.

The word "beauty" is like the word "wonderful"; they are both trite. There is nothing more wonderful than beauty. I could repeat that sentence over and over all day and mean it more every time I say it . . . and people would think I was crazy. I am. I don't drink—remember?

JANET KENDALL '67

G-O-S-S-I-P

Gossip is busybodies at work.
Gossip is exaggerated ideas.
Gossip is playing with people's feelings.
Gossip is an afternoon pastime.
Gossip is rarely true.
Gossip is for the birds,
because the cats go after them.

AMY WHITEHEAD '67

The Fray

The doors of war burst open
Ejecting the soldiers onto the field.
"Rush forward" is the cry
As the battleground is covered
With bodies marching onward
Against the hostile crowd.
Never surrendering an inch of pavement
To the enemy; striking blows everywhere
No one is wounded mortally in this bloody battle
They charge blindly into and with the enemy
On its way to the station.

LYDIA DESHLER '67

School Dances

You're gathered in front of the piano. They are about twenty feet away, behind and around several chairs and tables. You fidget with your coat, gloves, rings, strands of hair drooping over your newly painted face (which took you at least an hour to create), the pearls hanging from your neck, and whatever else your clammy little hands could discover to preoccupy yourself with until that terrible and dreaded moment arrives. A few of the girls are clumped together, each stealing glances whenever possible and trying to decide who is the best looking boy there and then who will undoubtedly be her date. The stupid looking creep over there in the corner with the large glasses, with a nose to go with them, the greased down hair parted in the middle and, of course, the inevitable white socks, will obviously be yours for the entire night. But then you don't care whom you get, because you're *IN LOVE* with Johnny. Only reason why you even came to this dance was that your good buddie wouldn't go unless you did, and she has done so much for you, it's the least you could do for her in return!

All of a sudden you are awakened from your dream-world and your Johnny by someone calling out your name. Taking a deep breath and affecting a careless sigh, you march forward. You're introduced—*not bad*. The petty conversation begins with name, address, grade and so forth. As the dance and time progress, he seems to become more appealing. He's the kind of boy Mother and Daddy would just love. He comes from an excellent background, you know.

Unexpectedly the lights are turned back on! You blush. Arm and arm you begin to move towards the pile of coats, now on the floor. No words are spoken. What can one possibly say? There is so much you want to say and so little time to say it all in. Gradually you make your way to the door, and the sight of the awful buses hits you. Maybe there will be a flat tire—or the gas has leaked out of the tanks—or is that a snow cloud forming right overhead about to smother you all in an unimaginable amount of snow? No such luck! Here come your chaperones. He promises to write, you promise to answer, *immediately*. The last embrace and then you float onto the bus and wave goodbye as the yellow blurb goes rolling out of the academy's gate. Suddenly comes a scream bellowing from your inner self-releasing emotions, frustrations, anxiety. You're really *IN LOVE* this time. There is no question about it. Plans have been made in regard to his weekend coming up in the near future, and then you'll be able to discuss more important matters: breaking the news to Mom and Dad, size of the ring, colleges you'll attend together, and whatever else people in love talk about.

Johnny will have to understand. Anyway, you and Johnny were more or less just really good friends. Well, at least that's all you considered your relationship with him as. If he misinterpreted your feelings, that's his tough luck. Poor child, he'll recover in time.

At last, you're *IN LOVE*, true love. In love with someone you've been with for a grand total of two hours, with whom you've exchanged petty tidbits about trivial topics which neither concerned nor interested either of you. You know next to nothing about his background, beliefs, religion, likes, dislikes, moods and so forth. But there will be time to place all of these insignificant pieces into the intricate puzzle of "LOVE."

Closed World



The whole world was hemmed in that morning. It had snowed heavily the night before. The small timid animals shut themselves away from the rest of the world, crouching in their peep-holes. They would have used up too much energy if they had tried to push their way through their snow-filled entrances. They preferred to be shut in. And the people? The snow was piled up in front of their houses. It pushed against their doors, holding them inside with an awesome strength. They could not have escaped, at least not for a while. The people knew that they were closed in. They gave in to this idea, and simply sat behind drawn curtains. The houses themselves realized the predicament. The sky was gray and looked like a huge dome covering the earth. Yes, even the sky (usually so vast and unlimited) seemed to hang low, and close in the earth. This was one, big, smothered world; cut off, unaware of the wonders of space.

PLACE DOWNEY '68

So Silent and Gay

The world so silent
and gay
with wind pooling
flakes
into whirls,

blowing dust from the shelves
onto which the feathers float

(One cannot follow
with unconcentrated eye
the curved path
of
the
one
snowflake.)

Why not go out —
to travel
endangeringly
adventurously
into this world
so silent,
gay,
mysteriously hazardous.

MARTHA BAKER '67



From the Depths

From the depths of slumbering sleep
I am thrust from unreality
By the piercing sound of the bell,
Which echoes down the corridor.
The radio soothes my agitated soul.

I am restored to serene peace
By the overpowering drowsiness
Enclosing my world so completely
I never hear . . .
The tragedy of the world.

LYDIA DESHLER '67

Apres les Vacances

Nobody laughs
Everyone cries
Now they are all equal
All have something in common —
A miserable tear.

Sliding backwards into the past
Like idle fools, dreaming of days lost in time
Instead of measuring the future
With their own weight.

Nobody laughs, except one.
Have you laughed alone?
It's fun — basically —
Watching the golden children of heaven and hell
Weeping together
In common interest,
Everyone for himself.

SANDY SHIPTON '67

I Watch

. . . in wondering weariness those whirling circles which so long engulfed me in their thoughts.

Tired of this washing, I lay to dry on the quiet shores . . . Short ripples, yet still they reel me. And in an attempt to laugh at this past horror which I alone have escaped, I cry in fear. For now in the ending of these circles they can only stop with no breaking off . . .

No ending to say it is done . . . but just a slowing down of something I never began.

DEBBIE GALE '67



Reincarnation

Life is an hour-glass.
The grains of sand are days
That slip through the
Tunnel of time.
They land one by one
Quickly, to form a pile.
Years are soon made.
Life is lived.
Joy and Sorrow
Hatred and Love . . .
And when there are no
More grains to spend,
The tunnel is silent, empty.
But will there not be a
Hand to turn the hour glass?
To begin life once more. . . .

GRETCHEN VALADE '67

Ambiguity

a dog bone filled with nicotine ashes.
the beauty of soot,
hard silicone shell,
crusted amphibious ideals
weathered by salty tears of speed.

red and blue sand,
particles of people
blurred by the foggy mist
carried on the frothy white of the sea.

a seagull's flight is steady,
co-existing with waves of thought
transmitted upon the wing.

webbed feet parent a strange child
in ripples of designed words,
crushed in natural rock granite
collected,
for its beauty is maimed with common peasantry.

SHERI WICKWIRE '67



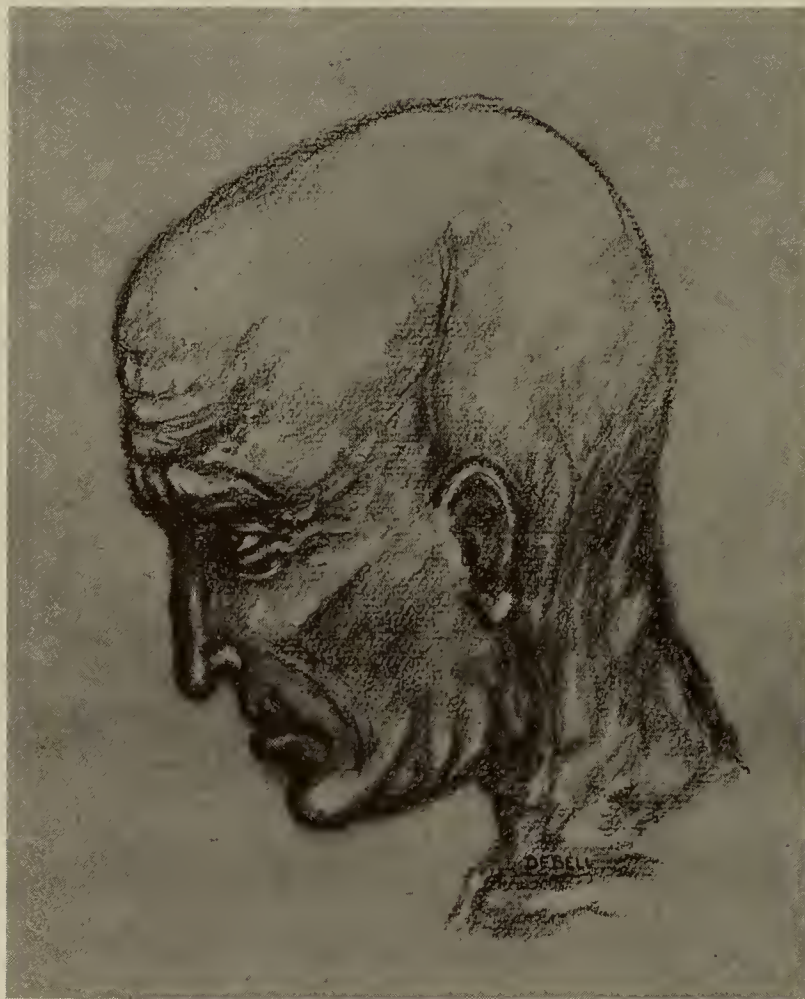
Dinacola's Vision

I am an old man
with grey hairs
and all my senses dulled,
except my memory.

I recall a blood-spattered battleground,
repulsive with the stench of rotten flesh.
Toylike black cannons loom in the background;
once destructive, now silent.
In the air drifts the lingering gunsmoke
and the gloom of approaching snow.

Darkness will finally descend,
but not forever — not yet.
I am an old man
living now in two worlds
and perhaps forever.

MARTHA CHICAS '67



The Song

The song
can't you hear
twining through the grasses
boundless in our maze

Reverberating over a slow surging sea
seeking out the wretched
broken bodies, diseased minds, rise
Listen, the song

In the wind
there's a song in the wind
mellow air echoing its wail
haunting, summoning to follow

It's a wind for Loneliness
for those in search
of heart
of liberty
of love

An existence in the wind
I cast naked
to the touch
images for someone to search

Solo bird soaring across the sky
a song in the wind
of Love on the wing

I hear it distantly
droning inwardly with a promise
there's a wind
with a song
of Love

In the wind
there's a song
of wonder, of doubt,
proclaiming
you will be loved
and your love will Live.

BETH BULLOCK '68



Passage to Nihilism

Words fall on sensitive flesh
And adhere themselves to blistered veins,
Driving the life blood blindly to a morbid
purpose.
Crimson rushes down, crushes, and destroys
reason defended by the
grasping tissue of the mind.

Martyred by flames, flaunting firey flesh,
Choking reason finds profound purpose in
living flesh.
Veins explode again flooding the fire-tortured
mind,
And reason for destruction is drowned by a
crimson enemy feeding the mind's
fire.

From the zenith to the nadir, fire's red smothers
the fuel of reason,
And cools, washes, and cleans the dead tissue.
Red dries brown and seals as a coffin,
Hiding wounds with new flesh and new purpose,
oblivious to reason,
indifferent to pain.

PRUDY ALLEN '67

The Bed Away

Wet foam, rolling over on its bed of sand;
retreating, leaving a glossy sheet of shining pebbles,
finds comfort in dissolving into warm green drops which expand
making an endless coverlet of water.

PLACE DOWNEY '68



The Bird

A large, ominous spot is roughly outlined against the clear, placid blue of the sky. It remains stationary, perched high upon a limb of a tree. It begins to take some form as I approach, and I can see the brown-grey feathers spread across his body, varied only by a few splotches of white at the tips. His beady black eyes glare down hatefully upon me, and his sharp, fierce beak moves slightly as if being sharpened. He clings with his feet upon the tree, clawing the rough bark as he files his toenails into sharp points. Suddenly, with no warning, his wings spread out across the sky on either side of him, covering the world with his black ugliness. The sound of flapping wings thunders above me, and a blast of wind causes me to quaver as he soars away.

NANCY SMITH '68

Meditation

An insignificant mass of
organic matter — filling a
minute interval of that
abstract theory of time with
restless ponderings of what
existence is really made
of that should make it so
prized — only to realize in
the last few precious particles
of life, that it is
nothing more than the
expectation of death.

GAYLE DeBELL '67

Stagnant Winter

the roses are dead
and lay beside the white sand
where no green plant has ever grown

and trees emerge from within a wave
yellow leaves replace the dead roses
at the bottom of an oak

roses fear the frost and the frost fears the sun
and purple penguins waddle across the frozen earth
burying the autumn leaves

and beauty is not contained in the autumn leaves.
dead to you?
no!
i'm not dead and you can't see me.

SHERI WICKWIRE '67

Cinquains

A bud
On slender stem
Did soak in drops of rain
And grew and blossomed into a
Flower.

CHALLIS WALKER '67

Gawky
young insurgents
used as cannon fodder
in the marshes of Vietnam,
ensnared.

MARTHA CHIGAS '67

Fathom
The depths unseen
Ease not the steady keel
Nor forsake the forgotten folk,
And cease.

LYDIA DESHLER '67

Myself
with you away
left as half when apart
and halves are still nothing until
made whole.

DEBBIE GALE '67

Where Is Spring ?

When the leaves softly abandon their trees,
What are the trees left with?

When flowers lose all their glorious sunshine
and warmth,
What remains?

The trees have nothing except their bare limbs,
outstretched and waiting.
Only spring will end their loneliness.

Flowers lose everything and droop their heads
in sorrow.
Only spring will make them stand erect,
Bursting with beauty and life.

Here I stand, listening to silent footsteps and
Watching a small, faint figure slowly
disappear.
I am left empty and I, too, droop in sorrow.
Where is Spring?

GRETCHEN VALADE '67





Sea Impressions

The soft grey haze rose
slowly from the mottled
brown cliffs.

The shrill cry of a seagull
was audible in the
distance as the cool, briny,
mist touched the shore with
her bracing fingertips.

The buoy rocked mildly
and methodically in the
stillness of the sea as
the beacon from the
lighthouse glimmered through
the vagueness of the
morning dawn.

GAYLE DeBELL '67

Surrounded

We were surrounded
And no place to go
Up — only windows
Down — only floors.

The siren then blew
And everyone hurried
Straight as sticks
To be counted.

J. C. would be missing
and the guard would be mad
Her number was 83
And mine was 3 more.

I took a deep breath
And listened to all
61 . . . 72 . . . 82 . . . 84
Where was J. C.?

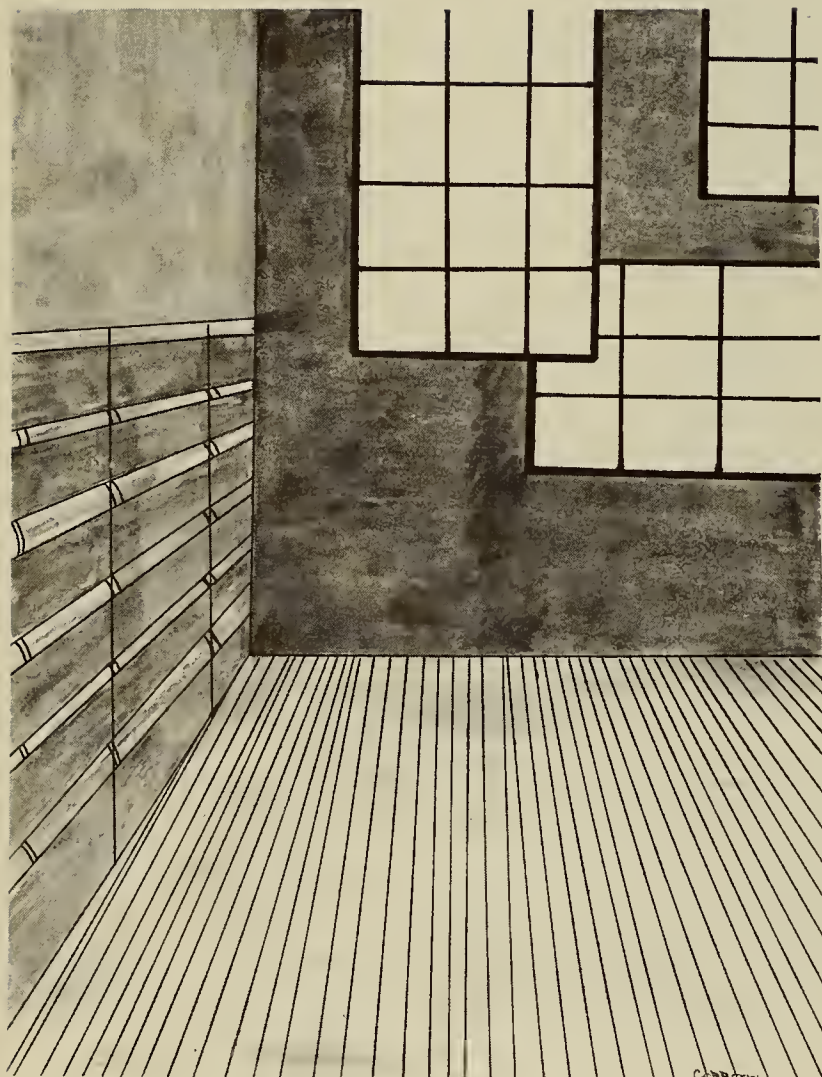
There was a commotion
And guards hurried out
The first place to look
Was the kitchen's back room.

Just after they left
Another guard appeared
Carrying a note
From the head R. N.

The counting continued
To everyone's amaze
J. C. was excused
No mark for her today.

Finally it was finished
And now to our work
Of cutting down trees
And chopping the wood.

MANDY CROCKER '67





The Grecian Affair

Vassilius lifted his stocky body from the lounge chair and dove into the pool. His black curly hair and deeply tanned neck were barely visible from where I lay. The sun penetrated my skin and made tiny beads of perspiration form on my brow and between my fingers. Greece is hot in the summer.

I mumbled something to Vassilius when he returned, dribbling cold water on my back. Not understanding me, he inquired, "Te?", but caught himself and said, "Whot?"

"It's not important. Forget it, Bill."

Vassilius liked to be called Bill. I preferred to say Vassily: foreign names are always much more romantic. He both hated and admired Ameri-

cans. American girls were rich and lazy in Vassily's opinion. I fancied myself, an American, neither rich nor lazy. On this note our relationship began.

Vassily took Aristeia, my Greek companion, and me to the beach in his fast black Volvo. His car had a beige and gray leather interior and American safety belts. Vassily was very proud of it. A copy of *Playboy* lay on the back seat. We raced through the traffic of Athens southward to the sea-shore. He had his arm around me while we talked of America; he hoped that someday he might see San Francisco.

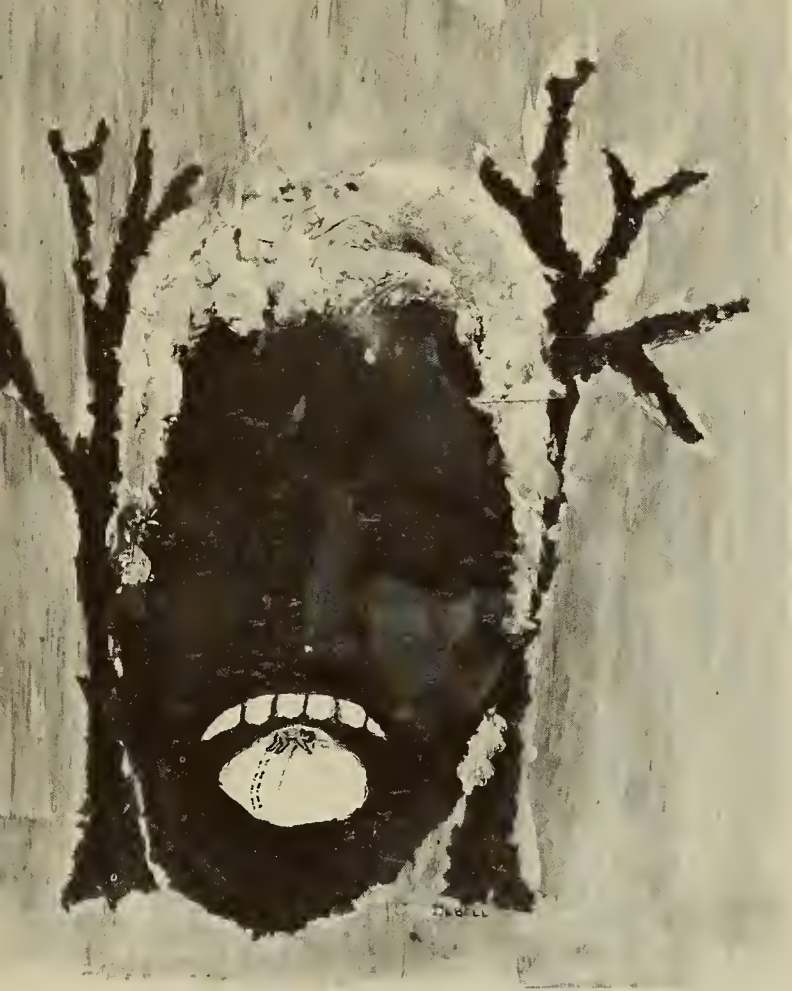
Vassily spoke with a slight accent, and like all Greeks feigned not to comprehend fully what I said. Although I was sure he understood English perfectly, there was a certain mystery about Vassily. One was never sure of what he understood or thought. We frequently spoke in French or broken Greek. He was stubborn and refused to let American culture dominate him; yet, he was eager to meet Americans. Occasionally he and Aristeia would exchange knowing looks.

The beaches near Athens are beautiful. On the white sand are many brightly colored umbrellas with striped cabanas in the background. There is an international flavor that distinguishes the beaches from those of Southern California. Moreover, the blueness of the Mediterranean cannot be duplicated. The men and women wear bikinis, speak many tongues, and laugh and live freely.

Vassily and I found an orange umbrella while Aristeia went for a swim. As Aristeia emerged from the blue sea, I realized how truly Greek she looked. Her nose was straight in the fine Grecian style, her eyes and hair black. She was heavily proportioned through her shoulders and arms as are most of the women; they are born to heavy labor and childbearing. Her skin was richly bronzed. As she moved toward us, Vassily smiled.

As we left Astir Beach, Vassily opened the door for me and indicated the back seat. I tried speaking to both Vassily and Aristeia in French, but they paid little attention. We drove home silently. I was confused.

I saw Aristeia the next day, but did not see Vassilius for another week. When we finally did meet, he greeted me in Greek, shaking my hand. He turned and politely walked away. Then I knew. I was a stranger. Here everyone spoke Greek.



The Feast

Trees, following each step made by the unsure man, walking about in the untouched snow, among untouched people, wading into non-existence for split moments, falling out as the curb goes beneath him. The little lady, with the white teeth and large smile swallows him up, and he falls once more to the bottom of her smile. And they all laugh at the ladies' club meeting the following week.

DEBBIE GALE '67

Little Rogue

little rogue
hated little rogue
loved only by the image of yourself
diagnose ugliness
give of yourself into the puzzle of hatred.
silhouette your shadow, with that of the deceased,
 into a perpendicular hell
stab the heaven with a black cross
as you stand at the end of an avenue of forests,
 which stretches from the concrete floor of your cell.

now a white man
cut and bleeding
 because you asked for no more than a tendril of wheat
what are you made of gray one?
being a carving there must be worship.
who has molded a person, corrupted?
a loving God?
if there be any intimacy
 can it not break through porous stalks?
there is always a path of escape.

no, sanguinary man
the corn is green
and minds are dank
 because the sun won't penetrate dandelion stalks
blades of grass won't grow beneath a coffin of dying respect
and no one listens to your plea
because nature is deaf and dumb.

SHERI WICKWIRE '67

Monday

Anger wells inside me, gaining momentum.
Waves of madness break, surging forward.
a mist of nigrescence covers me, and,
—There is no health in us.

Color splatters on my canvas brain in shapes:
fade pyramids
 vermillion cones
 sooty contours.

A thought of refuge engulfs me; yes,
—Blessed are the peacemakers.

Relief steals over me, lulling my rage.
Calm soothes the truant, kissing its teeth.
The delinquent sleeps to awaken,
—For thine is the kingdom.

CATHERINE COWLES '67





Lonely Race

The boy wove down the dock accompanied by the sound of the choppy water slapping against the dock posts. Dazedly he gazed at his boat across the harbor. He felt tense, pulled taught like a rope. He seethed inwardly because his sailing crew had decided they did not want to race that day. At the same time he wanted to cry. The anger drove him to spite and he was soon straining on the oars against the powerful beat of the waves. He was going to sail in the race even if he had no crew.

The boy tacked out of the harbor. Once past the breakwater he realized how rough the sea actually was. The vast silt-colored ocean stretched out with no ending while silver crests broke from the mellow covered surface. Reflecting the sea, the sky shrouded most of the light. The sun shone slightly, a hazy ball of a lighter media of grey.

The race began with the rolling thunder of the starting cannon. Once across the starting line the boats formed a nearly single line and the boy took his place in the middle.

He who had previously felt the cold wind down his windbreaker began to feel steamingly hot. A sweat broke out over his body and his tanned face grew pale. The wind drove the breaking crests up the deck and the freezing water slid into the cockpit. The tiller pulled away and the boy used all his strength to hold it in line. Still worse was the strain of the sheet. Repeatedly he grasped the rope with all his power but it would slowly slip from his hand. Finally he wound it around a cleat once to help intercept much of the pull.

The wind was blowing a gale and the bow dipped deeply into the water. Floor boards and boat supplies floated around the cockpit and the boy's clothes were completely sodden. The sheet was now also wrapped around his lower arm and its tug drew blood. The red fluid dripped down his arm, trickled from his clenched fist and diffused into the separate ocean in the cockpit. His wet salty clothes rubbed irritatingly against his cold body. The salt stung his hands with piercing sharpness and he whimpered in pain. Each limb, muscle, and bone ached. The world spun around in blurred confusion. He groaned in agony under the unrelenting torture.

At last as the boat ran at a broad reach, the bow plunged once too deeply and the boat became engulfed by water. The wooden craft scattered across the surface and the water washed over the semi-floating hull. The boy gagged for breath, thrashing in the churning water. The roar of the crash boat cut through his panic. Rapidly the rescuers hauled his fever-stricken body from the water.

BETH BULLOCK '68

Tourist Typical



Let us follow a typical tourist. We shall begin with his disembarking from the plane and then follow as he begins his journey through a foreign land. So . . . Onward Christian Soldier!

Our two-legged friend is first distinguishable by his snow-white tan and the sunglasses perched on top of his head as he mills hopelessly through the terminal, weighted down by unnecessary luggage, tennis rackets, guitars, sleeping bags, and whatever else he could carry or get into the suitcases without their being overweight.

In a secluded, but now crowded, corner of the aeroport, are paper cups filled with some form of alcoholic liquid. After sampling several of these unique little tidbits, Tommy Tourist comes to the

conclusion that this undoubtedly must be an exotic native creation. He begins to discuss the mysterious, enchanting ingredients of this drink with a fellow bystander. What our comrade does not know is that this "exotic" beverage has inevitably been imported from the States.

At last a taxi is hailed and the tourist's vacation has officially begun. The sunglasses are readjusted and the driver of the cab is fired with numerous questions in regard to his native land.

Once settled at a hotel, our tourist friend decides to emerge into the streets and add to the state of anarchy which already exists. With camera in hand and typical high-heeled, white P.F. flyers and matching ventilated nylon socks, he struts up and down the narrow streets. Coming upon a native shop, he goes in and eventually comes out with a straw hat and a hideous native print shirt. If our friend is the adventurous and daring specimen of Typical Tourist, he'll undoubtedly decide to rent a *self-drive* car (better known to the natives as a *sudden-death* car). He'll definitely have to have a sports car and this will have to be a convertible and, by the time he returns this helpless piece of machinery, the muffler will be gone and the rest of the car will be suffering from an incurable disease known as body rot, acquired by being immersed in several feet of salt water.

The night life of Tourist Typical tends to be rather long and 'overdone,' to say the least. The newcomers to a popular nightclub are always noticeable since they are the loudest in the audience. While on the dance floor, Tourist Typical is at first a bit awkward and unsure of himself, but gradually he learns the movements of the native dance and considers himself a veteran. He's always the last to leave, and on his way out manages to purchase all the M.C.'s latest and oldest albums . . . something for him to play during his next bridge game with the Smiths once he gets back home. The morals of Tourist Typical seem to take a considerable drop as soon as he is away from his native land and able to shut off all reality. He is easily persuaded into going over the hill to one of the "quaint" little native shows . . . time, 3:30 a.m.

The vacation comes to an end and old T.T. is faced with a rude awakening. The taxi ride to the aeroport is somewhat reversed now. Our friend seems to be telling the driver about his island. He is still weighted down with luggage, except now it's about twenty pounds more: things for the kids, neighbors, dog, boss and so forth.

A mad dash is made and the duty-free quart of liquor is bought and neatly and inconspicuously placed among the wet bathing suits wrapped in a straw bag.

The major topic of conversation is usually in regard to the weather that he is leaving and the weather that he will shortly face. The long, tedious walk to the plane begins and, before boarding the big bird, a last sweeping glance is stolen, a wild attempt to fit the past two weeks' escapades into a six-second look.

The sunglasses are again readjusted over a Noxema-covered nose. Tourist Typical is home-ward bound.

The Mourn After

ALAN: Having trouble, Big Brother?

ROD: I let her drive last night.

ALAN: One thing I like about you, B.B., you really know how to handle your women.

ROD: I've never gone through anything like it before.

ALAN: Real rough, eh Herkie?

ROD: Transmission blown, a flat, wheels out of alignment . . .

ALAN: Expensive date!

ROD: I can't afford her anymore.

ALAN: Wise deduction.

ROD: Nothing's as expensive as a woman.

JODI LANDWEHR '68

"I Now Pronounce You House and Spouse"

Beneath a pointless tree
of fingered strands
huddle paper dolls
of non-entity.
Dolls of glad-wrap
and birthday paper
who watch the wind
whistle and carry them
to their places of disbelief . . .
Dolls with staring eyes
of emptiness who hunger
for relief from painted lips
and gaily colored dresses
and permanent puff hair . . .
But they sigh and dance
merrily on to the tune
of man.

DEBBIE GALE '67



The Saturday Night Supper

History was being made and the child was there in the center of the Hutch-ville Communal Activity Gathering. All those little wimps running around were his direct associates in the intricate plans of childhood deceit. The knee-highs proceeded to saw half-way through the legs of the after-dinner bridge tables and to fill alternate sugar bowls with salt.

The "white sale" packages were confiscated and that didn't matter for it's the thought that counts. The wide-eyed children of the Far East will survive on the goodness contained in souls.

It was fate that an alcoholic keg and match fell in the baby grand and burned a score of burlap diaper bags. The music was reduced to a crude form of uninhibited expression, which echoed the character and passion of the "drag and dairy" farmers. The fiddle played a solo titled "He Only Lives Who Enjoys Life" as another bottle of home distilled liquor was thrown over someone's shoulder into the fireplace. Arms were locked in a simultaneous plea for a fertile, rainy season.

Somebody's fur was matted with tomato soup and so well blended with the bearskin wall-to-wall carpeting that the guest list was checked to see if any of the senior citizens had croaked during the course of the festivities. But men don't worry about a heart failure; they are worried about the idea of a heart failure. All the toothless grins were excusing their in-laws for their short comings.

A clumsy ox tripped over a Greek statue, which was semi-formulated from an original, used in last year's production of *Antigone*.

And the background and foundation of social liberties was incorporated into alphabet soup, digested and released in verbal images at the head of the banquet table.

SHERI WICKWIRE '67

Twice Given

I am cold.
The mist hangs
heavy about my eyes.
I slip from day
to night
missing sun rays.

and grope
not in vain
for the ragged root—
my last chance.

I grasp
unsure—
strength returns
my feet steady.

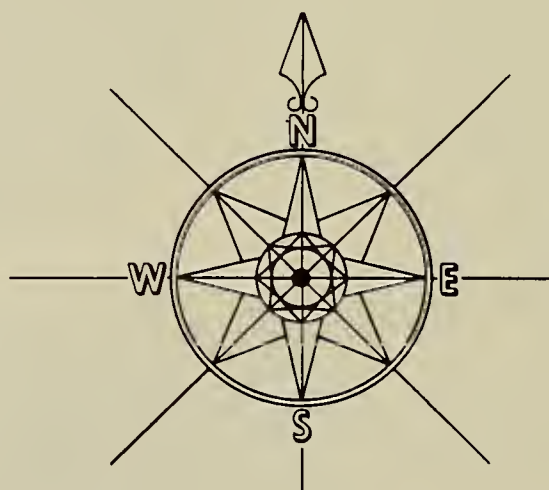
I lift my eyes
and walk.
The sun is warm
on my face.

LINDA LOVEJOY '67



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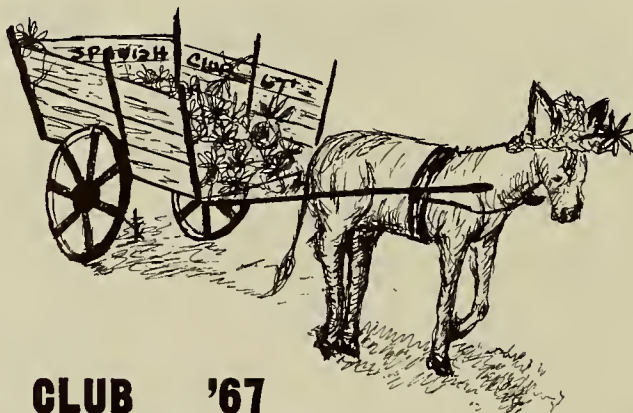
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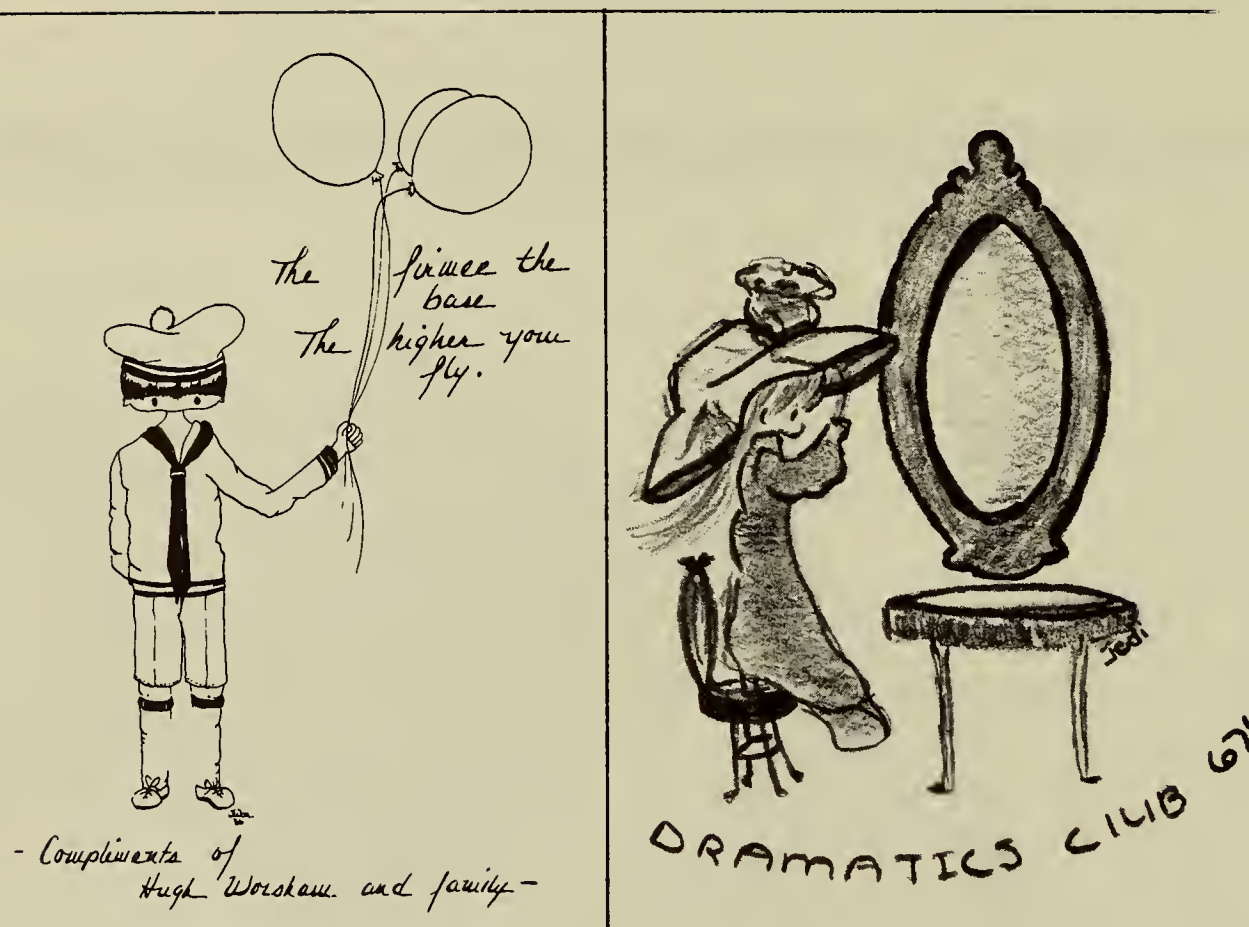
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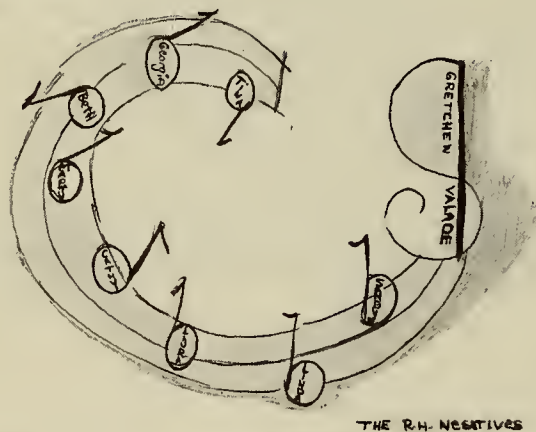
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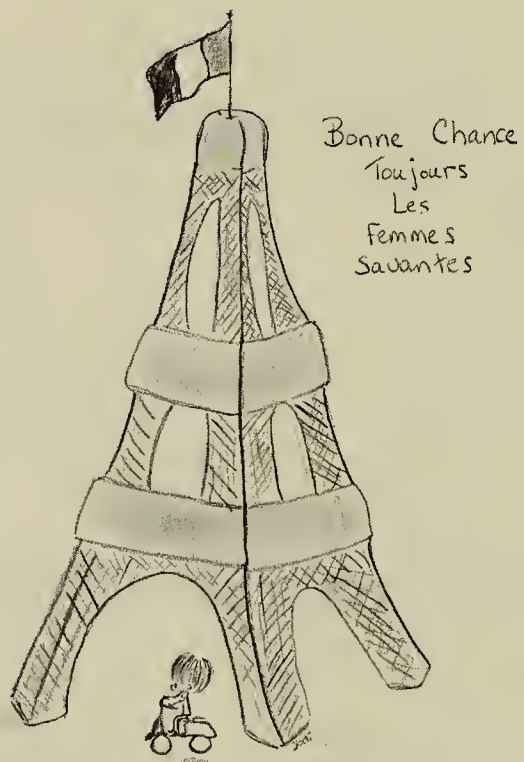
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A FRIEND



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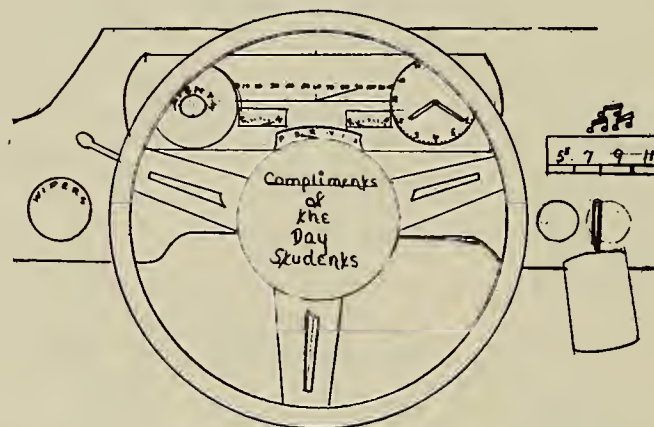
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Good
Luck
"67"

SPLINTERS



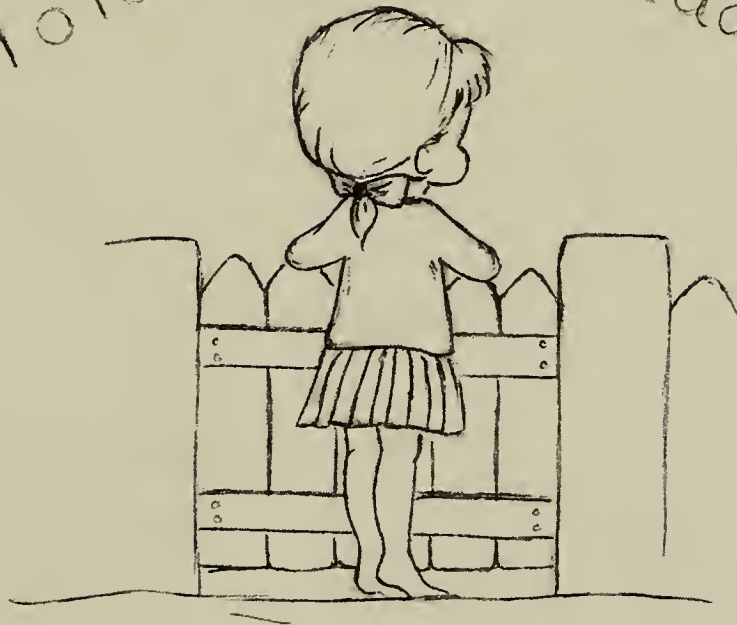
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up high"— '68

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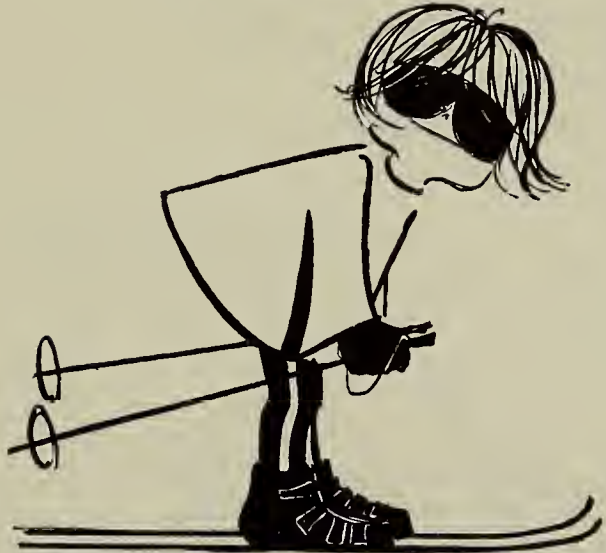
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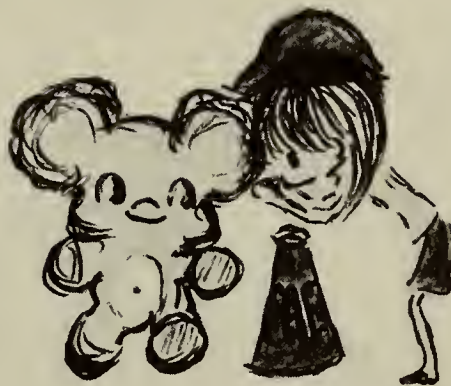
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Best Wishes from the

SITZ



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WAAA!

Bell

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1967

COLLEGE

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LOWELL WILSON

Cowles

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How to be a weekend wonder!

SULTAN

WORK

ALL-YEAR THING

PICTOR

DIET

HAHN

ROOMLEY

ART

notrids walker.

under FRIENDSHIP GRADS

all EN

SUMMER

Baker

bask in the sun

DE Bell

ba Ron

KENDALL

love JOY

diploma PEOPLE

Ch I ga. S

WICKWIRE

September

It can't talk.







Splinters
Rogers Hall School
Lowell, Massachusetts



CLASS OF 1967

First Row: Louise Godden, Martha Fisher, Linda Lovejoy, Gretchen Valade, Sandra Hall (President), Donna Corroon (Vice-President), Amy-Jo Whitehead, Hillary Barton, Doris Bell, Prudence Allen.

Second Row: Sandra Shipton, Martha Chigas, Susan Briggs, Marian Crocker, Kathleen Sullivan, Catherine Cowles, Challis Walker, Carol Rowley, Deborah Wilson, Barrie Feather.

Third Row: Valerie Morgan, Lydia Deshler, Edith Fletcher, Catherine Welch, Gayle DeBell, Deborah Gale, Janet Kendall, Martha Baker, Danelle Hahn, Sherill Wickwire, Lynda Pryor.

SPLINTERS

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*Editor--*GAYLE DeBELL

MARTHA FISHER

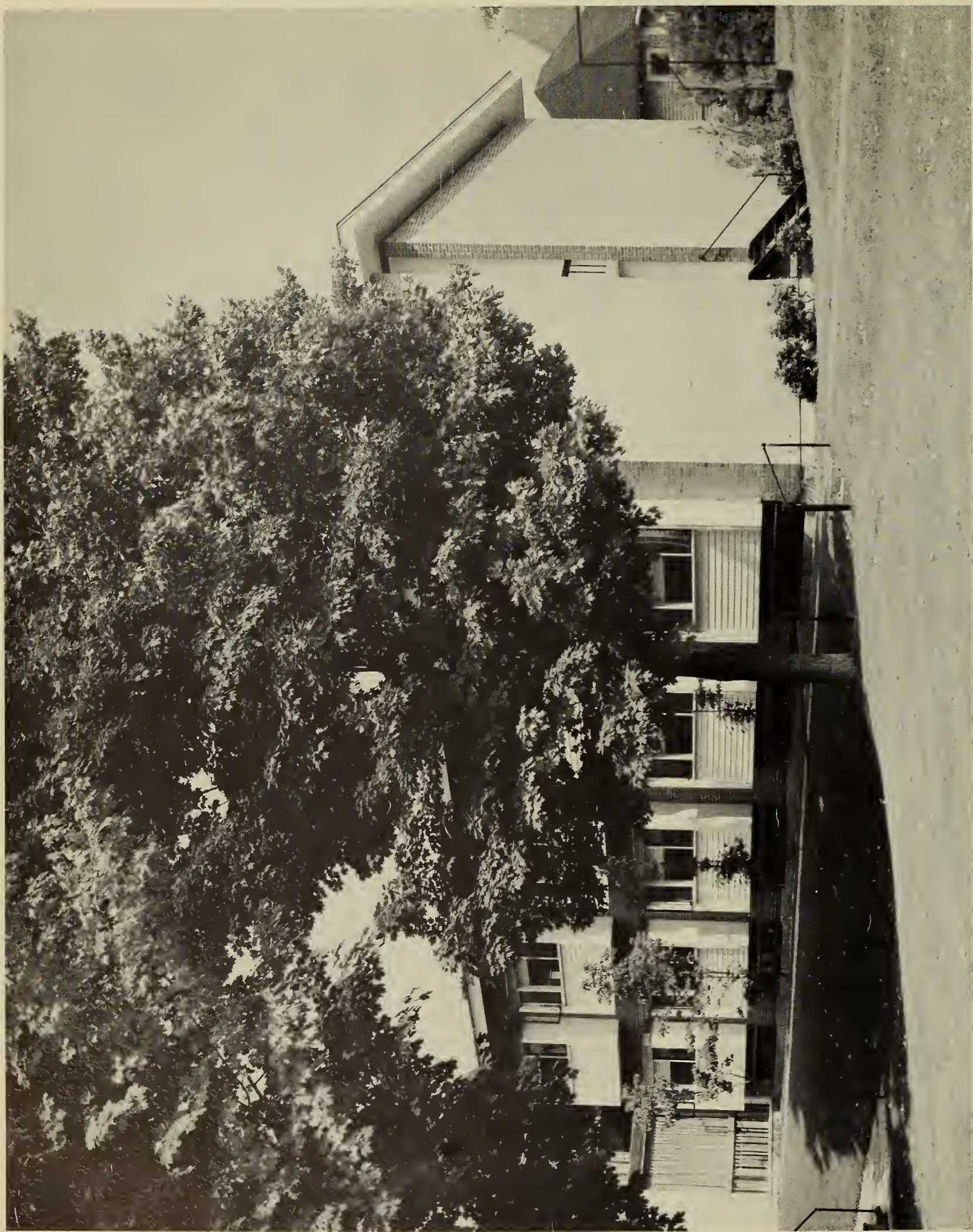
LYNDA PRYOR

Faculty Literary Advisor

MRS. BANKS S. WORSHAM

Faculty Art Advisor

MRS. JOHN PERLOFF



EDITORIAL

The problems created by the complexities of modern living must be resolved. We are quickly becoming the members of society responsible for the task of providing a humanitarian solution to the twentieth century enigma. The unbridged gaps caused by man's intricate psyche, scientific achievement, and diverse ideologies require greater communication among men, protection from fears of total destruction, and removal of prejudices.

The acuteness of our responsibility is evident in the revolutionary spirit of our generation. We have shaken off much of the stifling influence of Victorianism, and we have witnessed the evolution of a drive for freedom of expression and for destruction of superficial barriers between peoples. This is the motivation behind such movements as the Boston Common "be-in" and "love-in" this year. The spirit of such a seemingly superficial movement has been converted into positive action by many youths joining organizations like the Peace Corps or Great Society programs. Such youthful gestures, sometimes held suspect by the older generation, hold the answer to the world dilemma—an answer fundamental to Christianity and explored by such authors as E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf, and Alan Paton: universal love or, at least, universal tolerance. This solution has hope of adoption if we too can begin to respond to the responsibilities of correcting social problems and do not fall into apathy.

We must fill the gaps with our own spirit, with an open mind sensitive to the needs around us. We can not waste a spirit with misdirected visions of ourselves. We can not fail to communicate by isolating ourselves in a narrow, valueless world like that of Arthur Miller's Willie Loman. Ours is a free atmosphere welcoming doers, demonstrators, and innovators prepared for a new life and responsible thinking.



MISS HILDRED RAMSAY
HEADMISTRESS OF ROGERS HALL

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

I have never forgotten the words of my commencement speaker at Smith College, though the identity of the man himself eludes me. Perhaps when my name has begun to slip your memory, you too will retain the echo of these words:

*We have given you a thousand horses;
it is for you to put the riders thereon.*



MRS. JOHN PERLOFF

DEDICATION

To you, Mrs. Perloff, who has instilled in us a love of the true and the imaginary, inspired us with creative energy, and braved our traumas with sympathy, we give devoted and sincere thanks. We have dedicated ourselves to following your example of growth in the search for greater understanding in fine art and in the art of living. Thus, we dedicate a product of our efforts to you—Mrs. P.—with appreciation.

In Appreciation



MRS. CHARLOTTE KNOWLES BENTLEY

Mrs. Bentley, we know that every Rogers Hall girl, both past and present, would like to express gratitude to you for the sincere interest you have always shown in our education. It is for us, the class of '67, to speak to you directly and to tell you that we have missed you greatly and that we appreciate the energy, in and out of class as teacher and friend, that you devoted to us.

*A teacher affects eternity.
He can never tell where influence stops.*

—HENRY BROOKS ADAMS

LYS
HIGH
LAND
HER



FACULTY



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HOUSEMOTHER

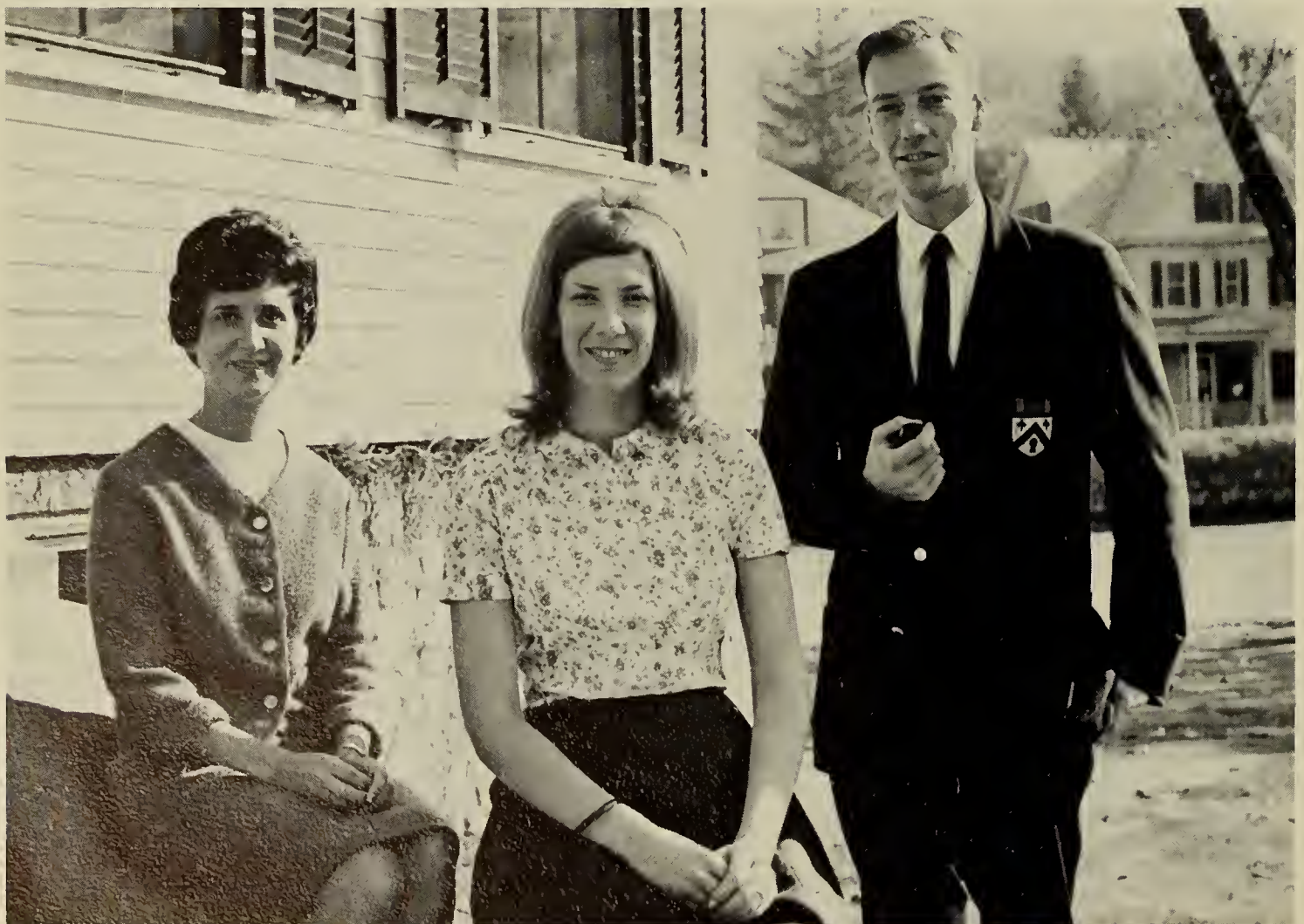
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DIETICIAN

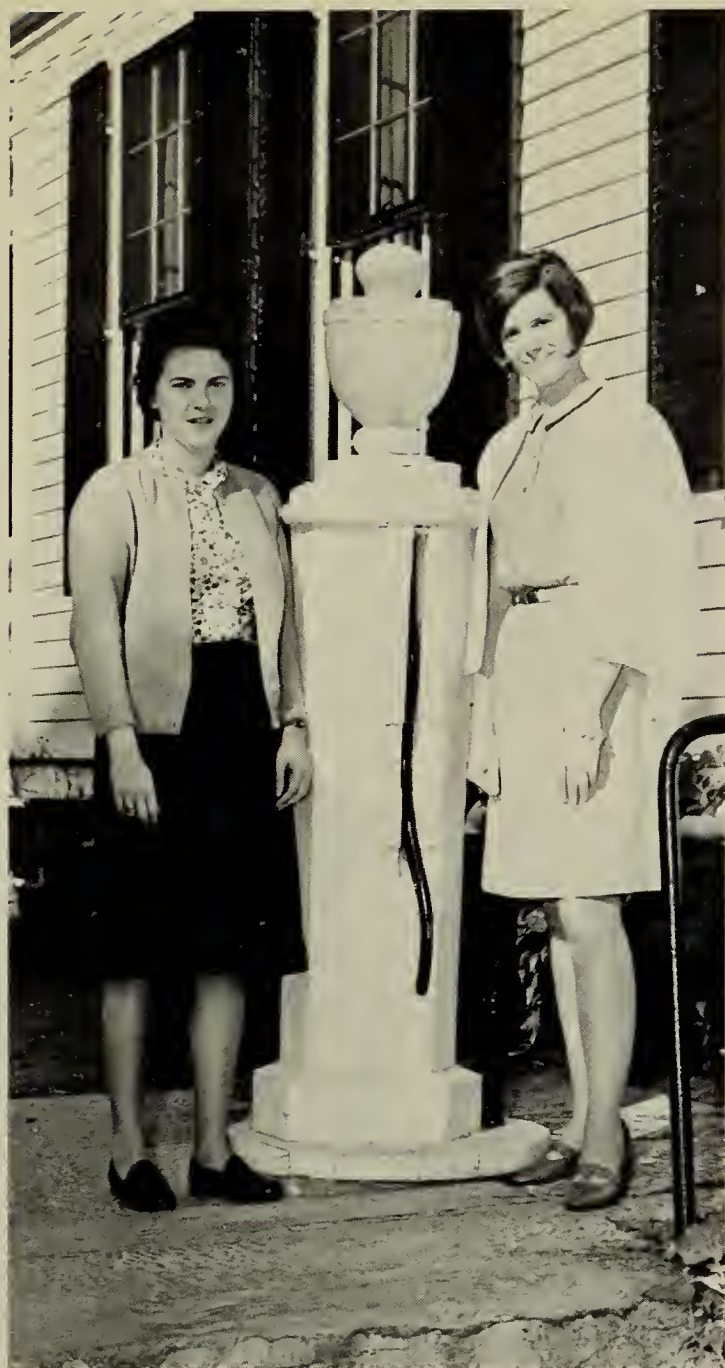
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MISS CAROL BOWES
PHYSICAL EDUCATION
AND PHYSIOLOGY

MISS NANCY DION
HISTORY AND
CURRENT EVENTS



MRS. LOUISE DOWNES
BIOLOGY



MRS. DOROTHY I. PERLOFF
ART AND HISTORY OF ART

MRS. DOROTHY A. WORSHAM
ENGLISH AND DRAMATICS





La Cucaracha!



Come out, come out wherever you are!



Lovely day!



Pretty, huh?



We've got to get out of this place!



I thought I saw a pudgy tat . . .



"Do you see . . ." what I see?



"I've got ONE at home."



Who dat when ah say 'Who dat'?



It sticks to your teeth; not to your hands!



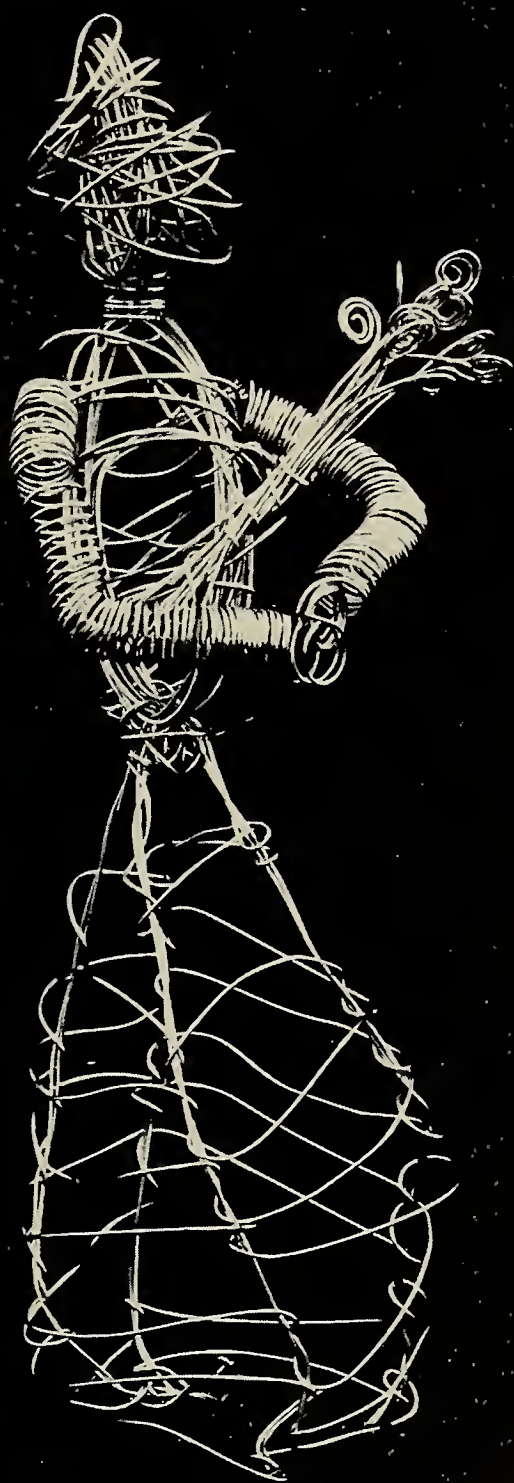
You see, there was this perfectly ordinary-looking clam . . .



I am the keeper of this inn

*The future enters into us in order
to transform itself in us long before
it happens.*

—RAMER MARIA RILKE



SENIORS

The knowledge comes . . .
The wisdom lingers . . .
—TENNYSON

Perhaps the most valuable outcome of an education is
to have learned to accept the fact that a job must be done
and to do it, whether pleasant or unpleasant.

—SANDY HALL



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS
President Sandy Hall
Vice-President Donna Corroon



"Prudence is the footprint of wisdom."

PRUDENCE JANE ALLEN

Dutch Road R.D. #2
Fairview, Pennsylvania

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE

EDITOR OF SPLINTERS

CAE Club

Hockey 1 (2nd team), 2, 3, 4
Basketball 2 (2nd team), 3, 4
Volleyball 2 (2nd team), 3, 4
Water Ballet 3, 4
Swimming 2, 3, 4
Cheerleading 1, 2, 3, 4
Glee Club 3, 4
Dramatics 4
Debate Club 4 (president)
Instauration 2, 3 (Editor)
Splinters Literary 4 (Editor)
Class President 1
Proctor 3, 4
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4
Current Events Prize 3
Dramatics Prize 4
Current Events Prize 4
RH Award 4

The U.S. Marines . . . the world—her stage . . . Boston in the fall (835) . . . Would you like to see our library? . . . Would you believe . . .? . . . Danny Boy . . . It's going to be an all-nighter . . . haptic artist . . . and Prudy cooked . . . yoga and orange juice . . . next year . . . you know . . . P. D. A. S.



MARTHA CASWELL BAKER

138 Brigham Hill Road
North Grafton, Massachusetts

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON



"Sleeper" of the class . . . art work on the desks . . . peculiar letters . . . untied shoe laces! Who cares . . . mandolin . . . going to Andover . . . "Grandolff" spends the night at R. H. . . . Mards . . . 7th period study hall—What fun! . . . off to London . . . the Wright kind of boy . . . Pigeons in Boston . . . Sky-walker earrings.

"He who is of a calm and happy nature will hardly feel the pressure of age."



KAVA Club
Glee Club 2, 3, 4 (President)
Ski Club 2, 3, 4
Dramatics Club 4
Octet 4
Senior Fair Committee 4
Fathers' Day Committee
Proctor 4
Water Ballet Committee 2, 3, 4
Hockey 3 (2nd team), 4
Volleyball 4 (2nd team)
Basketball 3, 4
Softball 3, 4
Music Appreciation 4 (Honorable Mention)



HILLARY ANITA BARTON

658 Nimes Road
Los Angeles, California

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
IN LOS ANGELES

"You have done it by being yourself; perhaps that is what being a friend means after all."

Over the Hill . . . U. S. C. Nobody loves me . . . STUCK on French . . . California Hillbilly . . . Nancy Nurse . . . "Today is NOT my day." WOMAN! Are you a peach, prune, alfalfa, or apricot of his intestines?? . . . Rabbit . . . "Do you believe in magic?" . . . "Well excuse me!"

KAVA Club

Hockey 2, 3 (2nd team), 4
Volleyball 1, 2 (2nd team), 3, 4
Basketball 3 (2nd team), 4
Water Ballet 1, 2, 4
Softball 1 (2nd team), 2
Swimming (Manager) 3, 4
Tennis Team 1, 2
Badminton Team 3
Ski Club 1
Cheerleading 3, 4
Prom Committee 4
R.H. Award 2, 4



DORIS JEAN BELL

26 Crescent Road
Riverside, Connecticut

MARJORY WEBSTER JUNIOR COLLEGE



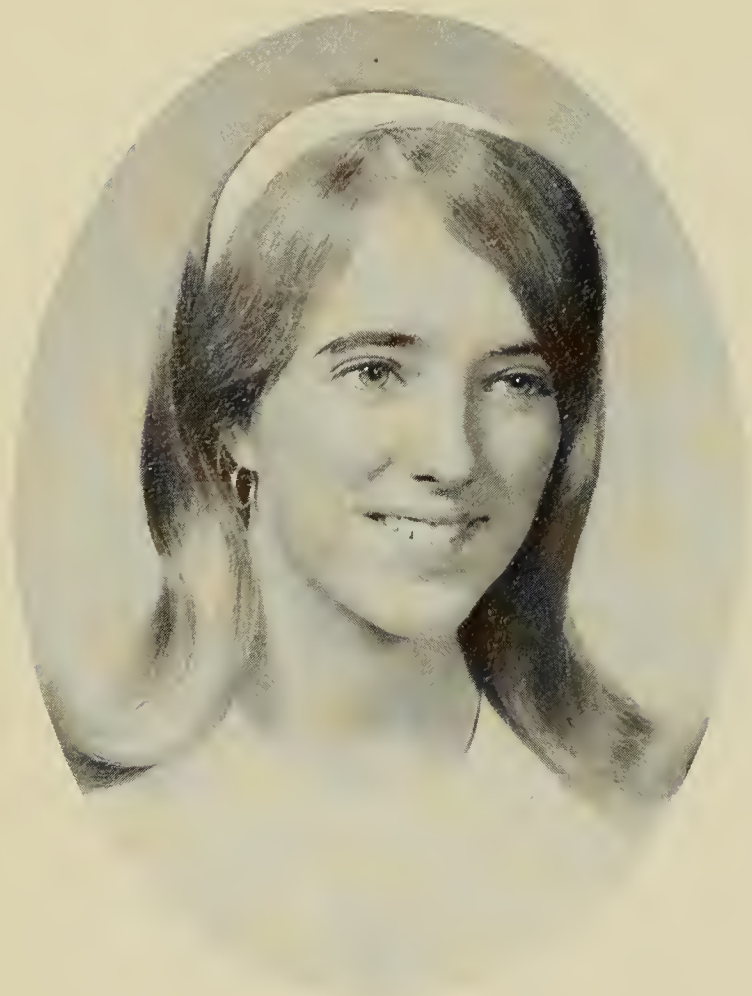
Bones . . . "Oh, give me a break!" I was a
Rogers Hall Reject . . . FLIP . . . don't
flunk . . . physi! . . . I couldn't eat another
thing. Sparrow . . . Portchester, New
York ZIPPY DOOO!!!! Sin City, U.S.A.

*"It's better to have loved and lost than never to
have loved at all."*



CAE CLUB

Cheerleading 2, 3, 4
Hockey 2 (2nd team), 3, 4
Swimming 2, 3, 4
Water Ballet 2, 3, 4
Basketball 2, 3 (2nd team), 4
Baseball 2 (2nd team), 3, 4
Volleyball 3, 4 (Captain)
Tennis 3
Badminton 3, 4
Ski Club 3
R.H. Award 2, 3, 4
Dramatics 3, 4
Badminton Cup 4



SUSAN DICK BRIGGS

Carefree Apts., Box #4811
Cable Beach, Nassau, Bahamas

KATHERINE GIBBS

*"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."*

Let's make a run tonight . . . Mac called
. . . was that 1 or 9 . . . will the cheer-
leaders please "meat." . . . Sheri help me!
. . . the hamsters died . . . catch ya later,
much later . . . Silly Wabbit . . . I'm not
going to sleep, I'm going to rest for 8 hours
. . . Don't answer the door . . . I "DID-
ENT" . . . bet you any amount of money
. . . inheritor of Buddha's stomach . . .
TEA ROOM . . . kneel and pray . . .
banana boat . . . B.C. . . . Eroll . . .

KAVA Club
Volleyball 3 (2nd team), 4
Basketball 3, 4 (Captain)
Softball 3 (2nd team)
Field Hockey 3 (2nd team), 4
Cheerleading 3, 4 (Captain)
Water Ballet 3, 4 (Chairman)
Spanish Club 4
R.H. Award 3, 4
Music Appreciation 4 (Honorable Mention)



MARTHA ANN CHIGAS

7 Andover Road
Billerica, Massachusetts

GOUCHER COLLEGE

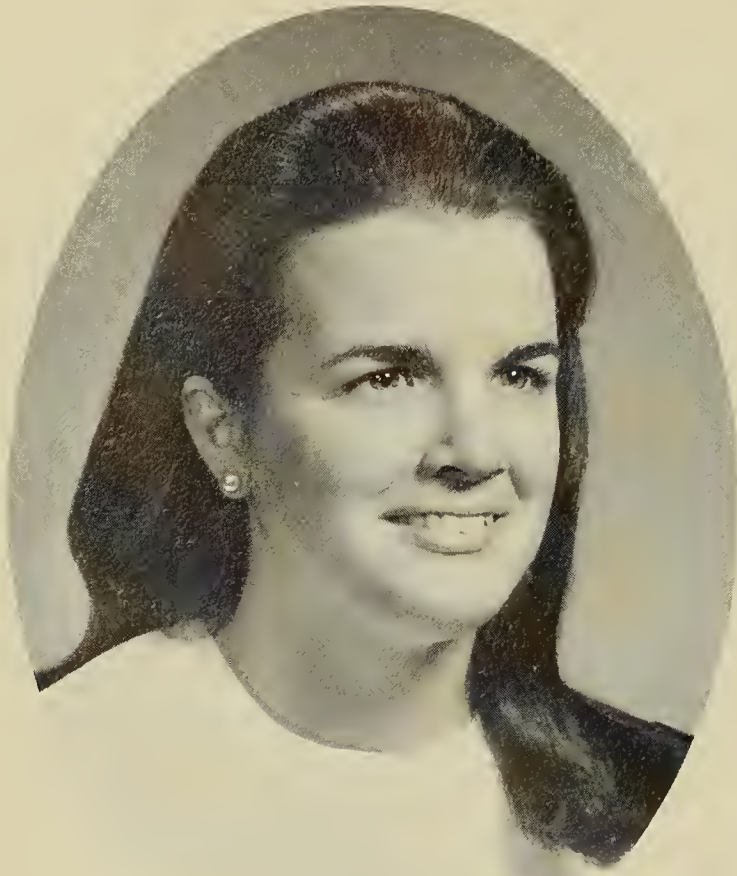


International traveler . . . the Mediter-
ranean . . . Jeff . . . student driver in a
hurry . . . 100 words per minute . . . Look,
no cavities . . . Show me the way to go
home . . . the meringue maid . . . Si,
Senorita . . . Well, actually . . . Sha-
lome . . .



*"Life is like music; it must be composed by ear,
feeling, and instinct, not by rule."*

CAE Club
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4
French Club 2, 3, 4
Spanish Club 3, 4 (President)
Instauration 1, 2, 3
Splinters Literary Board 4
Debate Club 4
Senior Luncheon Committee 1, 2
Red Cross Swimming Award 1, 2
Current Events 2 (Honorable Mention),
3 (Honorable Mention)
Junior Bookroom 3 (Chairman)
Christmas Chorus 3, 4
Music Appreciation Prize 4



DONNA ANN CORROON

Piping Rock Road
Locust Valley
Long Island, New York

GARLAND JUNIOR COLLEGE

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE
SENIOR CLASS

"A little word in kindness spoken, a motion or a tear"

Becoming domestic! . . . Ah, come on now . . . new clothes . . . Pappagallo shoes forever . . . phone calls home . . . "Shalamar" every day . . . Could it be Franklin Marshall College . . . Please, Donna, open the store . . . Robert Goulet . . . "I'm not going to that dance!" . . . that laugh . . . funny girl.

CAE Club
Council 4
Proctor 3
Glee Club 3, 4
Hockey 3, 4
Badminton 3
Andover Dance Committee 3
Fathers' Day Committee 3
Christmas Chorus 3
Art contributor to *Splinters* 3, 4



CATHERINE GRAHAM COWLES

332 Iroquois Avenue
Green Bay, Wisconsin

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY



Richie . . . *more* independence after marriage . . . that's just *not* the way it is . . . got to stop eating . . . hey, come on, you guys . . . really? . . . Bowdoin weekends . . . Green Bay Packers.



"True worth is in being, not seeming"

KAVA Club
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4
French Club 2, 3, 4
Debate Club 4
Basketball 4 (2nd team)
Instauration 1, 2, 3
Splinters Literary Board 4
Swimming Team 2, 3, 4
Water Ballet 4
Dramatics Club 2, 3
Dramatics 1, 2, 3, 4 (Honorable Mention)
Ski Club 2, 3
Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4
Senior Luncheon Committee 1, 3 (Chairman)
Music Appreciation 1 (Honorable Mention)
Current Events 3, 4 (Honorable Mention)
Underhill Honor 4



MARIAN ELIZABETH CROCKER

184 School Street
Milton, Massachusetts

BOSTON BOUVE

PRESIDENT OF KAVA

"Variety's the very spice of life that gives it all its flavour."

Term paper due tomorrow! . . . Mandi
Pandi . . . Harvard Crew . . . Rhod-Island
Kuala Bear . . . always seeing Briggs at
Duxbury? . . . "77" at 4 . . . pop corn
Mandy Rocker . . . Celtics lost, Oh NO!
I *don't* like my picture taken, Danelle!
. . . crooked face . . . "it's crazying out-
side" . . . candy wreaths . . .

KAVA Club
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
French Club 4
Ski Club 3, 4 (President)
Proctor 3
Instauration 2, 3
Splinters Business Board
Hockey 2, 3, 4
Volleyball 3, 4
Basketball 2 (2nd team), 3, 4
Softball 2, 3 (Captain), 4 (Captain)
Water Ballet Committee 3, 4
R.H. Award 3, 4
Christmas Chorus 4



GAYLE ALLISON DeBELL

11 Oriole Drive
Andover, Mass.

FLORIDA SOUTHERN COLLEGE



This is the *worst* art history test . . . North Carolina, a s-u-t-h-e-r-n state? . . . kangaroos . . . I will not take them down . . . good ole' Mrs. P. . . . they are so disorganized . . . *not* Spanish table, tonight?

"Let all things be done decently and in order."



CAE Club
Spanish Club 4
Debate Club 4
Senior Luncheon Committee 3
Splinters 3, 4 (Art Editor)
CAE Hockey Manager 4
Commencement Play 4
Proctor 4
Art Prize 4
Art Survey Award 4
Neatness Award 4
Special Award - Artistic Room 4



LYDIA HARTSHORNE DESHLER

7 Dunham Road
Scarsdale, New York

LAKE FOREST COLLEGE

"Certainty generally is illusion and repose is not the destiny of man."

KAVA Club
French Club 3, 4
Ski Club 4
Debate Club 4
Splinters 4
Cheerleading 4
Proctor 3, 4
Honor Roll 2, 4
Senior Luncheon Committee 3
Sec. for Foster Parents Plan 4
Jr. Bookroom Committee 3
Head of Decorations Committee for Senior Fair 4
R.H. Award 3, 4
Hockey 2 (2nd team), 3 (2nd team), 4
Volleyball 3 (2nd team), 4 (Captain)
Basketball 3, 4
Softball 3 (2nd team)
Swimming 3, 4
Water Ballet 3, 4
Jr. Lifesaving 2
Music Appreciation 4 (Honorable Mention)
Current Events 4 (Honorable Mention)

Desh! . . . foster parent . . . don't forget to wake us up at 5:00 . . . fish . . . hay fever attacks . . . if you cut it, it takes the curls out . . . $E=MC^2$. . . Spanish—are you kidding me . . . I'm not being rude . . . Mandy, the tiger fell down again . . . who said we couldn't wallpaper a bulletin board . . . sewing hats to match self-made dresses . . . the original snow bunny.



BARRIE THORPE FEATHER

443 Highbrood Avenue
Pelham Manor, New York

BRIARCLIFF COLLEGE



"Meet my friend Mary . . . up higher . . . what do you mean you can't SEE her? . . . tea pot competition. "I'm FREEZING! Harvard weekends coming up? . . . Cold hands—warm heart. "No thanks, I'll just sit here on the radiator." Basketball games with Ernie . . . Pine Orchard.

"A cheerful face is not always smiling but at least serene."



KAVA Club
Proctor 4
Glee Club 3, 4
Dramatics Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 3, 4
Instauration 3
Hockey 4
Basketball 4
Swimming 4
Volleyball 4
Softball 3 (2nd team)
Cheerleading 3, 4
Badminton and Tennis Manager 4
R.H. Award 4



MARTHA HARLOW FISHER

50 Drake Road
Scarsdale, New York

CENTENARY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

VICE-PRESIDENT OF CAE CLUB

"Like the bee, we should make our industry our amusement."

Challis, hand ME the mop . . . Call me responsible . . . notes and more notes . . . SKAWZDALE . . . What did I get for my b-day? . . . whistle as I sew . . . smile as I knit . . . One-a-day Letters, Inc. . . . When the red, red ROBin comes . . . sun porch mania . . . Key, what key? . . . Galley-Ho and away we go . . .

CAE Club
Class Vice-President 2
Hockey 2, 3, 4
Volleyball 2, 3, 4
Basketball 2, 3, 4
Swimming Team 2, 3, 4
Water Ballet 3, 4
Cheerleading 3
CAE Spirit Ring 4
Student Council 3, 4
Student Marshall 3
Fathers' Day Committee 2, 3
Splinters Photography Manager 4
R.H. Award 2, 3
Red Cross Swimming Award 2



EDITH PROCTOR FLETCHER

67 High Street
Chelmsford, Massachusetts

HOOD COLLEGE



The beat of the "2:30 shuffle." Has a thing about smoke . . . U.N.H. . . . Norwich . . . silent—but deadly. Gym suits are expensive—might as well make use of them senior year. Drakes or bust . . . but first let's start the car! . . . Spread your goodness, baby!

"In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity."



CAE Club
French Club 3, 4
Glee Club 3, 4
Volleyball 4 (2nd team)
Sr. Lifesaving 4
Music Appreciation (Honorable Mention) 4



DEBORAH JUNE GALE

8 Copeland Avenue
Reading, Massachusetts

MOUNT IDA JUNIOR COLLEGE

"Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats . . . all human life is here . . . mocking the air with colors idly spread."

Rockport . . . cycle Inn Jump . . . clouds
. . . yellow bird to Washington . . . Charlie
Brown . . . I love fountains . . . no school
on Fridays . . . I fell right in front of the
instructor . . . domesticity? . . . I hate rub-
ber bands . . . green stockings, yellow
shoes . . . pipe . . . Richard's love story . . .
history quizzes . . . T. T. . . mustang . . .
teeny bop music . . . would you believe
that I just drove to school with the
emergency on . . .

KAVA Club
Field Hockey 3 (2nd team), 4 (Captain)
Softball 3 (Captain of 2nd team)
Water Ballet 3
Dramatics Club 4
Senior Luncheon Committee 3
Literary Committee 3
Instauration 3
Splinters Literary Board 4
Council Day Representative 4
Cups and Banners 4
Dramatics 3, 4



LOUISE FISHER GODDEN

45 Sunset Rock Road
Andover, Massachusetts

GREEN MOUNTAIN JUNIOR COLLEGE

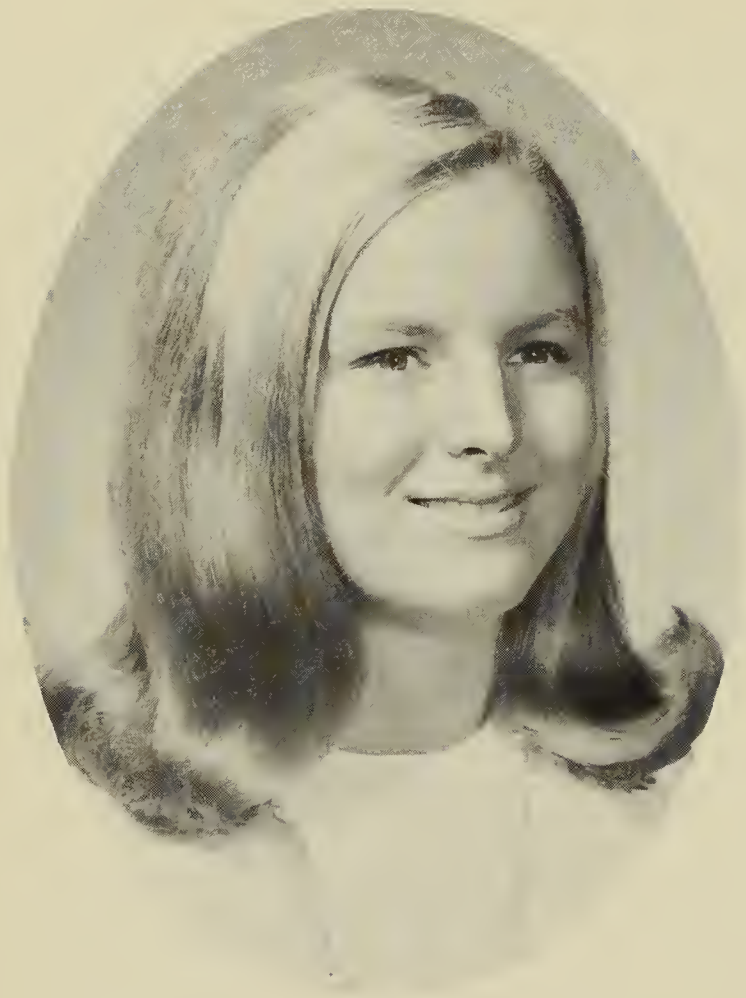


Chronic sprain and a well-worn gym suit
. . . would you like a ride to P.A.? . . .
From Green Mountains blazing a
STRAIGHT trail to New York . . . Gulp,
gulp! . . . Give me the 'ol afternoon Free
. . . absent?

"He who is firm in will moulds the world to himself."



CAE Club
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4
Music Appreciation 1 (Honorable Mention)
Spanish Club 3, 4



DANELLE DOROTHY HAHN

104 Chester Avenue
Garden City, New York

MARJORIE WEBSTER JUNIOR COLLEGE

*"If it weren't for the optimist the pessimist would
never know how happy he wasn't."*

Isabell! . . . Is the store open . . . I don't
really care . . . she doesn't like me . . . ski
anyone . . . groovy . . . think I'll get up
. . . I've learned a lot about texture . . .
Saturday's dozen . . . M&Ms . . . sub-
marine with a screen door . . . *Who* has a
New York accent? . . .

KAVA Club
Swimming Team 4
Water Ballet 4



SANDRA ANN HALL

345 Nahant Road
Nahant, Massachusetts

MT. AUBURN HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING

PRESIDENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS



Tea but not Orange Pekoe . . . sea and
sand . . . babysitter supreme . . . stage
manager blues . . . VIP's again and again
. . . nurse for Gayle . . . gasoline hair-
straightener . . . mobiles . . . the reader . . .

*"For life goes not backward nor tarries with yester-
day."*



KAVA Club
Glee Club 3, 4
Dramatics 3, 4
Hockey 3
Volleyball Manager 4
Splinters Business Board 4
Current Events 4 (Honorable Mention)
Neatness Award 4
Special Award - artistic room 4



JANET MARGRETA KENDALL

61 Laurelwood Road
Holden, Massachusetts

ENDICOTT JUNIOR COLLEGE

"Each man can interpret only by his own experience."

Would you please explain that a little more . . . DAN the MAN . . . and psychologically . . . What's your problem? . . . rubber sandals . . . Cinderella must be tragic . . . Gud som haver . . . orange, orange, and maybe yellow . . . blueberry pies with oatmeal cookies . . . *Frankly* I don't agree . . . grasshopper pie . . . four inch claws . . .

CAE Club
Volleyball 3 (2nd team), 4
Basketball 3, 4 (2nd team)
Swim team 3, 4
Field Hockey 4 (2nd team)
Ski Club 4
Cheerleading 3, 4 (Captain)
Senior Luncheon Committee 3
Splinters 4
Glee Club 3, 4
Neatness Award 4



LINDA FULLER LOVEJOY

2201 Lehigh Station Road
Pittsford, New York

MOUNT VERNON JUNIOR COLLEGE

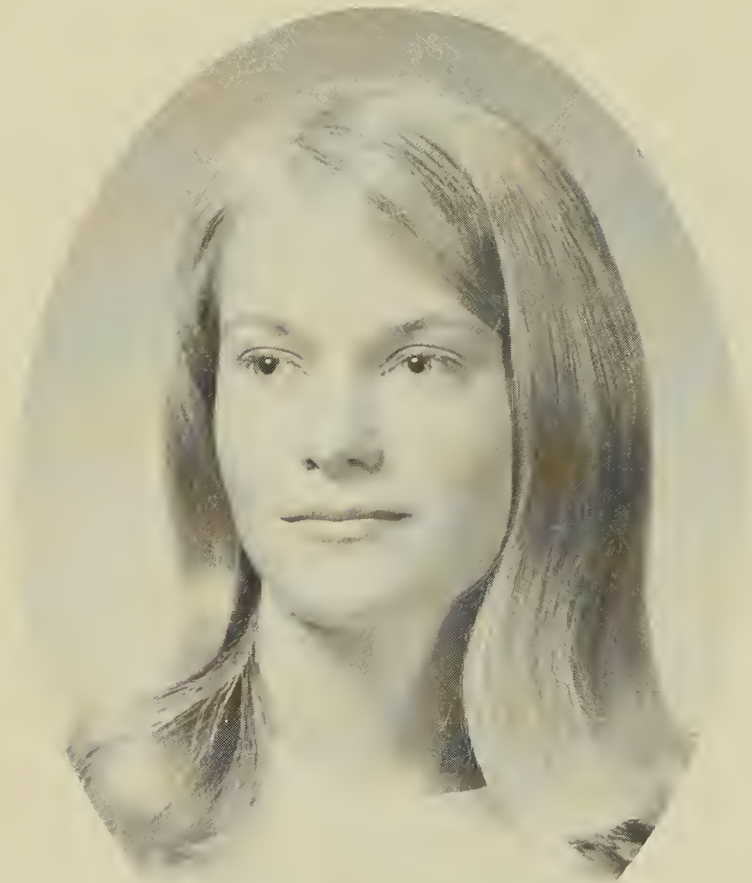


Talk much? Right Lovey! . . . "If I don't get outta here this weekend, I'll go insane . . . *SWIFT*ly! . . . Mirror, mirror on the wall . . . fraternity pins forever . . . "Admit it, girls, I'm skinnier than all of you." Finally a cheerleader! . . . Making senior friends.

"Patience is a tree whose root is bitter but its fruit is very sweet."



KAVA Club
Dramatics Club 4
Glee Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 4
Cheerleading 4
Music Appreciation 4 (Honorable Mention)



VALERIE ANN MORGAN

10 Berkshire Drive
Winchester, Massachusetts

GREEN MOUNTAIN JUNIOR COLLEGE

*"I cried because I had no shoes until I met a man
who had no feet."*

Blind dates! . . . yellow for St. Paul's? . . .
cooking with Pryor late at night! . . .
"chief" . . . Oh, right! . . . Valley Forge
. . . That's close! . . . Come on . . . The
African Hunter strikes again . . . restaurant
at home . . . You went to Florida? . . .
"grease" . . . collages!!! . . . "Let's live for
Today" . . . that 1935 gym suit . . .

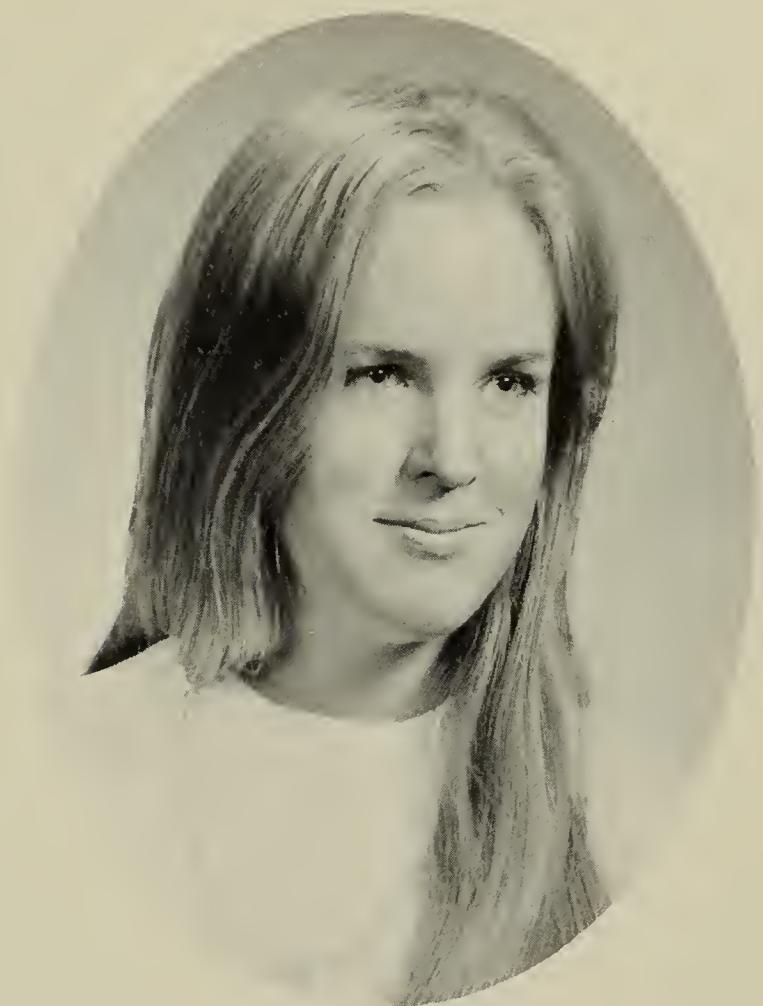
CAE Club
Glee Club 4
Spanish Club 4
Hockey 4
Volleyball 4 (Manager)
Dramatics 4
CAE-KAVA Fair Committee 4
Governor Dummer Dance Committee 4



LINDA LEE PRYOR

10 Beacon Street
Boston, Massachusetts

GREEN MOUNTAIN JUNIOR COLLEGE



L.P. . . . hot air passing thru the window
. . . I am going to marry a European . . .
Ogunquit!?! . . . Onward, Christian
soldiers . . . Tom . . . Joe . . . Erie . . .
goose the loose moose.

*"It is always right that a man should be able to
render a reason for the faith that is with him."*



KAVA Club
French Club 3, 4 (President)
Glee Club 4
Octet 4
Ski Club 3
Splinters Art Board 4



CAROL ADAMS ROWLEY

10 Meriam Street
Lexington, Massachusetts

GREEN MOUNTAIN JUNIOR COLLEGE

"Speech is great, but a wise silence is greater."

Red pistachio nuts . . . just love history
. . . come here, *honey* . . . sailing . . .
Chris . . . Lenox . . . hey . . .

KAVA Club
Field Hockey 2 (2nd team), 4 (2nd team)
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
French Club 3, 4
Ski Club 3, 4
Volleyball 3 (2nd team), 4 (2nd team)
Basketball 3 (2nd team), 4 (2nd team)
Softball 3 (2nd team)
Water Ballet 4
Commencement Play 4
Senior Lifesaving 4
R.H. Award 4



SANDRA SOUTHWELL SHIPTON

953 West Street
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

UNIVERSITY OF DENVER



The grass is always greener in New Haven . . . actually, I could care less . . . North to Jay's Bakery . . . Skiing . . . Denver . . . Yeah, right . . . driving to Oreonta . . . with Lovejoy . . . Contact . . . Thay Thweetie.

"The human race is in the best condition when it has the greatest degree of liberty."



KAVA Club

Softball 2 (2nd team), 3, 4
Basketball 2, 3 (2nd team), 4
Volleyball 2 (2nd team), 3, 4
Field Hockey 2 (2nd team), 3, 4
Swimming 2
Water Ballet 2, 3, 4
French Club 4
Ski Club 1, 2, 3, 4
Lifesaving 4
R.H. Award 2, 3, 4
Octet 4
Splinters Business Board 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Senior Lifesaving 4
Current Events Award 4
Parsons Honor 4



KATHLEEN SULLIVAN

Box #405
Rancho Santa Fe, California

PALOMAR JUNIOR COLLEGE

"A good laugh is sunshine in a house."

My new horse . . . a real beauty . . . Paratroopers 101st! . . . guess what? . . . the senorita again . . . "Hey, you guys, wait for me!" . . .

KAVA Club
French Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 4
Swimming Team 3, 4
Hockey Manager 4
Ski Club 3, 4
Water Ballet 3, 4
Commencement Play 4
Dramatics 4



GRETCHEN STEARNS VALADE

37 Willow Lane
Grosse Point Farms, Michigan

ALBION COLLEGE

PRESIDENT OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Are you going to New York? . . . uh! . . .
ya know . . . And he said he was going to
call you sometime in May? . . . Want
some pop? . . . Umm, I don't know . . .
Brandeis burned? . . . dances with G.D.A.
. . . hot tea burns . . . the piano's out of
tune . . . hand in demerits . . . MY
WASTE BASKET WAS ON FIRE??
. . . what do you think? . . . 1st cigarette
in a bowling alley . . . I.D. went down
the drain . . .



*"Good sense is the body of poetic genius, fancy its
drapery, motion its life and imagination the soul."*

KAVA Club

Glee Club 2, 3 (Vice-President), 4

Basketball 4 (2nd team Capt.)

Softball 3

Hockey 4 (2nd team)

Dramatics 3, 4

Octet 3, 4 (Head)

Spanish Club 3, 4

Council 3, 4 (President)

KAVA Spirit Ring 4

Water Ballet Chairman 3

Class President 3

RH Negatives (Leader)

Music Appreciation 4 (Honorable Mention)

Helen Hill Award 4



CHALLIS NELSON WALKER

1508 South Shore Drive
Erie, Pennsylvania

CENTENARY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

"Beauty is a pleasure regarded as the quality of a thing."

Philadelphia . . . paper fleurs . . . Roses
. . . Hope this sweater fits . . . Let me see
. . . Rose Tea and a lemon . . . Get out of
here before we get demerits! . . . problems
in P.O.D. . . . Boston?? . . . Tennis, any-
one?

KAVA Club
Class Vice President 2
Splinters Business Board Manager 4
Proctor 3, 4
Dramatics 1
Dramatics Club 4
Spanish Club 4
Softball Manager 3
Graduation Marshall 3



CATHERINE ELY WELCH

9 Lake Place
Branford, Connecticut

MARJORIE WEBSTER JUNIOR COLLEGE

VICE PRESIDENT OF KAVA

EEL . . . New Haven . . . did you say he
was still in grammar school . . . don't
worry . . . I promise you . . . can I borrow
. . . Don't mess with Bill . . . Does anyone
have a mug? . . . do my hips show . . .
Judy Collins . . . I'm *really* going to diet
now . . . planters warts . . . the beach . . .
. . . "I wanna be free." . . . what's a dri-
ver's license? . . . Pond's cures alligator
skin . . . have my bangs grown . . .

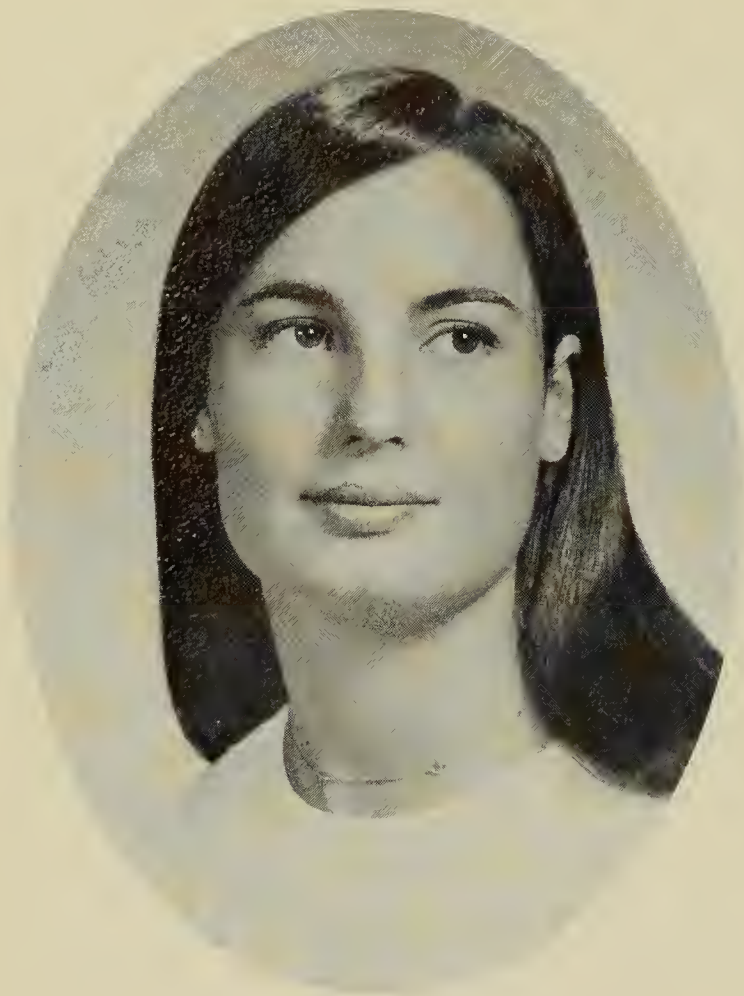


*"The blue's but a mist from the breath of the
wind, a tarnish that goes at the touch of a hand."*



KAVA Club

Hockey 1 (2nd team), 2, 3, 4
Softball 1 (2nd team), 2, 3 (Captain)
Swimming 1, 2, 4
Basketball 4 (2nd team)
Water Ballet 2, 4
Octet 4
Cheerleading 2, 3, 4
Class Vice-President 1
Senior Lifesaving 2
R.H. Award 4



AMY-JO WHITEHEAD

3259 Polo Drive
Delray Beach, Florida

GULF PARK JUNIOR COLLEGE

PRESIDENT OF CAE

*"The difference between men is energy invincible,
determination—a purpose once fixed."*

I'm trying to sleep . . . under gamma rays
. . . Ah, yes, true love . . . a fib a day . . .
kept the doctor away? . . . frappe cups
and straws foaming in the Commons . . .
boom, boom . . . How! do you make an
Indian rug . . . million dollar mouth . . .
I had a hamster for a roommate . . .

CAE Club

Hockey 1 (2nd team), 2, 3, 4
Volleyball 1 (2nd team), 2, 3, 4
Basketball 1 (2nd team), 2, 3, 4
Softball 1, 2, 3, 4
Water Ballet 2, 3, 4
Swim Team 2, 3, 4
Cheerleading 2, 3, 4
Spanish Club 4
Tennis Team 2
Music Appreciation 2, 3
Splinters Business Board 4
R.H. Award 2, 3, 4
Neatness Award 4



SHERILL HOLDEN WICKWIRE

RFD #2
Locust Avenue

Homer, New York

BRADFORD JUNIOR COLLEGE

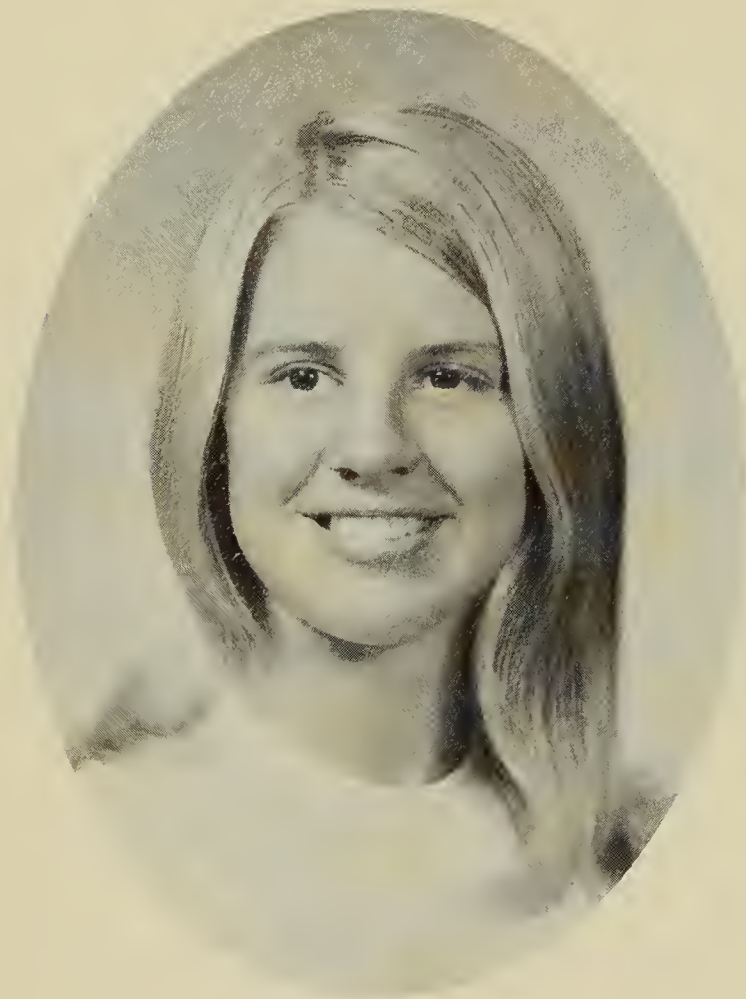


A hand through a window is worth . . .
disjointed year . . . bangs-bangs . . . coffee
time? . . . Midnight phone calls . . . a
rendezvous? . . . Briggs, the man's outside
. . . It's just that she's clumsy . . . "Have
you seen my . . ." Pisano . . . *Knapsack*
. . . Expository writing . . . burnt hair . . .
Buddha Bowdoin . . . jug band . . .
posters . . . surrealism . . .



*"I will not follow where the path may lead, but I
will go where there is no path, and I will leave a
trail."*

CAE Club
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Dramatics 3, 4
Dramatics Club 4
Instauration 3
Splinters Literary Board 4
Honor Roll 2
Founder's Day Committee 4
Fathers' Day Entertainment 4
Commencement Play 4
Water Ballet (Script) 4
Music Appreciation 2 (Honorable Mention)
Ski Club 4
Prom Committee 4 (Co-head)
Stage Manager 3, 4
Softball 2
Swimming Team 2
Volleyball 4 (2nd team)
Basketball 4
Katharine Whitten MacGay Literary Prize 4



DEBORAH ANNE WILSON

1270 Andover Street
North Tewksbury, Massachusetts

VERNON COURT JUNIOR COLLEGE

"A laugh is worth one hundred groans in any market."

"I wonder if I got a letter?" . . . "I'm starved!" . . . LL society . . . basically shy . . . MacDonald's . . . ILL . . . just nerves . . . write me a note . . . Governor Dummer? . . . Champagne . . . cute, real cute . . . epilepsy . . . Ike . . . The Gray Molecule . . . Plimpton Boarding House . . . Can I borrow your . . . I'm in love with LOVE . . .

CAE Club

Basketball 2 (2nd team), 4
Hockey 2 (2nd team), 3 (2nd team), 4 (2nd team)
Softball 1 (2nd team), 2, 3 (2nd team), 4
Swimming Team Manager 4
Volleyball 2 (2nd team), 3 (2nd team), 4
Water Ballet 4
R.H. Award 4



CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- 21 THE BEGINNING OF THE SCHOOL YEAR
Footsteps leading on unknown paths of spiders' webs—adjusting the mind to the plans intertwined in the unexpected.
- 24 SINGING BEACH
A faint whisper of a tangerine summer still lingering in the din of strange voices.
- 25 VESPERS
People stretch the irregularities of their fingertips into the stage portraying life.

OCTOBER

- 1 NEW HAMPTON DANCE
Summer calloused feet are again narrowed by Pappagallos.
- 4 INITIATION
Bathed in marshmallow, rice, coffee grinds, oatmeal, lotion and soapflakes and robed in a Roman Consulate bedspread
- 7 CAE AND KAVA DINNER
Competing colors mellowed . . . pink and green.
- 8 SENIOR SISTER CEREMONY
Looking through crystal glasses at the friendship between the candle and the upside down flower.
- 12 SENIOR PICTURES
"stung by the splendor of a sudden thought."
- 15 ANDOVER DANCE
Leaving no room for disbelief in social origin.
- 16 VESPERS
A trip through a projector into Brazilia.
- 21 ANDOVER CELEBRITY SERIES
- 22 ST. PAUL'S DANCE
I sway from hence you tap in gentle rhythm . . .???
- 26 FREEDOM TRAIL
Tracing freedom's cause upon the worn threads tying the museum to reality.
- 29 EXETER DANCE
Walking upon invisible bridges into fields of rushes and milkweeds.

NOVEMBER

- 5 PARENTS' WEEKEND
Parents' organization formed to make the parents influential "alumni."
- FIRST TEAM HOCKEY - CAE
- 8 SECOND TEAM HOCKEY CAE
- 18 PARIS RIVE GAUCHE
French folk songs were not inhibited by translation.
- 22 THANKSGIVING PLAYS
The Still Alarm drove us to *Mr. Flannery's Ocean*.
- 23 THANKSGIVING VACATION
Liberated hunter seeks turkey hiding in Northeastern smog.

DECEMBER

- 3 SAT'S
ANDOVER DANCE
Frustrated script released in dissonant tone by the Glee Club.

- 11 CHRISTMAS VESPER
SENIOR RING CEREMONY
"Sunday is the golden clasp that binds together the volumn of the year."
- 13 CHRISTMAS PLAY
Christmas in the Market Place.
- 15 CHRISTMAS VACATION
Leaving to plant seeds of remembrance in the hearts of the receiver.
- JANUARY
- 3 RETURN FROM VACATION
"Everything in the world can be endured except continued prosperity"...?
- 11 SECOND TEAM VOLLEYBALL - KAVA
- 13 FIRST TEAM VOLLEYBALL - CAE
- 14 ANDOVER DANCE
Blotches of hallucinatory color replace simplified reality.
- 16-20 REVIEW WEEK
Basic concentrated effort to retain; more familiarly known as "cramming."
- 21 CAE DINNER
Relieve the tension of "monotonous" studying.
- 23-27 MID-YEAR EXAMS
With ignorance spinning within our bodies, nature's winds carried us safely through a whirlpool of facts.
- 26-29 LONG WEEKEND
SENIOR SKI TRIP
Had to resort to skiing on marshmallows and boiling snow.
- FEBRUARY
- 5 CHEERLEADING DINNER
Clubs show their appreciation for the undying spirit.
- 10-12 SKI WEEKEND
Undying warmth glows in the semi-frostbitten faces of children.
- 11 GOVERNOR DUMMER DANCE
"words, words, words . . ."
- 17 LAWRENCE ACADEMY DANCE
Glee Club.
- 18 ANDOVER DANCE
German club was momentarily formed to sponsor a dance.
- MARCH
- 3 SKI TRIP
Short sleeves, cotton knicker socks, suntan lotion and Ben Gay.
- 7 FREE DAY
"The camel at the close of day kneels down upon a sandy plain to have his burden momentarily lifted to sleep again."
- 11 TILTON DANCE
Glee Club
- 15 MISS LEBUTT'S PIANO RECITAL
- 16 SPRING PLAYS - A WORKSHOP OF ONE-ACT PLAYS
The Farewell Supper led to *Goodnight Caroline* whose interest in *The Case of the Crushed Petunias* began on *A Sunny Morning*.
- 17 SPRING VACATION
Trees are no longer barren because mood has changed the season; winter is a shifted image of a half-remembered face.

APRIL

- 4 RETURN FROM VACATION
You lean against a shadow on the door and say that this has all happened before.
- 11 SECOND TEAM BASKETBALL - CAE
- 12 TRIPS TO PLYMOUTH, CONCORD AND STURBRIDGE
A look at colonial America from the mast of the Mayflower . . .
- 13 FIRST TEAM BASKETBALL - KAVA
- 14 ANDOVER DANCE
Instead of toning down the music, the chaperones left the room.
- 22 FATHERS' WEEKEND
A look at the younger generation; rained-out baseball game; water ballet gave us slipped discs; and entertainment including a ballet, jug band, "Hello, Dolly," folk songs, and oh! you wonderful dad . . .

MAY

- 6 SAT'S
- 7 FOUNDER'S DAY
Senior Fair, Alumnae meeting, Glee Club, freshmen repeated "Hello, Dolly" and the Water Ballet ended the day with two scenes.
- 17 SWIMMING MEET - KAVA
- 20 SENIOR PROM
Here at the quiet limit of the world wearing a white flower; dust would hear and beat to the music of an electric band.
- 25 FRENCH CLUB AND SPANISH CLUB TEA
A salute to a Spanish maiden and the poetry of the French.
- 22-26 REVIEW WEEK
Conscious studying . . . with half a mind on summer vacation.
- 29-June FINAL EXAMS
A thought emerges from the conscious mind entering a territory of fresh awareness . . .?

JUNE

- 1 CAE AND KAVA DINNERS
- 2 SENIOR SISTER - UNDERGRAD CEREMONY
A hobo living for natural freedom leaves a grain of salt upon those people who have needed his warmth.
- 3 SINGING BEACH
Shout of what is no longer a tangerine mirage carries to distant chambers of familiar voices.
- 4 BACCALAUREATE SERMON
Outlining the signs of maturity.
MUSICALE
Glee Club
Piano Concerto - Miss LeButt and Martha Chigas.
- 5 SENIOR LUNCHEON
CLASS DAY EXERCISES
COMMENCEMENT PLAY
The Mouse That Roared.
- 6 RECEPTION FOR SENIOR CLASS
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
Now distinguishing only the silhouettes of yesterday; before our eyes the mirage of tomorrow . . .



Pru Allen



Marti Baker



Hillary Barton



Doris Bell



Sue Briggs



Martha Chigas



Cathy Cowles



Donna Corroon



Mandy Crocker



Gayle DeBell



Lydia Deshler



Barrie Feather



Muff Fisher



Edie Fletcher



Debbie Gale



Louise Godden



Danelle Hahn



Sandy Hall (in disguise)



Ki Kendall



Linda Lovejoy



Valerie Morgan



Linda Pryor



Carol Rowley



Sandy Shipton



Kathy Sullivan



Gretchen Valade



Challis Walker



Cathy Welch



Amy Whitehead



Sheri Wickwire



Debbie Wilson

PROPHECY

The year is 1987—an eventful year. The United States and Russia have reached a detente and are cooperating in the field of space exploration. Already the Lunar Colonies and their leader Timothy Leary, Jr. are beginning to show resistance to their taxation and a desire to become independent of the Earth. John-John, the young senator from Massachusetts, is the next heir to the presidential throne, succeeding his uncle Edward. The world is surging forward, but Rogers Hall has remained remarkably the same as it was in 1967. However, its alumnae have accomplished various and sundry tasks in world living.

Just the other day, I heard that Sheri Wickwire had become stuck on one of her pot-art murals in 1980 and has been hanging in the New York Museum of Natural History ever since. She has consequently developed a seven-year itch from lack of fingertip movement. Her closest confidante, Sue Briggs, has just returned from her recent European TRIP . . . and is now paddling from the Florida KEYS to Nassau in her slow Banana Boat carrying a MAC truck in the rear of the vessel.

As I report to you from Rio de Janeiro, the night before Amy Whitehead's fifth engagement party, I can't help noticing the activities of the class of '67. Challis Walker, who is doing the decorations for Amy's party, has created a temple out of tiny tea leaves and has covered the walls with Roses. The floor is covered with Jim-mats upon which Amy is doing her nightly exercises in order to fit into her original white dress. She is studying the famous "Sullivan Slimming Steps." Kathy, herself, now weighs only 97 pounds! Gretchen Valade has been elected Chairman of the Chairman's Pick-up Committee, as she sweeps DIRT from room to room, singing, "Uu-e-Uu-Ah-Ah . . ." Hillary Barton is selling peanut butter and jelly sandwiches to the decoration committee as Doris Bell butters-up her bread.

Cathy Cowles writes her regrets and thank-you's. She is unable to attend the party due to a recent commitment—which she dare not break—at the Come-and-Get-It Gourmet Rest Home. She thanks Miss Whitehead for her sympathetic contribution of two pounds of black licorice, one R.H. pie, one tin of Trifle, three gallons of coffee ice cream, and "just a little tiny bite" of apple crisp—all pressed under glass.

Louise Godden, I am sorry to say, is also unable to make the party. She recently was involved in an accident of an undetermined nature; the rescue squad could not find her when the SMOKE cleared.

The hour of the party has arrived, 10:00 P.M., June 6, 1987—a memorable date for the class of '67. First to arrive is Prudence Allen. She has been forced to attend the party barefoot because the Germans have taken away her shoes. Under one arm, Prudence is carrying her one-act play, entitled, *Talk to Me, Bourbon*; under her other, a diaper pail; on her back, a blonde papoose—she is smiling.

Amy's fiance has just asked Danelle to dance. She responded immediately, "I can't; I can't; I can't," and excused herself before the store closed, mumbling something about the Wicked Witch. Carol Rowley, espionage agent to Amy's FORMER fiance, has come to the party unannounced in order to hide her true identity.

Suddenly, I hear the familiar sound of pop-pop-pop . . . Mandy Crocker is arriving with her portable corn-popper. She is explaining to the GROUP that she left her job as playground director at Harvard just to come to the party. She left Lydia Deshler in charge as Foster Parent, all paid-up till August.

Ki Kendall just flew in from New York. She is dressed in ORANGE set off against her RED face, complementing her WHITE legs, accentuating PINK "knuckle nails," wearing her perpetual, profound rubber sandals, professing still that she is the only intelligent blonde at the party.

PROPHECY

Muffie Fisher has dual duties at Amy's party. When she is not serving Rob Collinses—her Deah specialty—she serves as special photographer to SPLINTER her friends.

Barrie Feather has come from the Land of Oz still towing her invisible friend, Mary, AND her hot water bottle. Barrie's invisible friend, Mary, has a friend Ernie, a seven-foot rabbit, who has brought a friend of a friend for a BLIND date for Valerie Morgan. Poor Valerie!

I have just learned that Kathy Welch will not be able to come. She has just produced her third set of twins, which seems to be a family affliction.

Gayle DeBell has just come hurrying in, a smile on her face, stepping lightly. She seems to be limping; I am told that last Wednesday she tripped over her FALL in the museum, of which she is a curator. Apparently Sandy Hall was the nurse on duty who splinted her split ends.

Martha Chigas was also planning to announce her engagement at Amy's party when her father did it for her. It appears that Martha has been betrothed to a Greek shipping magnate since birth, unknown, of course, to her.

Donna Corroon arrived a few minutes ago, dressed as beautifully as always, and she "just happens to have with her" the family album, including a recent addition in the traditional bathtub pose.

All heads turn as Linda Pryor runs through. She has just left the hairdresser delighted with her new Twiggy cut, and as always, is on her way to the "dentist." ANYWAYS, in a week Pryor will leave for her annual visit to Florence in search of Caney.

Ladies and gentlemen, attention! The silver Bomb has just pulled in, and Miss Wilson enters the arena followed by her entourage of Andover, Exeter, Governor Dummer, and Groton graduates—all of whom have grown slightly paunchy . . . Beside her, walks Doris, ABROAD social secretary, taking all foreign calls. Doris left Hillary last night for a higher-paying job, with more fringe benefits. Hillary left the peanut butter and jelly business for another vacation in Florida.

And in this corner, we have Martha Baker to provide the afternoon's entertainment. Marti is still trying to play the mandolin accompanied by her GLEEFUL voice and lilting laughter.

L. Free Lovejoy, who spent hours in preparation for the party, is robed in a cherry-colored dress, making like James Brown. She flew in last night from Chicago to tell us all about her life as Miss September, and hopes to be a cover girl next year. Right now, Lovey is still making friends with the class of '67.

The crowd hushes as the celebrated Miss Fletcher arrives. Edie is on her way to Washington to patent her ALL-Purpose Smoker's Delight. This remarkable gadget rolls, lights, smokes, and extinguishes cigarettes. It serves dually as an ash tray and a whisk broom, and holds soft or crush-pack packages. We, of course, wish her luck.

Sandy Shipton and Debbie Gale have just DROPPED IN a little late after a mere collision in mid-air, Debbie in her parachute, Sandy on her broomstick. I hope that they will be feeling in higher SPIRITS when we all meet again at Amy's next engagement party.

CLASS WILL

WE LEAVE:

MISS ALEXANDER chalk that won't wear off as the day wears on.

MISS BOWES "consequently" "at a stand point."

MRS. CALHOUN an organized office.

MRS. COLPITTS a splintery tongue depressor and a passport to peace.

MR. CONGER pacing out mystical hydro-carbons on the floor.

MRS. CROSBY breakfast in bed.

MISS DION an unbreakable diamond needle so she won't spoil her long playing record.

MRS. DOWNES a dozen frog brains.

MRS. HOFFER with Christopher Robin and friends.

MRS. A. JONES a "lye" detector.

MRS. F. JONES a pointless umbrella and a year's supply of valentines.

MISS LANDIS foot-warmers for the future.

MRS. LATOUR with the '68 schedule of board meetings in N.Y.

MISS LEBUTT an alarming Tuesday evening study hall.

MANUEL AND BILL a peace pipe.

MRS. PERLOFF shifting into new gears.

MISS PHELPS a new notebook to replace her *Ancient* one.

MISS PULLING waiting for the rest of the table.

MISS RAMSAY a senior class that wakes up before December.

MISS ROBINSON clammed up in Naples.

MRS. SARGENT a cage for her second floor zoo.

MRS. STATEN a periscope for the station wagon.

MRS. WORSHAM a book of cancelled *Bank* statements.

CLASS WILL

PRUDENCE ALLEN leaves her shoes under the bed.
MARTHA BAKER leaves the Cambridge mist for London fog.
HILLARY BARTON leaves hunting "Hughy Ducks" and seeking out other wild life.
DORIS BELL leaves Flipping for Sin City.
SUE BRIGGS leaves her unbendable joints on the basketball courts.
MARTHA CHIGAS leaves her Grecian bikini to the Art department for still life study.
DONNA CORROON leaves her seventeen pair of Pappaggalo shoes to the needie Lorrie LaCour.
CATHY COWLES leaves "RICHLY" enriched.
MANDY CROCKER leaves to return in four years as the R.H. gym teacher.
GAYLE DeBELL leaves to desert the Union for a hotter climate.
LYDIA DESHLER leaves her math problems to *Dear Abbie*.
BARRIE FEATHER leaves molting.
MUFFIE FISHER leaves shuffling off to Buffalo on a "deah" hunt.
EDIE FLETCHER leaves to join the HOODSIES.
DEBBIE GALE leaves Roger and Out.
LOUISE GODDEN leaves her smoking car to Flip Holihan.
DANELLE HAHN leaves her sense of texture in the art room.
SANDY HALL leaves the senior meeting first, disguised as the mad scientist.
KI KENDALL leaves her orange passion to her dear friends Chris and Charlie Brown.
LINDA LOVEJOY leaves seeking the absolute.
VALERIE MORGAN leaves as sharp as ever.
LINDA PRYOR leaves her real live Alice in Wonderland doll to the French Club "in memory of" . . .
CAROL ROWLEY leaves to "Chris-ten" bigger and better things.
SANDY SHIPTON leaves her broom stick stuck in a sitz mark.
KATHY SULLIVAN leaves for the ranch vowing never to return to Dudesville.
GRETCHEN VALADE leaves "you-know", "um", "you-know" to Kathy Beers.
CHALLIS WALKER leaves her phone bills to the Better Business Bureau.
KATHY WELCH leaves old beaus to her fine-Feathered friends.
AMY "BOOM-BOOM" WHITEHEAD leaves T&T for the next big bang.
SHERI WICKWIRE leaves for the second time.
DEBBIE WILSON leaves her "wisdom teeth" to Pam Bell and her accent to Cindy Brox.

DEBBIE GALE AND THE STAFF



The heads of State—in repose



Sugar gives me energy



I've got a SECRET



*You cannot demonstrate an emotion
to prove an aspiration*



*They say my mouth is
worth a million*



*I wish I could pick it up
and wring it out*



You pretend you're Frank



And I'll pretend you're Richie



The cat in the hat



She forgot to get the lemons!



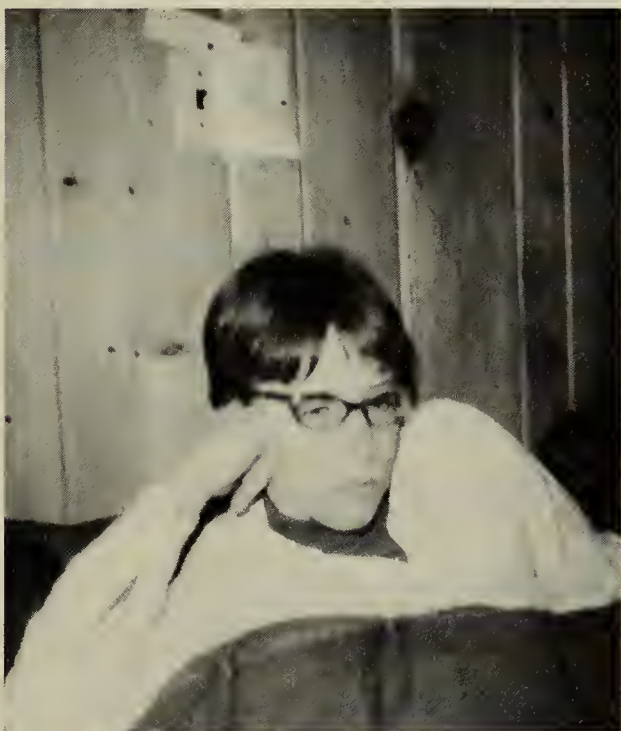
All right everyone, SING!



The Cherry Phantom



I'm a hockey STAH!



What a thing is a man . . .



C'mon, let's sing Danny Boy—



"Gud som haver barnen kar . . ."



"Come on Hill—Ilya is waiting"



To take off or not to take off . . .



The man said to smile . . .



We're ALWAYS cheerful when going to class



Five finger exercise



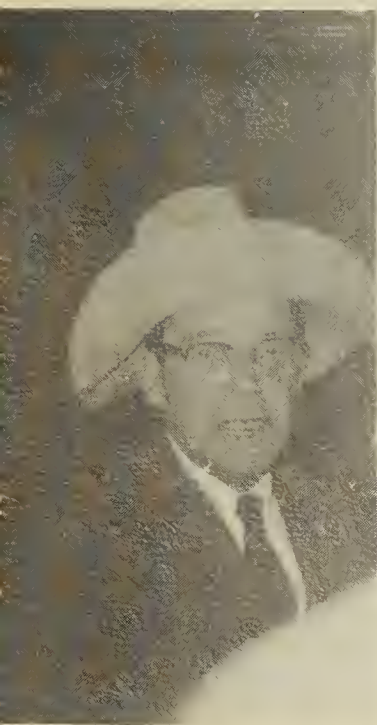
Crunch - Crunch



Our dad has double trouble



Perhaps it's invisible Mary



After six years at R.H., you get this way



Who's asking?



Let's hope Banks doesn't come home . . .



Wanna hear a funny?



I say, shall we call an ambulance?



Good sets of good friends . . .

SENIOR SONG

Tune: "September in the Rain"

We lit your candles in the gym
Remember, in September, undergrads
The time has passed so quickly yet
We'll cherish every memory through the years.
Though far apart your friendship will be with us,
Your helpfulness in each and every way.
The spring is here; to us it's still September,
That September, undergrads.
The parting's sad but graduation's here now.
We hope that we have helped you in some way.
So now we leave you but always remember,
That September, undergrads.

—MARTHA ANN CHIGAS, '67



UNDERGRADUATES



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS
Vice-President Charlotte Brohard
President Nancy Smith



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS
Vice-President Alida McIlvain
President Suzanne Johnson



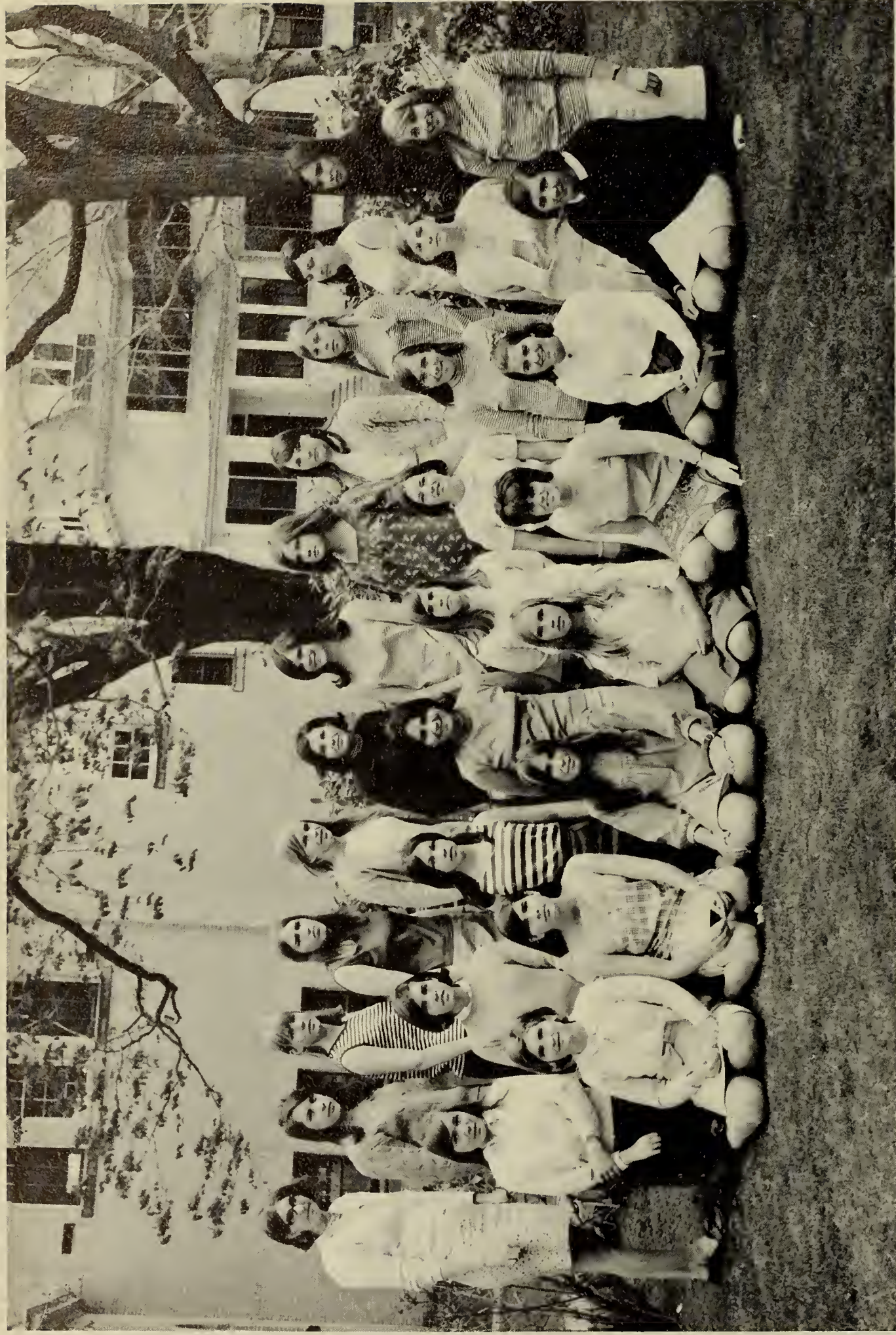
FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS
President Mary Thomas
Vice-President Susan Shipton



JUNIOR CLASS

Kneeling: Hunt, Parkinson, Harvey, LaCour, Kinney, Plimpton L., Landwehr, Holihan, Ellington K., Winter, Lockwood, Innes, Downey, Tomsu.

Standing: Shepard, Fuller, Brion, Mack, Leoff, Wilson A., Smith (President), Kirchmaier, Brohard (Vice-President), Beers, Warner, Bacon, Sutton, Scannell, Bullock, Wright, DeBlois.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

First Row: Zinn, Alvarez, Keast, Tighe, Hall B., Eddy, Brown.

Second Row: Ellington S., Saunders, Paine, Tatian, Seller, Washburn, Spring, Hemingway, Bell P.

Third Row: Doremus, Pollak, Lefferts, Laundon, Gadd, Johnson (President), McIlvain (Vice-President), Brox, Anderson, Plimpton N., Pletscher, Strasburg.



FRESHMAN CLASS

Seated: Tikellis, Shipton Su. (Vice-President), Thomas (President), Peck.

Standing: Robinette, Slimmon, Maggy, Nields, Beck, Copeland, Sweet, Templet, Vallis.

R H Therapy





my latest painting, what else?



Allie - Allie - in - free . . .



Goo-Goo!



Get lost . . .



We're GLEEful



Well, I never said I was perfect . . .



We use Colgate



Quick! The rescue squad—



Mmmmmmmmmmmmm . . .



I want my mother . . .



Not even if I give you these?



Your CARE package is on its way . . .



I'll simply strangle her . . .



Las Ninas



Domestic duties make me dreamy . . .



She thinks she's cool . . .



Loving cups are my style . . .



A Room With A View



But I'm a growing girl.



This settles it — I'm NEVER getting married.



Cute Couple.



Some guys have all the luck.



He's NOT the one.



Shhhh . . .



Tricky, huh?



Before



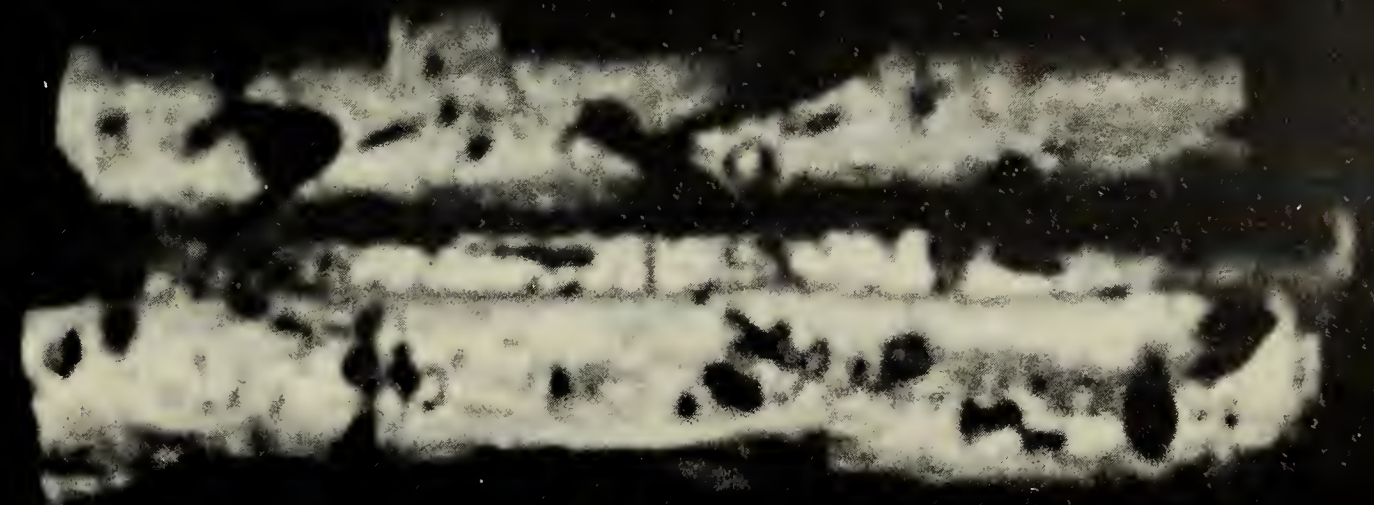
He'll never tell!

UNDERGRADUATE SONG

Tune: "Softly, as I leave you"

Softly, as you leave us, may we
Thank you for your senior sister love
and helping hand.
Though you leave us softly,
On your way to learning,
We will follow you, and in our hearts
We all will say,
"Wish you could stay."
Even as you leave,
Other friendships we will weave
But may yours guide us ever on,
Guide us ever on, guide us ever on . . .

—GEORGIA INNES, '68



ORGANIZATIONS

GOVERNMENT



STUDENT' COUNCIL

Seated: Beers, Valade (President), Wright

Standing: Corroon, Miss Ramsay, Gale, Fisher



STUDENT PROCTORS

Kneeling Front: Deshler, Downey, Zinn, Feather, Hall B.

Seated: Walker, Miss Ramsay, Kendall.

Standing: Peck, DeBell, Winter, Smith, Baker, Brion, Bacon, Kirchmaier, Pollak, Allen, Warner, Paine.

PUBLICATIONS



SPLINTERS

Seated: Shipton, DeBell (Art Editor), Allen (Editor-in-Chief), Walker (Business Manager), Kendall.

Standing: Gale, Baker, Pryor, Wickwire, Deshler, Crocker, Fisher, Whitehead, Chigas, Hall, Cowles.



THE COLUMNS

Standing: Bell P., Hemingway, Hall B., Pletscher

Seated Center: Beers, Brohard, Leoff.

Seated Rear: Smith, Brion, Wright (Editor), DeBlois, Anderson.

MUSIC



GLEE CLUB

First Row: S. Hall, Wickwire, Valade, Gale, Eddy, Zinn, Innes, Fuller (Vice-President), Miss LeButt, Baker (President), Downey, Shipton, Bullock, Lovejoy, Beers, Allen, DeBlois, A. Wilson.

Second Row: E. Hall, Sweet, Chigas, Feather, Strasburg, Keast, Brion.

Third Row: Hemingway, McKallagat, Slimmon, Brohard, Crocker.

Fourth Row: Godden, Fletcher, Pryor, Harvey, Rowley, Johnson, Morgan, Cowles, Pollak, Anderson, Bacon, Hahn.

Fifth Row: Corroon, Kendall, Pletscher, Tatian, McIlvain, Saunders, Wright, Kirchmaier, Winter, Gadd.



THE R. H. NEGATIVES

Front: Lockwood, Valade (Leader), Innes.

Second Row: Pryor, Shipton, Welch, Baker, Wright, Fuller (Listener).



FRENCH CLUB

First Row: Cowles, Tighe, Innes, Landwehr, Shipton, Chigas.

Second Row: Rowley, Downey (Vice-President), Mrs. Hoffer, Pryor (President), LaCour.

Third Row: Crocker, Brion, Sullivan, DeBlois, Harvey, Beers, Fletcher, Scannell, Deshler, P. Bell, A. Wilson, Leoff, E. Plimpton.



SPANISH CLUB

Sitting: Lovejoy, Briggs, Chigas (President), Miss Pulling, Alvarez (Vice-President), Parkinson, Walker, Fuller.

Standing: Morgan, Valade, Feather, Wright, Whitehead, Godden, Winter, DeBell, Sullivan, Sutton.



DEBATE CLUB

Sitting: Gale (Secretary), Allen (President).

Standing: Deshler, Chigas, Loeff, DeBell, Cowles, Parkinson, Brion, Walker.



SKI CLUB

Kneeling: Thomas, Baker, Shepard, Shipton Su., Shipton Sa., Hall B., Rowley, Sullivan.

Standing: Bacon, Wickwire, Kendall, McIlvain, Keast, Tatian, LaCour, Gadd, Smith, Deshler, Brohard, Lockwood.

Seated Center: Crocker (President), Wright (Vice-President).



DRAMATICS

First Row: Valade, Feather, Walker, Downey, LaCour, Lovejoy.

Second Row: Scannell, Hall, Eddy, Harp, Parkinson.

Third Row: Wright, DeBlois, Wilson, Wickwire, Bullock.

Fourth Row: Doremus, Warner, Gale, Bell.

Standing Left: Beers (President); *Right:* Landwehr (Vice-President).



*True disputants are like true sportsman,
their whole delight is in the pursuit.*

—ALEXANDER POPE



SPORTS



CAE CLUB

First Row: Nields, DeBlois, Smith, McKallagat, Seller, Saunders, Peck, Bell D., Wilson D., Zinn, Eddy, Innes, Shepard, Brown, Spring, Plimpton N.

Second Row: Brox, Gadd, Bacon, Beers, Anderson, Slimmon, Morgan, Brohard, Robinette, Chigas, Bullock, Fletcher, Vallis, Godden, Scannell, Allen.

Third Row Center: Corroon, Landwehr, Holihan, Plimpton L., Warner.

Fourth Row Center: McIlvain, Kinney, Pollak, Harvey, Johnson, Mack.

Fifth Row Center: Sutton, Kendall, Wickwire, Wilson A., DeBell, Pletscher, Lefferts.



CAE OFFICERS
Muff Fisher, Vice-President
Amy-Jo Whitehead, President



KAVA CLUB

Front: Rowley, Alvarez, Copeland, Bell, P., Shipton, Sa., Deshler, Barton, LaCour, Maggy, Parkinson, Hall, B., Wright, Lovejoy, Fuller, Washburn, Paine, Tighe, Valade, Ellington, S.

Second Row: Keast, Tatian, Pryor, Brion, Briggs, Hemingway, Tomsu, Walker, Leoff, Doremus, Gale, Laundon.

Center Third Row: Shipton, Su., Feather, Lockwood, Strasburg, Downey, Tikellis, Templet.

Center Fourth Row: Thomas, Winter, Cowles, Kirchmaier, Sweet, Hahn, Baker, Hall S., Beck.



KAVA OFFICERS
Mandy Crocker, President
Cathy Welch, Vice-President



CAE HOCKEY

Kneeling: Anderson, Morgan, Allen, Bell D., Whitehead, Fisher.

Standing: Pollak, Peck, Plimpton N., McIlvain (Captain), Bullock, Sutton, Corroon, DeBell (Manager).



KAVA HOCKEY

Front: Welch (Captain).

First Row: Tighe, Shipton Sa., Alvarez, Thomas, Deshler, Crocker.

Second Row: Feather, Briggs, LaCour, Baker, Wright, Barton, Sullivan (Manager).



HOCKEY GAMES

In the first part of the game both teams were evenly matched. CAE broke through KAVA's defense to make the first goal. CAE made four more goals during the rest of the first half.

KAVA took the ball right down to make a goal at the beginning of the second half. This act strengthened KAVA's defense, and CAE got only one more goal the rest of the game.

The spirit of the crowd of parents and students stayed strong even after the score of 6-1 in CAE's favor was announced. CAE's spirit was due to the fact that CAE had not received the Hockey Cup in three years. KAVA's spirit showed that KAVA wanted to keep her undefeated title.

After the game the parents, team members, and cheerleaders crowded into the dining room for ice cream and for the distribution of the charms. This day marked the beginning of a new RH tradition; the hockey banquet will be replaced by the Parents' Day Activities.

2ND TEAMS

(CAE 1 — KAVA 0)

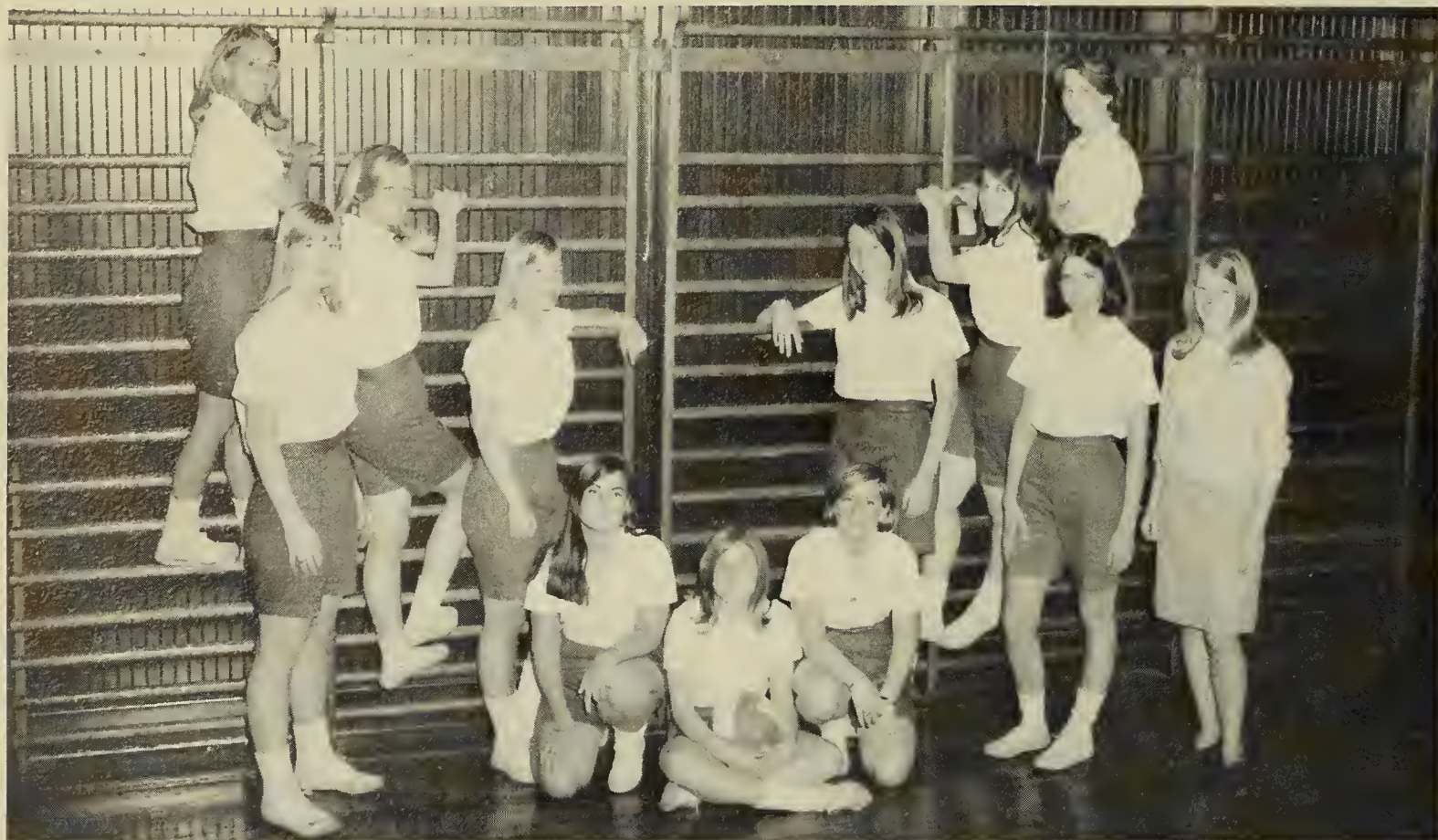
CAE

Beers	Nields
DeBlois	Plimpton, L.
Gadd	Scannell
Kendall	Seller
Kinney	Smith
Landwehr	Wilson (Captain)
McKallagat	DeBell (Manager)

KAVA

Brion	Leoff
Gale (Captain)	Paine
Hall E.	Rowley
Hemingway	Shipton, Susan
Hunt	Templet
Keast	Valade
Laundon	Wright
	Sullivan (Manager)





CAE VOLLEYBALL

Standing: Wilson D., Lefferts, Kendall, Plimpton N., Bullock, Pollak, Vallis, Allen, Morgan (Manager).

Front: Whitehead, Bell (Captain), Fisher.



KAVA VOLLEYBALL

Front: Deshler (Captain).

Second Row: Crocker, Shipton Sa.

Third Row: Hall S. (Manager), LaCour, Laundon, Hemingway.

Fourth Row: Feather, Briggs, Maggy, Tighe, Barton.

VOLLEYBALL GAMES

The coin was tossed to determine who was going to serve first in the second team game. KAVA was the first server to start a fascinating game. The score was 28-22 for KAVA.

The first team game was played after the second team game, unlike the hockey game. Doris Bell, CAE's captain, won the toss up between her and Lydia Deshler, KAVA's captain. KAVA was the server in the game again. Tina Lefferts was high scorer for CAE, Hillery Barton for KAVA. The final score was 35-24 in CAE's favor.

2ND TEAMS

CAE

Anderson
Bacon
DeBlois
Fletcher (Captain)
McIlvain
Plimpton E.
Saunders
Spring
Wickwire
Wilson A.
Morgan (Manager)

KAVA

Alvarez
Baker
Downey
Fuller
Leoff
Rowley
Tomsu
Winter
Wright (Captain)
Hall S. (Manager)



Oops-a-daisy



Wanna make a bet I'm the Champ?



And then she swallowed the ball . . .



CAE BASKETBALL

Left to Right: Saunders, Fisher, Wickwire, Bell D., Allen (Captain), Pletscher (Manager), Whitehead, Bullock, Plimpton N., Wilson D.



KAVA BASKETBALL

Front: Briggs (Captain), Downey (Manager), LaCour, Feather.

Rear: Deshler, Barton, Shipton Sa., Crocker, Baker.

BASKETBALL GAMES

After trying both methods of playing basketball this year, CAE and KAVA decided to play the game using the traditional two-court method. In the second team game Vanessa Vallis and Gretchen Valade were the high scorers for their team, and the score was 23-10 in CAE's favor. The first team game was much closer in score than was the second team game. KAVA won by a margin of one point with the score of 14-13. KAVA's song was selected as the better of the two songs sung by the clubs at the banquet that night.

2ND TEAMS

CAE

Bacon
Kendall
Kinney (Captain)
Lefferts
Pollak
Spring
Vallis
Wilson A.
Pletscher (Manager)

KAVA

Cowles
Hemingway
Rowley
Thomas
Tomsu
Valade (Captain)
Welch
Winter
Downey (Manager)



So I'm getting ready to cheer . . .

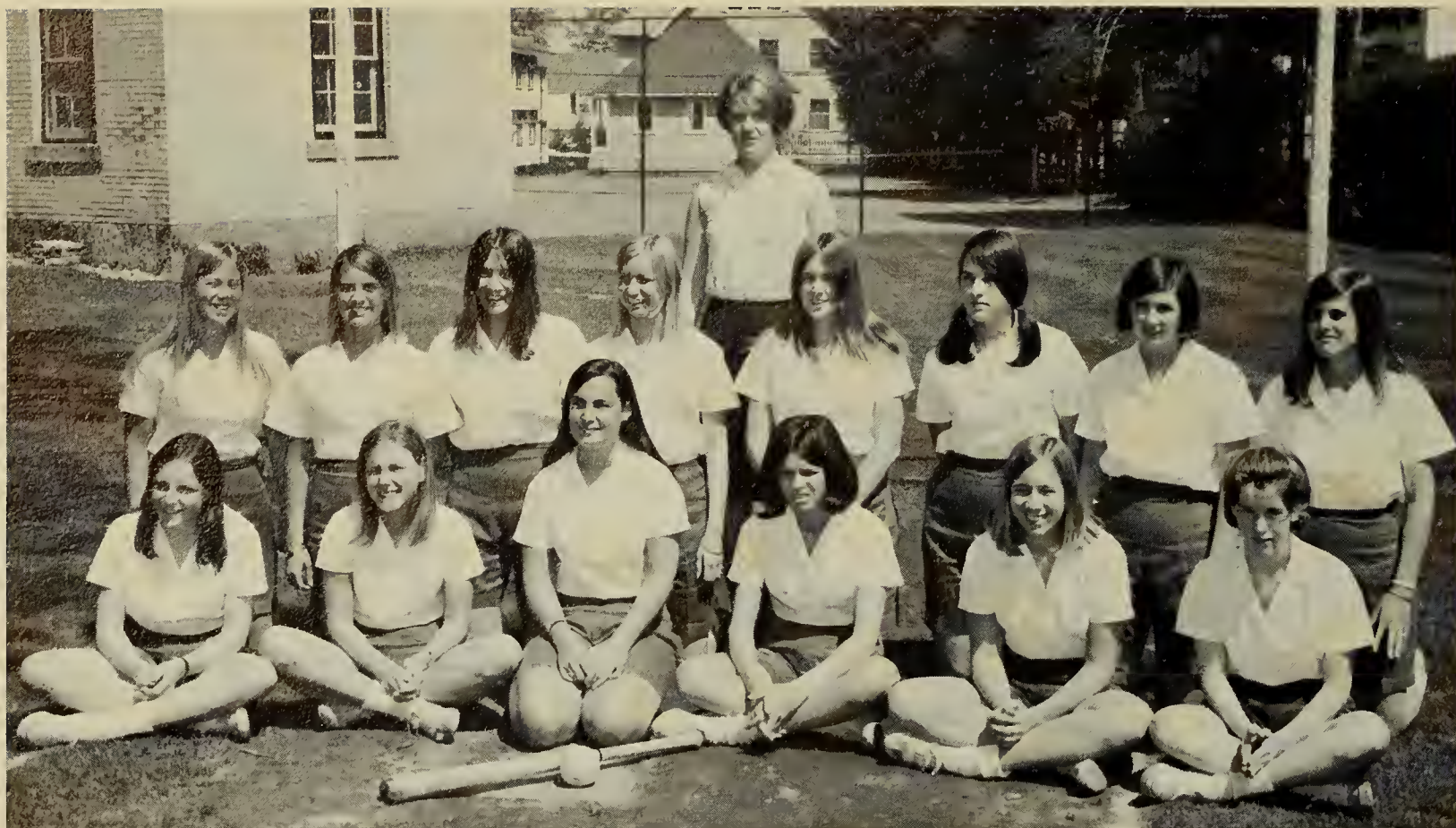


Maybe if we got down on our knees



After-game Night Life

RAINED OUT



CAE SOFTBALL

First Row: Kinney, Bell D., Whitehead (Captain), Vallis, Spring, Allen.

Second Row: Plimpton N., Wilson D., Bullock, Kendall, Wickwire, Pollak, Brown, Seller, Fisher (Absent).

Rear: Bacon (Manager).



KAVA SOFTBALL

First Row: Hunt, Shipton Sa., Hemingway, Strasburg, Crocker (Captain), Washburn, Rowley.

Second Row: Maggy, Deshler, Kirchmaier, Briggs, Baker, Welch, LaCour, Wright, Cowles (Manager).

SOFTBALL GAME



Let's use these instead . . .



Dance to the Sungod

In the true sense of the phrase we had a winter-in-spring term. The basketball games, as well as the snows and cold winds, came after the vacation. This unnatural weather prevented the practices for softball. May looked hopeful for sunburns and the full use of the fields, but since April had the snows of winter, May had the showers. There were about four practices in which the clubs selected their members of the teams. There was to be only one large softball team to play in one game this year. Unfortunately the rain, not the game, was forecasted that day and the next, the last two days of review week. That news brought an undefeated softball season for CAE and KAVA to an abrupt end.



I'll just keep it on for next year's game . . .



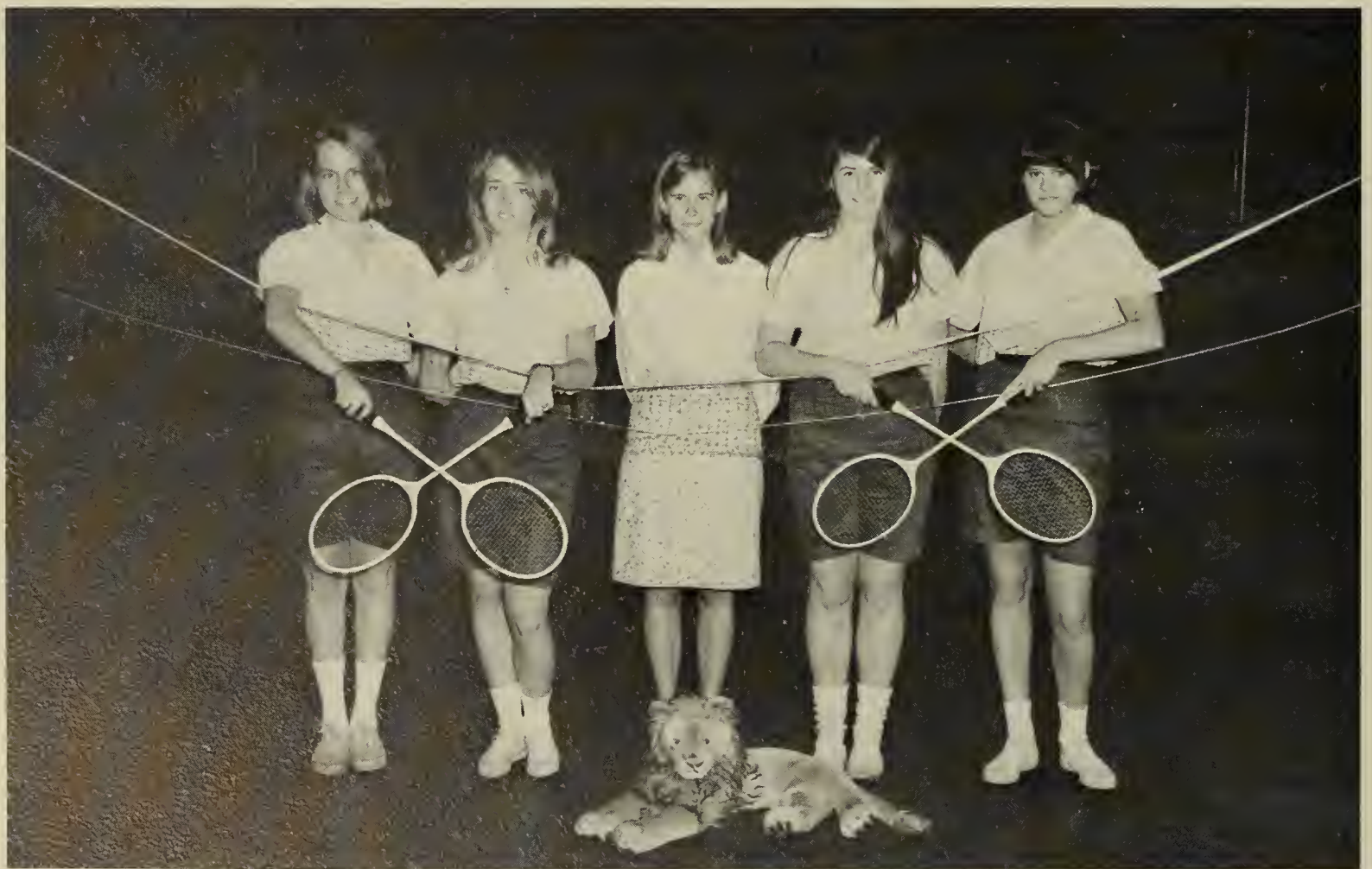
On a sunny day I don't fool around

CUP WINNER — DORIS BELL (CAE)



CAE BADMINTON

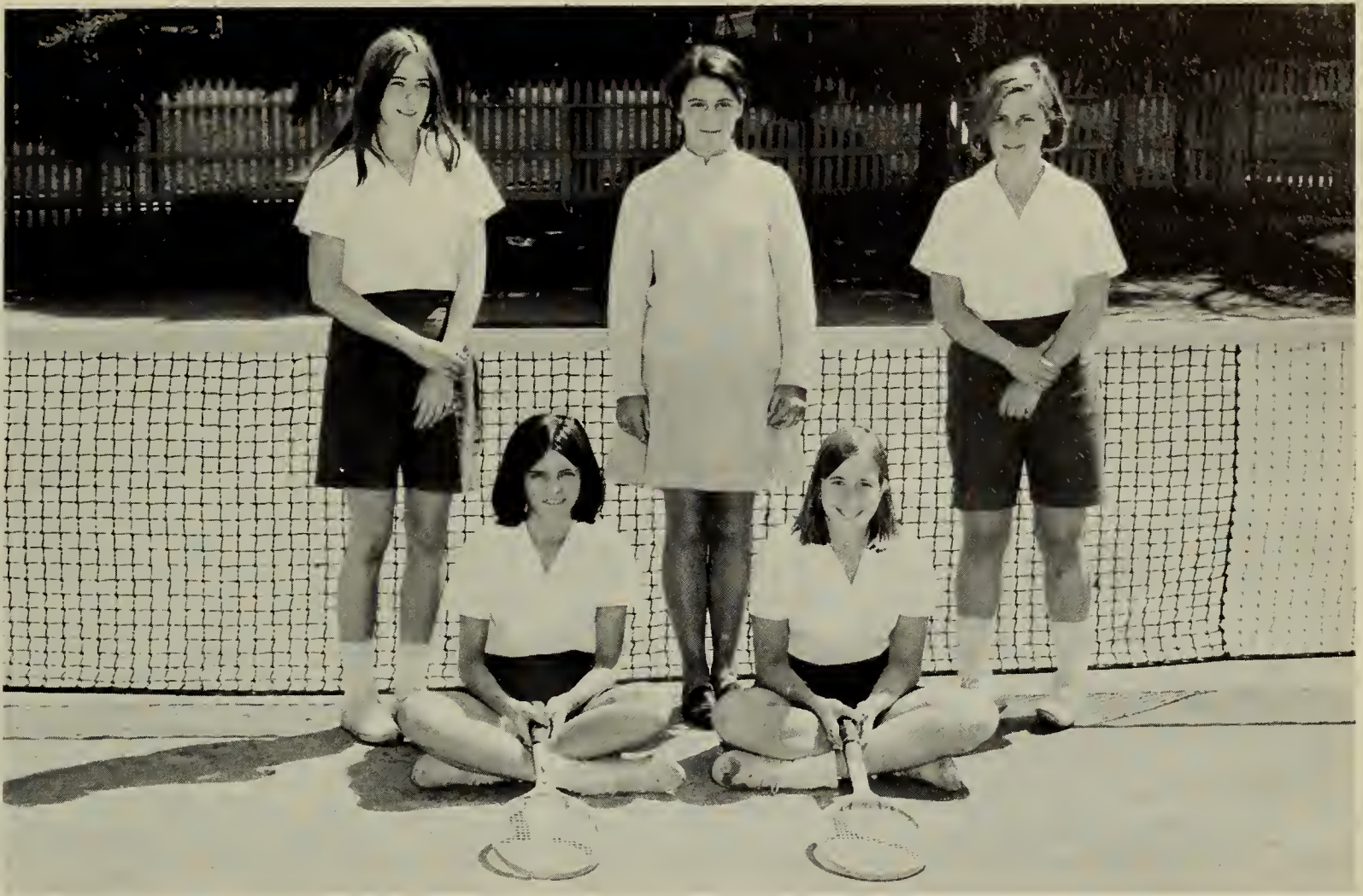
Spring, Bell D., Harvey (Manager), Kinney, Warner



KAVA BADMINTON

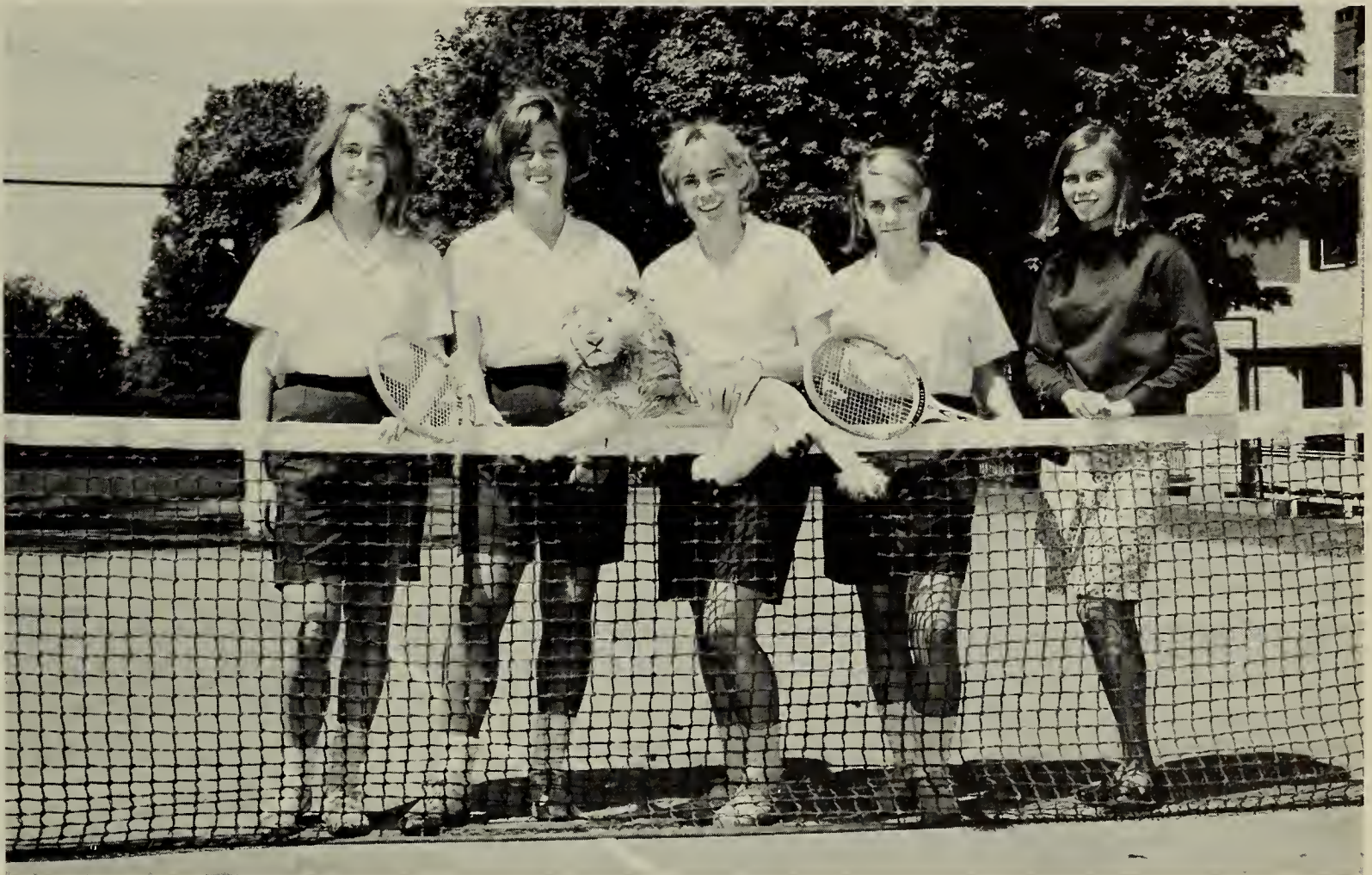
Valade, Briggs, Feather (Manager), LaCour, Maggy

CUP WINNER — SUSAN SHIPTON (KAVA)



CAE TENNIS

Wickwire, Vallis, Harvey (Manager), Spring, Fisher.



KAVA TENNIS

Briggs, Barton, Shipton Sa., Shipton, Su., Feather (Manager)



CAE SWIMMING

Seated: Allen, Whitehead, Mack, Kinney, Bell D.

Standing: McIlvain, Warner, Nields, Kendall, Fisher, Wilson D. (Manager)



KAVA SWIMMING

Seated: Kirchmaier, Hahn, Maggy, Wright, Deshler, Beck

Standing: Feather, Copeland, Sullivan, Cowles, Welch, Barton (Manager).



CAE CHEERLEADERS

Front: Jodi Landwehr (mascot).

Kneeling: Allen, Kendall (Captain), Bell D., Whitehead.

Rear: Vallis, Plimpton L., Wilson D., McIlvain, Fisher, Peck, Pletscher.



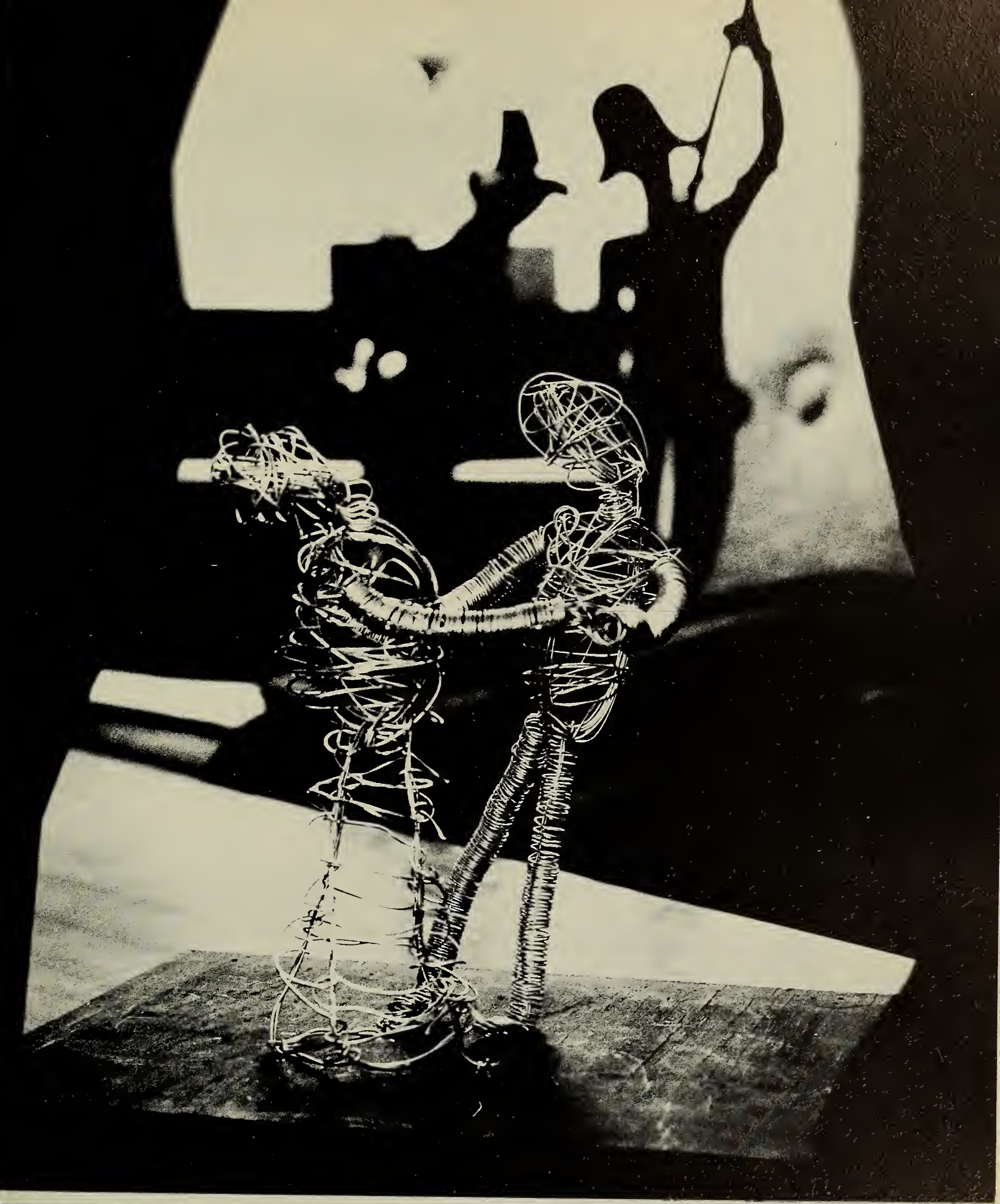
KAVA CHEERLEADERS

Left (front to rear): Shipton Su., Shipton Sa., Ellington S., Lovejoy, Deshler, Welch, Sweet (mascot).

Right (front to rear): Feather, Barton, Briggs, Washburn, Wright, LaCour.

*When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out
of their work as the color petal out of a fruitful flower.*

—JOHN RUSKIN



ACTIVITIES

PARENTS' DAY



Saturday, November 5, 1966 contained a new kind of excitement for Rogers Hall. The Students and families enjoyed an eventful day.

Cae and Kava had worked for the first time as a team in making handcrafts for the fair, which was held in the basement of MacGay. The bake sale, paper-mache articles, Christmas decorations, R.H. cookbooks, aprons, raffles, cards, and paintings all made tremendous profits for the Cae and Kava Clubs; the proceeds went to the Kava ring die and Cae banner.

The R. H. Negatives performed for the first time this year to make the buffet lunch more enjoyable.

Following lunch, the Parent-Teachers Association had its first meeting. The remainder of the afternoon included the hockey game and the presentation of the cup to the winning team. Compliments were given to both clubs by the enthusiastic parents on the magnificent game and spirited cheerleading.

This day marked a successful experiment which may have started an annual event in the history of Rogers Hall.



FALL PLAYS



Mrs. Worsham and her talented casts presented two one-act plays on Saturday evening, November 19 at 8:00. The first of these was a farce, *The Still Alarm* by George S. Kaufman. Jan Laundon and Deborah Gale made fine gentlemen of the 1940's who casually experienced a hotel fire with two rather unusual firemen, played by Kate DeBlois and Mandy Crocker. Lorrie LaCour played a prompt and efficient young bellboy.



The second play, *Mr. Flannery's Ocean* by John Lewis Carlino was humorously done with an undercurrent of seriousness prevailing. Sherrill Warner portrayed the flamboyant old Irishman, Flannery, with great skill. Beth Bullock and Jody Landwehr played newlyweds, whose honeymoon problems added much humor. Sherill Wickwire made a fine "Cockney" maid-tart. Catherine Cowles as the hotel manager and Victoria Harp as an invalid lady did good jobs with difficult middle-aged roles. As children, Prudence Allen and Place Downey in their 20's beach attire made wonderful additions to a well done play.

A last minute contribution to the atmosphere of the play was made by Kathy Sullivan who sat under a beach umbrella and painted mad watercolors. Everyone agreed that Kathy displayed a hidden talent for pantomime.

CHRISTMAS PLAY



Christmas in the Market Place by Eric Crozier represented this year's interpretation of the holiday spirit. The story of the Nativity narrated by Old Melchior, Karen Anderson, from ancient manuscripts began the gypsy revival of Christmas Eve. Colomba, Betty Hall, exhibited her versatility in the portrayal of several, varied characters who welcome the Messiah or remain convincingly skeptical of a Savior's coming. Joey and Maria, Kathy Beers and Valerie Morgan, played the allegorical roles of Joseph and Mary by producing various props from an ingenuous gypsy wagon that dominated the play's scenery. Energy and agility accompanied the role of Bruno, Marion Eddy, while she danced and glided across the stage as angel or shepherd. The tone of a play within a play drew the audience to a more personal level with the girls on the stage. When the Nativity play ended with the final curtain, the image of dancing gypsies played on.



CHRISTMAS VESPERS

On Sunday, December 11, the traditional Christmas Vespers service was held. The program was conducted by Gretchen Valade, president of the Student Council, who commenced by reading from the Bible.

This year there was a deviation from the usual program in that the French IV class acted out a revised Christmas version of *Winnie the Pooh*. After this fine version was completed, Kathleen Kiley, Carol Gadd, Christina Wright, Danelle Hahn and Pamela Bell read their themes about the senses of Christmas. Following the readings, The Spanish and French Clubs each sang some lovely carols. The Glee Club and the Octet also sang some of their seasonal selections. The climactic point of the ceremony was reached when Miss Ramsay presented to the seniors their rings. The program was concluded when everyone sang "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful".



SPRING PLAYS

This spring Mrs. Worsham paced, yelled, and pulled her twiggy hair out — the traumas involved in producing four one-act masterpieces. Another experiment with the R. H. theatre-in-the-round was done for three of these plays.



The Case of the Crushed Petunias by Tennessee Williams was a light satire on New England propriety symbolized by the shopkeeper, Miss Dorothy Simple, portrayed by Pru Allen, who was sold on EMANCIPATION by the all-American salesman, Kathy Beers. Adding humor to the production were Doris Bell as a policeman and Betty Hall as Mrs. Dull.



Also done was the R. H. interpretation of Schnitzler's *The Farewell Supper*, a humorous episode about the end of love. Sherri Warner and Cathy Cowles battled for the oysters, the wine, and the upper hand, while Marion Eddy looked on in amused tolerance. Toni Pollak made an efficient, eyebrow-raising waiter.

SPRING PLAYS



The popular *A Sunny Morning*, written by Quintero, was done on the floor using only the simplest scenery and props. The mood of the play was transmitted to the audience solely by the subtle humor of the situation of former lovers meeting again in old age. The old couple were effectively portrayed by Kate DeBlois and Gretchen Valade. Ann Hemingway and Lorrie LaCour did fine jobs as their servants.



The only play done on stage in one of the year's most attractive sets was the farcical *Goodnight Caroline* by Conrad Seiler. The absurd characters played by Jodi Landwehr as a spoiled wife and Isabella Kinney as a soft-hearted thief moved the audience from the realities to the fantasies of modern living. Jan Laundon as the distraught husband and Amy Wilson as a slipshod maid added greatly to the fun.

COMMENCEMENT PLAY

On Monday evening, June 5th, Rogers Hall presented *The Mouse That Roared*, a two act comedy adapted by Christopher Sergel from the book by Leonard Wibberley. When the sale of their only export is jeopardized, a tiny European duchy is triumphantly led to accidental victory over the United States by its beautiful young sovereign played very well by Catherine Cowles. Katharine Beers superbly portrayed Tully Bascom, a backwoodsman, placed in charge of the Fenwickian forces sent explicitly to lose the war, in order for the duchy to achieve rehabilitation in true United States style. The forces capture Professor Kokintz, cleverly played by Kate DeBlois and the professor's Q-bomb. The Grand Fenwick soldiers presented a comic contrast to the seriousness of the United States President and its General Snippet, played efficiently by Karen Anderson and Jan Laundon. Prudy Allen as U. S. Secretary of State, badly in need of tranquilizers, and Sherri Warner and Isabel Kinney as embattled Fenwickian diplomats added greatly to the fun.

The set, designed by Mrs. Perloff had many delightful and colorful features based on a red, white, and blue motif. Mr. Conger and his chemistry class created a surrealist laboratory that drew a round of applause.

The play's theme — the idea of achieving peace by placing nuclear weapons in the keeping of a "tiny twenty" — is particularly apropos in this time of international strife over Vietnam and the Middle East.

CAST OF CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

<i>Tully Bascom</i>	Katharine Beers
<i>Jane</i>	Pamela Bell
<i>Mary</i>	Cynthia Brox
<i>Fran</i>	Toni Pollak
<i>Pam</i>	Elizabeth Bullock
<i>The above four girls also appear as Columbia University students</i>	
<i>Ann</i>	Place Downey
<i>Count Mountjoy</i>	Sherrill Warner
<i>David Benter</i>	Isabella Kinney
<i>Page</i>	Ann Hemingway
<i>Gloriana the Twelfth</i>	Catherine Cowles
<i>Norma</i>	Deborah Gale
<i>Helen</i>	Lorraine LaCour
<i>Mr. Beston</i>	Prudence Allen
<i>Miss Johnson</i>	Elizabeth Hall
<i>Professor Kokintz</i>	Katherine DeBlois
<i>Mrs. Reiner</i>	Kathleen Sullivan
<i>General Snippet</i>	Jan Laundon
<i>Wac Jill</i>	Sherill Wickwire
<i>Wac Debbie</i>	Jodi Landwehr
<i>President of U.S.</i>	Karen Anderson
<i>Announcer</i>	Cynthia Mack
<i>Tom Mulligan</i>	Marion Eddy
<i>Soldiers of Grand Fenwick</i>	Gayle DeBell, Katharine Harvey, Suzanne Johnson Cynthia Mack, Carol Rowley, Lynne Tatian
<i>Will Tatum</i>	Marion Eddy
<i>Miss Wilkins</i>	Amy Wilson
<i>Mrs. Bascom</i>	Deborah Pletscher

SCENES: The Duchy of Grand Fenwick
A lab at Columbia University
Washington, D.C.



FATHER-DAUGHTER DAY



On April 22nd the fathers arrived for the traditional day of activities with their daughters. Due to poor weather, the usual barbecue and softball game were replaced by a luncheon in MacGay and relay races in the gym. It was rather doubtful if the fathers would survive some of the strenuous races.

The conclusion of the afternoon's activities was the program of the Water Ballet. After this, the fathers and daughters spent a few hours relaxing for the evening's dinner and dance.

A buffet supper was followed by a dance during which the fathers were entertained by skits acted out by their darling daughters. These included musical and comical scenes ranging from an original version of "Oh, You Wonderful Dad!" to a comical ballet act.

After the skits the dancing recommenced. The fathers appeared quite uncoordinated as they tried to keep up with their daughters' newest dance steps but they did admirably.

The Fathers' Day event ended with tired but happy fathers and daughters.



WATER BALLET



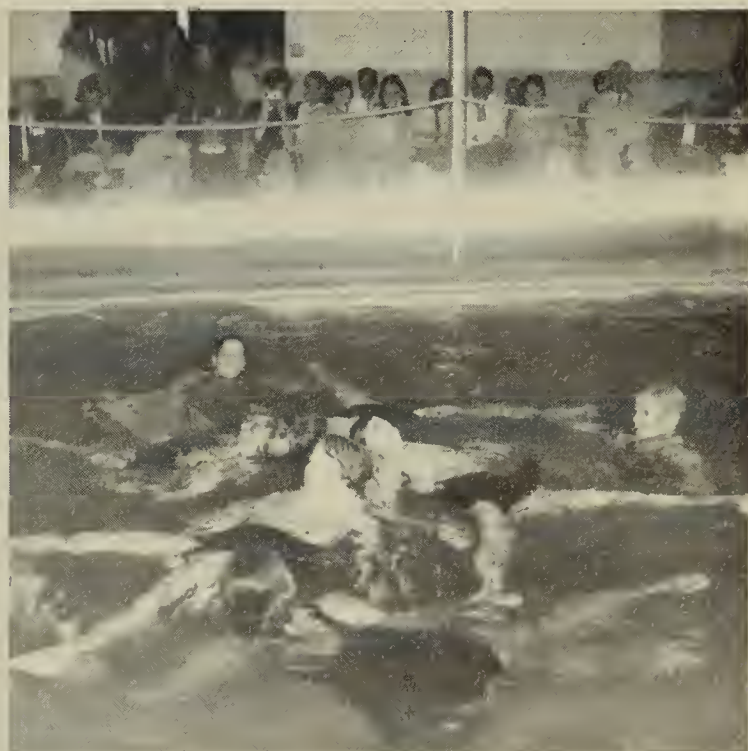
Seated: Briggs, Allen, Bell D., Fisher, Wilson D., Peck, Shipton Su., Fuller, Tikellis, Maggy, Rowley, Shipton Sa.

Standing: Barton, Whitehead, Shepard, Bacon, Kirchmaier, Hahn, Welch, Deshler, Pletscher, Sullivan, Cowles, Thomas (Manager).

One of the highpoints of the Fathers' Day event was the Water Ballet. In a sequence of four scenes and a grand finale, the theme of "The New Generation" was very well executed. The program was distinguished by original costumes and swimming feats. The skillful swimmers enjoyed performing for their non-critical audience and the Water Ballet was a highly successful event.



Chatting Poolside



Clunk!

FOUNDER'S DAY

By noontime May 6, most of the alumnae arrived for their reunion at Rogers Hall.

The day started with the opening of the Senior Fair in MacGay. The Fair consisted of numerous interesting articles as well as the usual bakery products.

After the Fair the alumnae went to a luncheon at which The Octet sang and was later joined by the guests in singing the school song.

The alumnae meeting was held after the luncheon during which time the girls babysat for the children and enjoyed the Fair.

The climax of the day was the entertainment in the gym. The Glee Club sang some of its selections after which one of the skits from Fathers' Day was performed. Everyone moved to the poolroom for a scene from the Water Ballet which was very well executed.

The alumnae left with the impression that Rogers Hall was just as they had left it and looked forward to their next reunion.



You're looking swell, Dolly . . .

PROM



The senior prom merged into a full weekend this year. For the first time, a few of the boys arrived Friday night for a gathering at MacGay, which was highlighted by Bob Lasher of Noble and Greenough with his folk music.

More of the quests arrived Saturday morning for walks in the park and games of softball, lacrosse, and tennis. Lunch at MacGay was followed by a movie.

The evening's activities began as couples crossed the bridge onto the dance floor throwing coins in the goldfish-filled pond below. The room was gay with movement as soon as the popular "Nobody Special" band from Governor Dummer Academy began to play. Later in the evening all attention was focused on the R. H. Negatives who left us trying to figure out their finale.

Fortunately for all, the weather remained beautiful all weekend. The undergrads enjoyed the sunshine on Sunday by relaxing around the fireplace with a steak sandwich brunch. The seniors and their friends also took full advantage of the sun by spending an enjoyable day at the home of Valerie Morgan in Winchester.



Cheese . . .



We are certainly groovy . . .



But my mother wouldn't let me out . . .



Everything's coming up roses . . .

CLASS DAY AWARDS

1967

CLUB CUPS

Hockey	CAE	Swimming	KAVA
Volleyball	CAE	Badminton	CAE
Basketball	KAVA	Tennis	KAVA

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

Badminton	Doris Bell
Tennis	Susan Shipton
Posture Cup	Katharine Beers

RED CROSS LIFE SAVING

JUNIOR LIFE SAVING

Elizabeth Hall
Christina Lefferts
Deborah Pletscher

SENIOR LIFE SAVING

Karen Anderson Carol Rowley
Edith Fletcher Sandra Shipton
Fay Sutton

R. H. AWARDS . . . Given to those who have earned a total of seventy or more points in one year. Points are given for athletic ability, sportsmanship, captains, managers, water ballet, posture and neatness.

	CAE		KAVA
Prudence Allen	Vanessa Vallis	Hillary Barton	Barrie Feather
Doris Bell	Amy-Jo Whitehead	Susan Briggs	Lorraine LaCour
Janet Kendall	Deborah Wilson	Marian Crocker	Carol Rowley
		Lydia Deshler	Sandra Shipton
		Catherine Welch	

NEATNESS AWARDS

Hall	Estela Alvarez - Toni Pollak
MacGay	Charlotte Brohard - Laura Lockwood
First Floor	Gayle DeBell - Sandra Hall
Second Floor	Janet Kendall - Amy-Jo Whitehead

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CLUB OFFICERS FOR NEXT YEAR

	CAE		KAVA
President	Katherine DeBlois	President	Elizabeth Fuller
Vice-President	Amy Wilson	Vice-President ..	Kathryn Kirchmaier
Cheerleader	Deborah Pletscher	Cheerleader	Anne Washburn

COMMENCEMENT

Commencement activities began on Sunday morning, June 4, at a baccalaureate service at All Souls Church. The Reverend Joseph Simone gave the graduates an inspiring farewell sermon. After the service a lovely reception was given in the parish hall for the seniors and their parents.

MUSICALE

A musicale given on Sunday afternoon by the Glee Club under the direction of Miss Dorothy LeButt featured songs by Mozart, Thompson, and Rodgers. A highlight of the program was a folk song written by Gretchen Valade. In addition, Martha Chigas and Miss LeButt gave Schumann's Piano Concerto in A Minor an outstanding rendition.

SENIOR LUNCHEON

On Monday, the Senior Luncheon was a festive affair. The place cards were clever replicas of the columns and the humorous verses and gifts prepared for each senior by the undergrads added greatly to the fun.

CLASS DAY

Class Day exercises were held for the first time in the gym, a cooler, more spacious atmosphere. After the athletic awards, all club officers for 67-68 were announced. The Will and Prophecy, read by Debbie Gale and Cathy Cowles respectively, were greeted enthusiastically. The program closed on a nostalgic note, the singing of the undergraduate song and the senior song.

GRADUATION

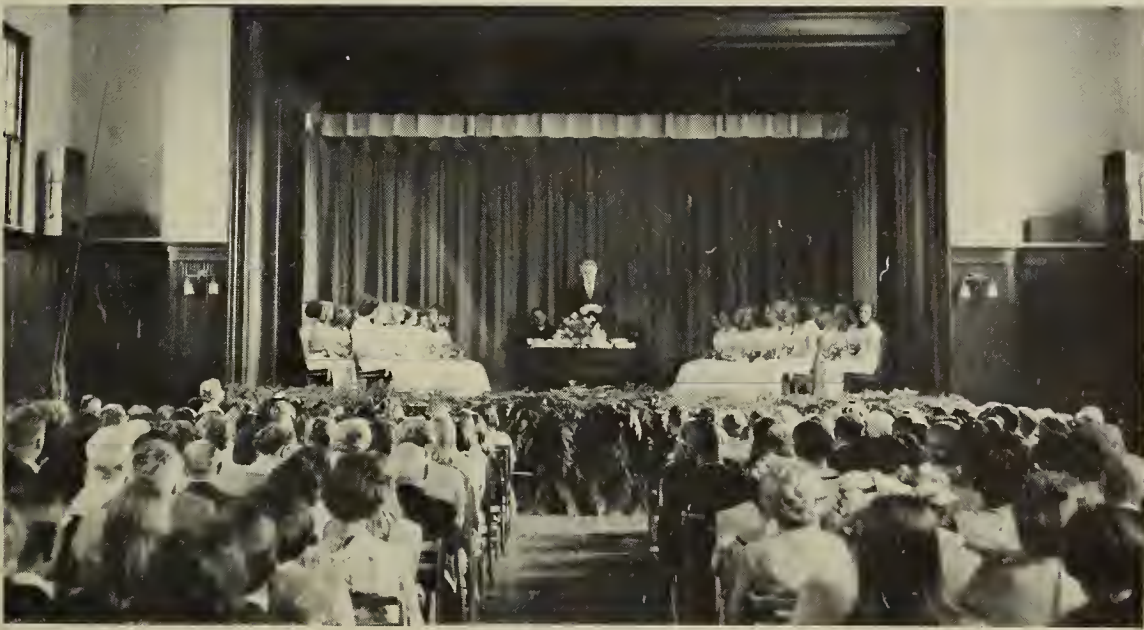
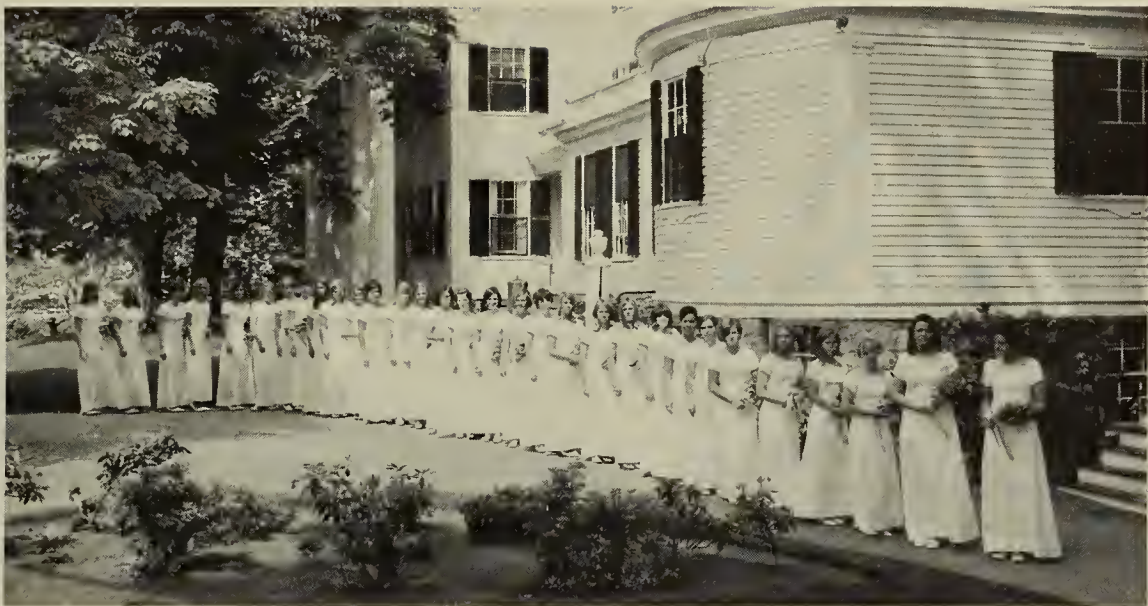
Graduation morning dawned, ideally sunny and beautiful. At 9:00 the seniors gathered on the front lawn to have their last group picture taken. Against the vibrant greens of the grounds their lovely white dresses and coral roses made a sparkling contrast.

At 9:30 the reception line formed and the seniors graciously greeted their friends and relations. At 10:00 the telling sound of "Pomp and Circumstance" floated from the gymnasium as first the undergraduates, then the faculty, and finally the seniors marched in.

The exercises began with Dr. David Latham, president of the Board of Trustees, who greeted everyone and made us aware of his deep interest in our educations. He then introduced the Very Reverend Charles H. Buck, Jr. of St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, who gave the commencement address. Rev. Buck told a true story of five Polynesian boys who survived shipwreck for fifteen months by wisely using three things available to them: what nature had provided, what former inhabitants had left, and what their simple faith afforded them. He advised the seniors of their need to rely on nature, their fellowman, and God.

After Dr. Latham had conferred the diplomas, Miss Ramsay spoke briefly to the class and then awarded the school honors to deserving students. Sandra Hall presented the class gift, a loudspeaker system to the gym, used for the first time at the commencement play and these closing exercises.

Finally, the recessional began and the seniors formed the traditional floral arc under which the undergraduates passed. Goodbyes rang across the yard and thus the long awaited morning ended.



AWARDS AND HONORS

1967

UNDERHILL HONOR -- COLLEGE PREPARATORY

Catherine Cowles

PARSONS HONOR -- GENERAL COURSE

Sandra Shipton

HONOR ROLL -- AVERAGE 85% OR ABOVE

Prudence Allen	Charlotte Brohard	Place Downey
Karen Anderson	Catherine Cowles	Nancy Nields
Lindsay Bacon	Lydia Deshler	Cynthia Tomsu

HELEN HILL AWARD

Gretchen Valade

ATHLETIC AWARD

Doris Bell

ART PRIZE

Gayle DeBell

ART SURVEY AWARDS

Senior Gayle DeBell Undergraduate Sherrill Warner

DRAMATICS

Prudence Allen

Who, as Hamlet directs, suits "the action to the word, the word to the action."

HONORABLE MENTION

for "Moments of Greatness" during the year.

Karen Anderson	Katherine DeBlois	Jan Laundon
Katharine Beers	Marion Eddy	Gretchen Valade
Catherine Cowles	Isabella Kinney	Sherrill Warner
	Jodi Landwehr	

MUSIC APPRECIATION

Martha Chigas

Cynthia Brox

HONORABLE MENTION

Estela Alvarez	Katherine DeBlois	Fay Sutton
Karen Anderson	Lydia Deshler	Gretchen Valade
Martha Baker	Marion Eddy	Sherill Wickwire
Susan Briggs	Edith Fletcher	Deborah Zinn
	Linda Lovejoy	
	Susan Spring	

CURRENT EVENTS

Seniors Prudence Allen Undergraduate Amy Wilson
 Sandra Shipton

HONORABLE MENTION

Karen Anderson	Lydia Deshler	Lynne Tatian
Catherine Cowles	Elizabeth Fuller	Deborah Zinn

KATHARINE WHITTEN MacGAY LITERARY PRIZES

Seniors Sherill Wickwire... *Whose thoughts come "in ripples of designed words."*

Undergraduates Elizabeth Bullock... *For whom there will always be "a song in the wind."*

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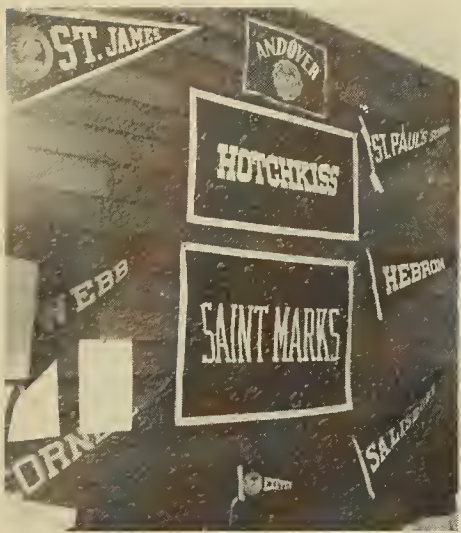
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Editorial

The ego is the vital core and the essence of the individual. The power of the ego is incalculable and man forever attempts to harness this force. Demands and experiences compel men to contemplate their beings with honesty while at the same moment they cause men to direct blockades to protect their centers. Whether this center, this axis, is referred to as the ego, the soul, or the mind is unimportant. What is important is that man honestly evaluate himself, that is, his ego, and his relationships to other men and his surroundings.

Of course, man is basically alone, but he alone does not form his ego. His relationships to others are a necessity for perceptiveness of himself and of his environment. A critical objectivity of the functions of self, others, and their products is of considerable importance. With greater intellectual comprehension of his ego, man will see more clearly magnified his beauty and his flaws as an individual and as part of a mass. In addition, man must realize that he is responsible for his brother. Man must understand and be understood and naturally the well-being of a people is also that of a single individual.

Ultimately, man exists with a degree of inflation of the ego. If this inflated self does not encroach upon other men, then he has obviously some understanding of his being and he will inflict fewer frustrations on others.

There are innumerable facets to the ego, and adding to its complexities is the fact that the subconscious creates illusions; therefore, the conscious is not always able to touch upon reality by reasoning. Without being able to link the conscious to the subconscious there can be no fully meaningful expression or final satisfaction. When man gains awareness of this alien within himself—the dark side of himself—the problem arises of how to cope with this whole being. In his struggle, he often willfully subjects himself to undermining forces and evades his truth by outlets with imaginary or half answers. He flounders about and attempts to make changes within himself by changing his surroundings. He turns towards a variety of religious sects and false supports such as drugs, alcohol, and economic and social symbols of status.

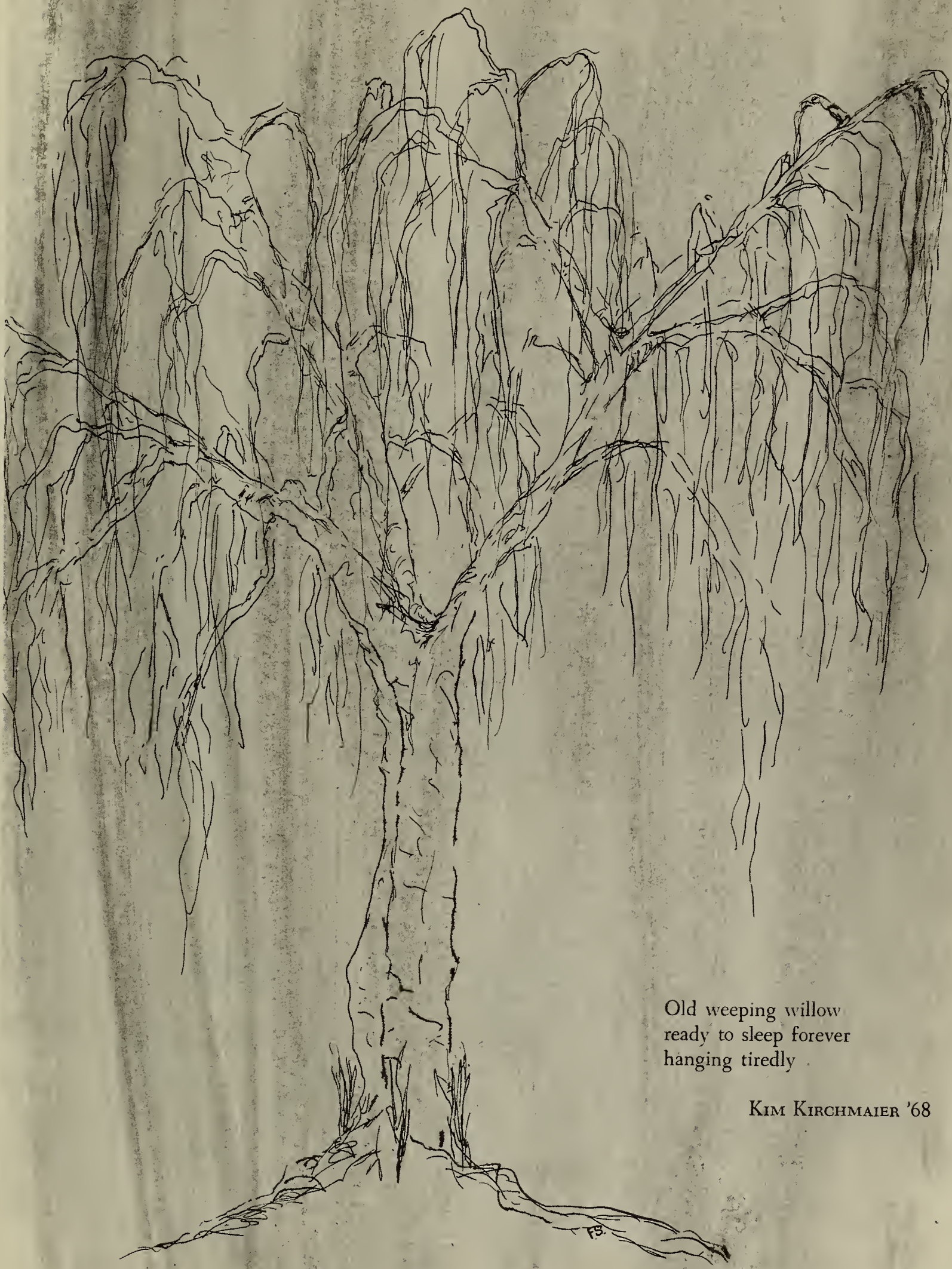
But man must come to realize that his life cannot be steered by gods, but by himself. He must recognize that he did not create all, but with himself he has the power to aim, build upon, alter and cope. Man should not identify himself with, or depend upon, others. He must allow himself to be impressed, but he must be sure that he fully understands his motives for action and, that under his own codes, they are just. Rightly, for some people, there occurs a problem of resistance to a system set up by a mass, for the mass, but imposed upon the individual. Inevitably, these people must make an agonizing search for a truth that will not harm the mass but will enable them to be faithful to themselves; that is the formula for survival, yet the truth remains that being faithful to oneself is often eventual annihilation, and survival is compromise.

Man must eventually view himself and his relationships in perspective. All things must be weighed in correct proportion. Through all of man's many complexities and opposing forces, he must be regarded with the greatest admiration and love for his will to conquer, endure and survive.

Obtrusive Journey

to love
a demand
to love is simple
but to live with love
is bitter sweet
as is payment for anything priceless
to have a lover
has property of an uncut diamond
the breath of a smoky spring
to love
is a perception far beyond liking
with mastery to strive with painful patience
for only occasional satisfaction
to love
is to make the other
a little better.
Foil names are fabricated . . .
for what eventually acquires its own
inevitable uniqueness
of power and respect
has no equal substitute

LISA STRASBURG '69



Old weeping willow
ready to sleep forever
hanging tiredly

KIM KIRCHMAIER '68

Omnes Potentes

How glorious it would be
if man possessed the power
to give and take away . . .
to dominate all living things . . .
to determine life and death to
the extreme of choosing those in his surrounds,
to banish all his dislikes into
another world or dimension;
And yet man has the power to love and hate
and look at what he has done with these
omnes potentes . . .

ANN YOUNG '70

Moon Rider

I lay and rode the moonlight
Upward through the errant boughs.
The wind cascaded downward
Full of light and memory
And in the softness of night
I slept under her gentle tide.

KIM KIRCHMAIER '68

Invitation

A quaint, beautiful ballad
sung by gentle voices,
monopolizing the thin air,
speaking to the lonely soul
of another,
who longs to enter blindly
the inviting fantasy . . .

LISA STRASBURG '69

Silent Night

Rain fell as a mist from the darkened sky and a strong wind whipped the tiny drops against my cheeks. As I scuffed along the wet pavement I shoved my hands farther into my pockets away from the weather. Few street lights remained lit because of the riot which had occurred the night before. One lonely light shone by the corner and the illuminated mist fell like silver chiffon upon the sparkling cement.

All remained motionless and silent but the wind which, like a broom, swept the litter from the street and sent it swirling down the sidewalks. I stood near the light and leaned against the crumbling brick wall staring pensively down the block. Couples sat huddled on steps and in doorways half asleep, for there was nowhere to go.

Suddenly the silence was broken by heavy, syncopated steps slapping the drenched sidewalk. As the sound drew nearer, the couples began to disperse from the doorways and to shuffle down the street as if they had a planned destination. They made not a sound. I relieved the wall of my weight and walked quietly down the block. No one remained stationary. No one could tell from which direction the patrol came, so they kept moving aimlessly through the darkened streets.

From around the right hand corner appeared a cold yellow light which distinguished the larger raindrops now forming, but not the figures which stood behind it. At this my knees weakened and my heart pounded rapidly; however, I knew it was necessary to compose myself. I slunk forward staring at the pavement directly in front of me like a cowed dog and passed the entire patrol without giving them as much as a glance. I released the breath, I had been holding, in a long sigh. At this moment, the patrol stopped and shined the light on me. Blindly I continued to scuff down the walk and a cold sweat beaded my brow. Finally they withdrew the light and continued on.

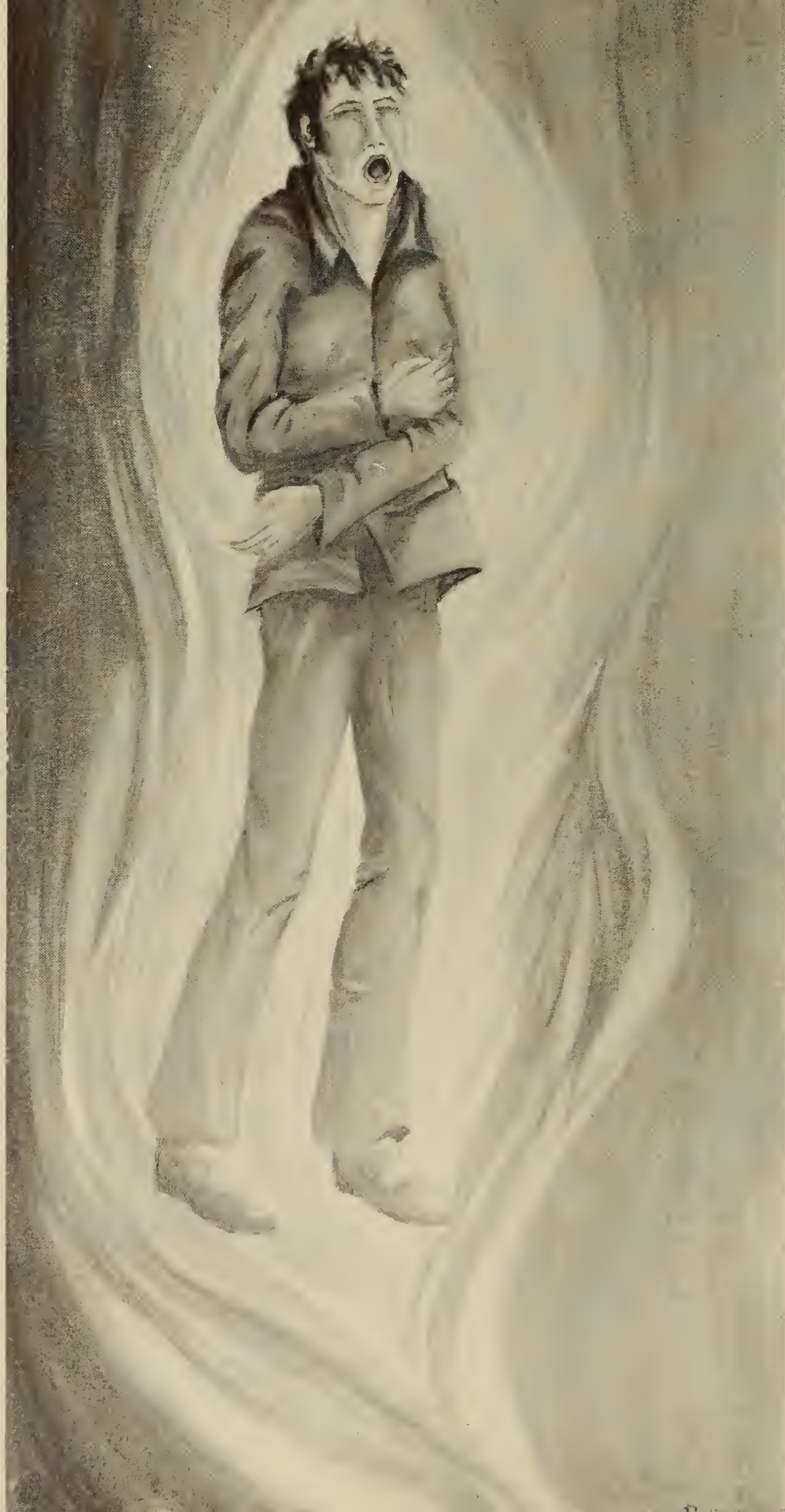
It was early morning and now the rain fell in torrents. My clothes clung to my body, and shivering from the cold, I searched for an empty doorway. There were none to be found. Resuming my place by the street light, I tilted my head backward letting the rain wash my face. The dawn would soon come and the night would be no more.

DONNA BRION '68

Alone

Alone in my thoughts,
Alone in my heart,
Alone in my mind,
I know that I ought
To love you now
And respect your kind.
But tomorrow in a crowd,
I shall not have time
To stop and love,
Alone in my heart.

KRISTEN LAPE '70



Conception of a Day

The rain sifts through the winds silken mesh sweeping diagonally at a figure matted into a rock's crevice. Molten grey eyes gaze mindlessly along a rigid coast.

The sea of another day washes in a story of untold heroes. Is it dawn or when? The entity has swirled into opaque silver blue haze. If a sun exists above this land it is unknown. The sea traces in faint thin lines under a sky which resembles a dead man's eye.

Walls crumble, Grecian pillars tumble, land slides, all into a muddled mass.

There, a dying, gasping soldier lies humped over, like an old man, clutching his chest. Trying to maintain steady footing he extends his arm horizontally, at full length, against the blood-washed escarpment. He rests momentarily. His mind is paralyzed; his movements mechanical. Two last steps, right leg past left. His pulsing cellophane forehead lifts. His hair is sprayed back and he groans through a strange half smile into the leadened sky. The body sucks in a deep breath, hunches, slumps with a sigh and spills to the ground.

The flat surface swells, thrusts high, curls and tumults down. The great wall of weight thunders and smashes mercilessly down. Churning and crumbling, it rivets up the sandy ramp . . . A final greedy suck at the land before it is hauled back. And again it claws desperately at the edge.

ELIZABETH BULLOCK '68

A Funny Story

It all started when Nick wouldn't eat his breakfast because he didn't like what his mother had served. His mother hadn't slept well the night before and she, thoroughly disgusted with him, ordered him to go to his room until she called him.

Watching the men round up the horses from his bedroom window, Nick grew more and more depressed. This wasn't the first time she had yelled at him.

"She hates me and yells at me whenever she gets the chance," he thought. "Maybe life would be easier for them if I wasn't around."

At the peak of his feeling of rejection, Nick decided he would leave home for a while, maybe forever. He stuffed in a small bag all the odds and ends he thought he would need. Lowering himself from his window, he almost turned back, but then went over in his mind this morning's incident at breakfast and firmly decided he would leave. He saddled his horse, constantly watching for someone who might walk in and bog him down with endless questions.

When he was out of sight of the main cabin, the thought struck him that he was free. He could go anywhere and do anything. He felt like Huck Finn only in a different locale. Dismounting, he rested a while on a hillside. Watching his horse graze, he had another thought. What was there to do? There was really nothing he could do except ride his horse with no place to go and eat the small amount of food he had brought with him. Nick started laughing. He thought what he had just done was ridiculously funny. He got up from the small nest he had made himself, mounted his horse and started home, still laughing.

SUSAN BROWN '69

The Trouble With Pronouns

Lord, do I love he,
But his love for me
I can not see,
For he loves she
And she loves he;
That's why he and me can never be we.

LEE MCKALLAGAT '68



The Daisy

In all its purity
in all its simplicity
symbolizes love.
Why must it be so strange to me
that the petals always fall?
Wait they say
and do be gay,
for love will come, you'll see.

Yet the petals still fall,
some forced by squalls,
and wither on the ground.
I must be content, not callow,
to see them lie under the willow.
Yet I love the daisy
in all its purity
in all its simplicity
with only a little yellow.

BETTY HALL '69

The Fugitive

The sweet delicate fragrance of ginger filled the moist, thick air. The trees and flowers scattered about remained colorless shadows in the darkness of night and all was silent.

A small man huddled shivering in a crevice covered by immense green ferns. His heart pounded rapidly and his whole body seemed to pulsate rhythmically. The black nothingness of space swirled about him and every shadow was his enemy. He began to torture himself with thoughts of being pursued by madmen or wild beasts which existed merely in his mind. "They are coming! I can hear them!!" he thought to himself as he retreated farther into the crevice. Alas, he was alone and helpless.

Stars pierced the velvet sky like sewn diamonds, and the moonlight filtered through the trees forming patterns of darkness on the ground. Nothing lurked among the shadows, all was still. All but a singular fugitive rested in this night.

DONNA BRION '68

Political Comment

The Viet vet returns unrewarded
While more youths are herded
up and hauled off to slaughter.
The black mass rebels on a tide
of constant unrest.
A country splits
And Johnson sits.

JODI LANDWEHR '68

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bombs
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missiles

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protest
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patriots
tension
traitors
tension
commitment
tension
tension
tension
poof!

KIM KIRCHMAIER '68



The Disappearance

There was once an eight-year-old boy who was crippled and confined to a wheelchair. He was very bored and sad at having always to stay inside, watching everybody else play outside. Being left to himself, he became interested in magic, so he asked his mother to pick up a book on magic at the library. When he had learned every trick in the book, he put on a magic show for all the children in the neighborhood. At first, the children were delighted, but soon they became tired of both the tricks and the little boy and left him alone once more. He got another book with all new tricks and gave a whole new show. The children loved the new show, but they still left the boy alone when he had no new tricks. It went on like this until the library's magic book supply was exhausted. The boy was left with only one more trick—but it was his greatest. It was a disappearing act. He could make any object disappear. He practiced and practiced until he thought it was good enough to show. But he first tried it out on his mother. He set her down and told her he was going to make her mixing bowl disappear. He said a few magic words, waved his wand, and—POOF—his mother disappeared instead! The boy looked—and then began to cry his heart out! Not because his mother was gone—oh, no! He was crying because this had been his greatest trick—and the kids weren't there to see it. Them's the breaks!

PAM SABA '71

Kinney

Ode to Black Bart

The drinks were gone
and so were we.
I knew that it
was time to flee.
"It's time to go
my friends, me fears,
but we shall meet
in five more years."

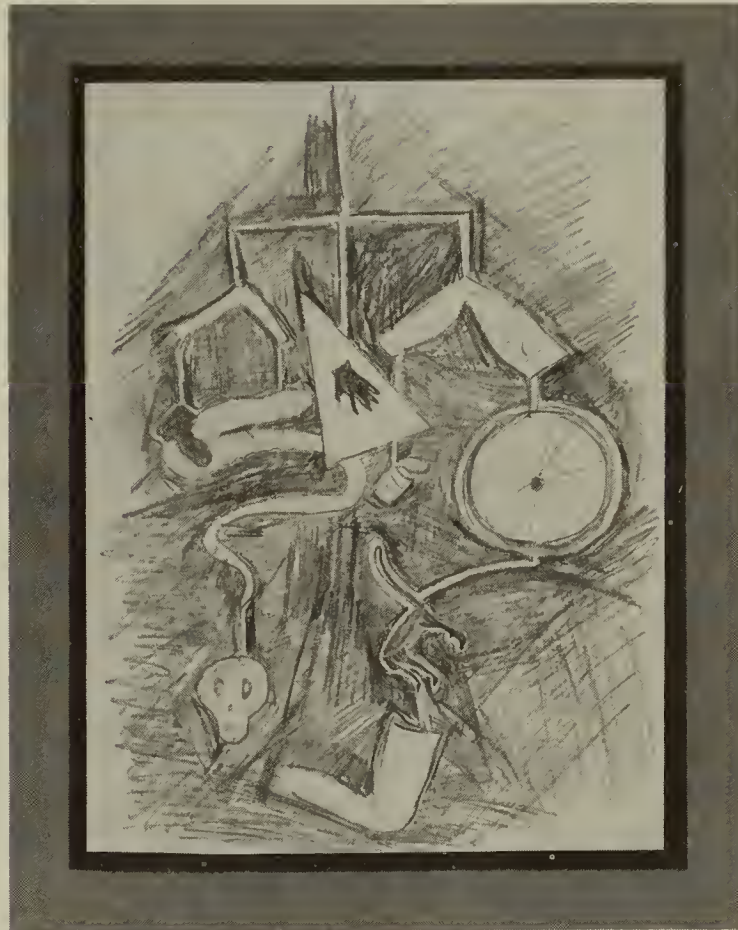
We said so-longs
And ended our meet.
I boarded the bus
and found me a seat.
I knew right then
I'd taken to heart
the tale of a friend
who's named Black Bart.

Now Bart sure was
a funny type of guy.
He worked from the mind
instead of the eye.

Abstraction was out
and realism in.
That's why Bart
committed such a sin.

To see him work
would make you stare,
for Bart thought beauty
was junk in air.

Five years later
right on the dot
I met the others
at the very same spot.
We went right in
and finished a round
but friend Black Bart
was nowhere around.



It was time to part,
to leave "The Bear",
but on the step
we stopped to stare—
for there was Bart . . .
suspended in air,
surrounded by junk
and parts to spare.

Our poor friend Bart's
a fine example
of man gone mad
over pop art sample.
He'd slaved all year
in order to save
what later became
his permanent grave.

SHERRILL WARNER '68



Glass Vision

A being . . .
highly individualized
placed and developing
in two strangely opposite atmospheres;
fascinated by the conflict between
desire for freedom of individual principles
and dependence on social convention.
Being a keen observer of morals,
this being . . .
with outstretched hands
and the unhardened heart of a child,
touched delicately the distorted image seen in herself
of another child
who stood entangled in thinly-woven strings
of oblique motives and anguish,
fearful ripples of unconquered doubts
gradually vanquished by
innumerable awkward trials of fundamentals,
intense struggles of self-identification,
restlessly sighing sterile air.
This uncertain child, too, thrust out a quavering hand . . .
blindly . . . as if gravitated
by a cardinal force.
This child now participating in life surroundings,
yet retaining her integrity,
remaining an outsider
creeping silently into depths of spirit
following a colorful flicker
once magnified in the eye
now held as a precious dream . . .
melting in the palm of the small hand
as it restlessly grows sweaty
and creeps into the deep blue jean pocket
with sand at the bottom where . . .
it forever stays . . .
until the next brave, warm-hearted spectator
seeks out the entrusting wanderer capturing long-sought insight.
For the enlightening fall
moves on to laboring depths of winter . . .
the being directing intentions now
on smaller goals . . .
protecting further depth
in loss of pride
draining emotions . . .
Man's endless capabilities now narrowed
through a shattered illusion . . .

LISA STRASBURG '69



On Communication

Deep understanding is conceivable with them,
more than one may think;
The intellects all prefer
to say that people can,
in a roundabout way,
communicate with dogs . . .
Not only does love show its way
to the trusting heart of many a dog,
but the mutual spirit between me and such
an animal is elevated above all human relations.
People are always harboring feelings with their
own kind, of course;
Perhaps it would be worth it to exercise some
dedication to or dislike of a dog who will be
most appreciative or downcast,
more likely than humans would,
nowadays.

SANDRA BECK '70

The Moment

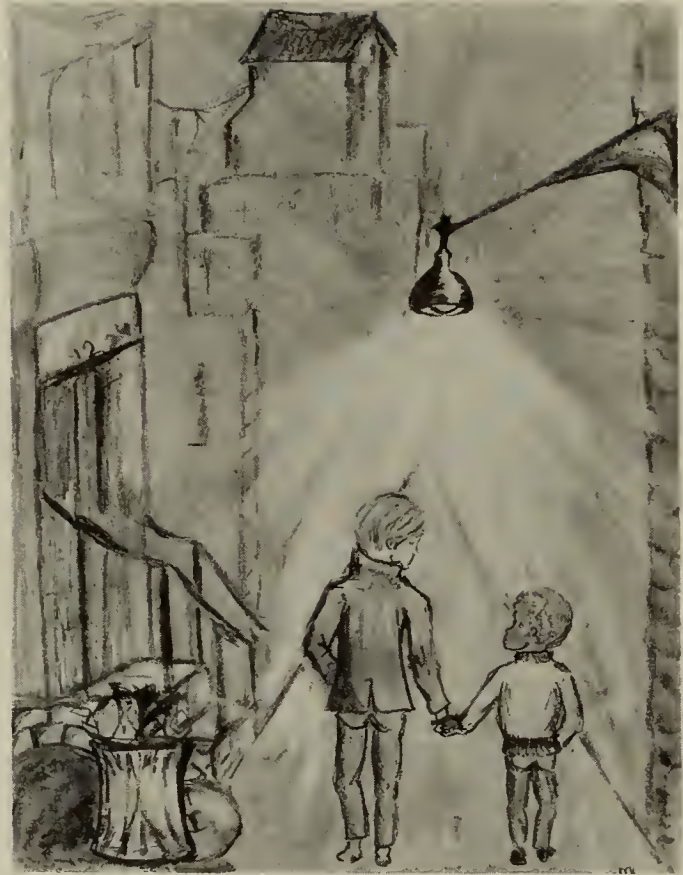
In breathless silence he stooped low—waiting.
When he saw it coming he sprang up
and grabbed it.
With a triumphant smile he pushed it
into his pocket for safe keeping.
But when he sought to admire his prey—
It was gone.

KATIE SHEPARD '68

Union

"Child, your nose is running.
Why are you alone?
Come here let me wipe
away your tears."
I reach out and he
slips his small
black hand into mine.
We turn and walk into
the night. It dissolves
my whiteness. We become
society's children.

JODI LANDWEHR '68



A Remembrance

A joyful memory seems hard to find
So many an acquaintance I've left behind
As time-future becomes time-past
Few if any a time did last
Although my memories are faint
A picture of your smile I could paint.

DONNA BRION '68

Note to Music

Sorry, it's too early in the morning. I don't operate for another forty-five minutes. I am copying over my essay to the good sounds of classical music. I'm also going away today; thus my mind is lingering anxiously at the front door.

Faithfully, joyfully and triumphantly yours,

BETH BULLOCK '68

The Conquest

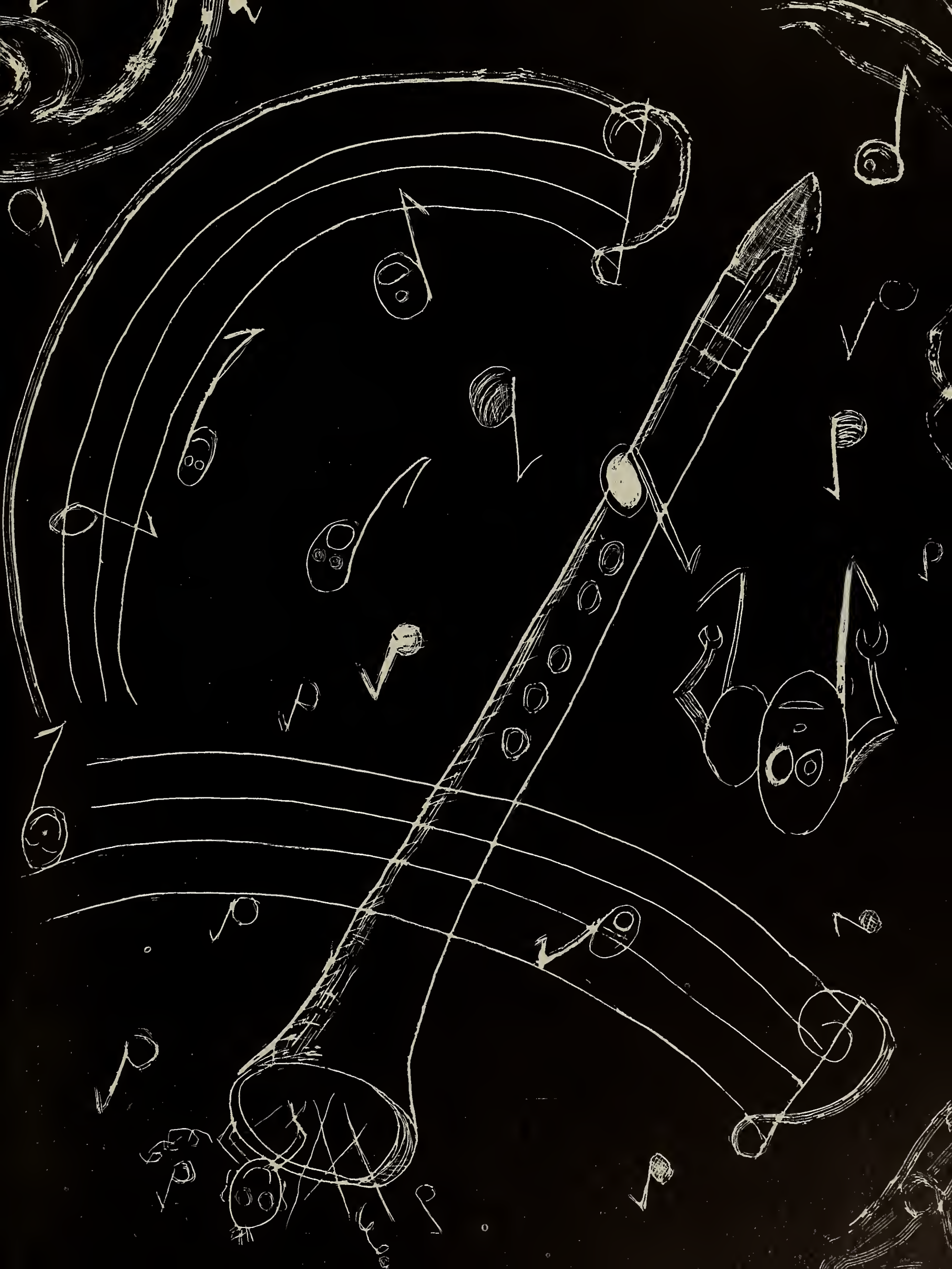
I was thrown out of my chair when the music crashed down the aisle to my seat. By the time I was able to compose myself the notes had subsided back to the front row. Stealthily, the notes inched their way down to my seat again, but I threw my English book at them and they took their place again in the front. I had to be very alert and watch those notes because they kept trying to sneak up on me. Then the battle began in earnest; it was quite a fight between the music and me. The windows shattered. Then the raging music deliberately hit an unknown note and cracked the face of the school clock. That really made me mad. With one swift hit I knocked all the notes high in the air and they fell *flat* on the the floor, dead. I had just conquered my first piece of music.

ISABEL KINNEY '68

Common Ear Notes

The sounds pervade the study hall and reach my ears as harsh, flat tones. This is no fault of mine, however, since my ears have become accustomed to the loud vibrations produced by electric guitars and the noisiest drums to be found. Even though these dissonant sounds may seem offensive to the well-educated musical ear, they have somehow become harmonic to mine. My common ear is so untuned to Beethoven that listening to his music is like listening to a stampede of horses. All instruments sound alike, and everything runs into everything else—nothing is distinct. Music appreciation is really not something I appreciate, because it disrupts the train of thought of my ears.

FRANKIE LEOFF '68





Splitting

Plodding, pounding, plowing the furrows of my brain
caught between basic minds
unable to abstract to understand
and expound for the greater self
to discover trust
to love enough, if even in molecular form, to live . . .
Desperate median.

Nothing left but a frustrated greater desire to live
no time, too slow, defeat; then the death prayer.
Briared threading branches pierce the eye
vines clamber over a dried disintegrating skull
a scream echoing within chambers of sun-bleached bones.

Silhouetted blue on white
a shadow rises and quivers across heated unprinted sands
Wind-blown dust claims the steps

Crippled knarled fingers scratch and rip at the temple walls
the shrine, lacking foundations, tumbles inward
the shadow the crippled bird
perching awkwardly on a blade of grass
transforms to black raven
and casts his shadow far under the lowering sun.

To be the pilot of sunsets, to be the
fearless 'til dawn that is to save
the half-person, that is an answer to survival
not yet attained.

Elizabeth Bullock '68



The Sound

the sound
the windy sound no echoes bring
puffs about the steel towers
in gleaming sun
in sequential rains
huddles in streetside splotches such
searing pains
the sound
the voices that a prophet cries
drip his life down subway halls
stop for coffeecake
on midtown crosstown uptown trains
newssheets squat in every seat
the sound
of seeping liver oil and opened tongues
to taste the might of pounding echoes
the people called the masses here
thighs beat roundabout and come to hear
the flesh they swabbed and laughed about
bent over tense honed . . .
with racks of echoes laughing clear
as the transients know that fool and whore
ruptured so loved and swore
the sound
someone left the cross and padded off
into shanty towns and wrought iron gates
sipped more mash and scuttled fate
and the echoes that never were
that all surely bled and died for
the sound
the windy sound no echoes bring
scrawled in tenement cracks and other things
sleeps beneath white winter's pinafore

KIM KIRCHMAIER '68

Transiency

The sun shone upon the earth
and the world was filled with glory
A man died—
and brought sorrow into joy
the world cried—
Two days later—
The sun shone upon the earth
and filled the earth with glory.

CINDY BROX '69

The Choice

The choice is between
The famed and the forgotten
But both died for God.

KIM KIRCHMAIER '68

A Lifetime

When the blistering rays
Of the sun beat down
There seems no end in sight.

Suddenly the wind picks up
With a menacing pace
Thunder rumbles, Lightning strikes,
And Hell breaks loose.

The wind slowly dies
To a contented purr,
And all commotion ceases.

HOLLY HOLIHAN '69

The Beauty of the Earth

Snowflakes shiver through the wind,
Fire melts in the woods of the timber.
Happily the snowflake drifts;
Agile the flames crackle and jump!

The soft, furry lamb,
The quivering grass,
The rough, asphalt road,
The smooth, squeaky glass.

The intoxicating sun,
The fury of the wind,
The scintillating stars,
The provocative fruit.

The poised Cala Lily,
The immense pow'r of the ant.
The jovial little bees,
The beasts below the turf.

Too many flies pestering the sky,
Too many windmills over the entrance of a store.
Lots of laughs from the theatre near,
Lots of laughs from the children I hear.

Water rushing over the stepping stones of life—
One must experience all to get to the other side.

Guitars playing, wise men saying,
Angels hov'ring, shepherds praying.
Three beautiful gifts—not of God, but of love.
One flowing river, one tender pure dove.

Twinkle, twinkle little star,
Now I know just where you are;
Up with the happy people and their mirth,
Admiring the beauty of the Earth.

GEORGIA INNES '68



Haiku

"Equality" I
spoke the word as if a vow
but I was young then

KIM KIRCHMAIER '68

Never say I have
not loved . . .
The infatuation
had its rainbow.

LYNNE TATIAN '69

The world,
just as an overhead storm,
symbolizes
the confusion.

CHARLOTTE BROHARD '68



The starfish
desperately clings
to the wavering mass
of seaweed.

FAY SUTTON '68

Levels of Poverty

Blessed are those . . .

drained of emotion
lameness preventing forlorn worldly potential
lacking confidence and contentness
from stumbling sacrifice of native elements
causing crippling convulsions.

" 'Tis a pity for those creatures with nothing . . ."
sounds the distant sympathetic whispered response

from those 'with all',
tuned from without.
Interlocked is their
shattered jewel of soft
aging, gold interior.

Embraced in intimate yesterdays:
their searching eyes
intensively dissolve into
the brown, blinding, intimidating glow
of the eagle's . . .
now entangled in a valley of fear.

This independent alien watches,
caring scarcely
recognizing so extensively
the pattern of the narrowly pleated
cycle of those heroines of lameness
wallowing in dusty sterility
degenerating into mortal dirt.

He sees
the loathed cheapness
seeking its nauseating miracle
in its own crucified contentness
in exercise of labored sweetness;
jailing disreputable walls of custom
lingering in justifiable hecticness
provoking
sightless faith in vanity
which humanity
refuses to reconcile—yet
continues to encourage . . .

Is this division between souls . . .?
Loyalist beat not your prudent cause!
Sacrifice your concentration of experience,
But let it not cause privation of unity of soul!

The savior of the echoing cathedral
of man's tormented mind
is his showering pleasantries,
for the worst eventually returns to laughter . . .

Maybe the impoverished live
so the worst can laugh . . .

Man must be his own counselor
of
light . . .

LISA STRASBURG '69

Aftermath of War

A breeze carrying the smell of death through . . .
A dark forest.
Roots of trees cling into swamp.
Trees made of boxes, squares . . . What lies in them . . . trees
poisoned with time, marked for death . . .
Birds fly; nothing walks the earth; yet the hand of man
is visible, is visible, is visible . . . echoes of yesterday.
How far the echo goes . . .
Even in death man seems never to end.

LAURA LOCKWOOD '68





Nature Did Never Betray

Nourishing, flooding shafts of sun
burn into the desolate shady trail
monopolizing with the wind
the thickly binding growth
of vast damp gripping forest.
Smothering sweetness of mellow dew . . .
magnifying brilliantly
climbing into a candlelit cradle ecstasy . . .
Oh sacred land of purity . . .
Provided sanity!
Nature's womb of creation!

Aborted into existence
there is a constant melody
of intense squalor . . . and
Commitments causing deprivation
to soul's grasp of self . . .
Ah . . . but here not . . .
not where
soul can render to identity
deep in the wells of screaming silence . . .
Not where longed relief
of counterfeit pain replenishes . . .
persuading loyalty to divine senses . . .

LISA STRASBURG '69

Cucumber Road

Exit 3 off "Hobbits" Road
Sibyl and Sebastian three mushrooms tolled
Enter ye to the pike
The eternal Cucumber Road
Baring their feet, they gaze awe-stricken
The jaded juicy jewel before them lies

Slip Slip

Slop Slop

Squish Squish

Squash Squash

Memories of soggy sneakers
They slig slog on down the road
An elusive elephant—slivers he by . . .
"Salt not the green," bade he.

On still trudge the two
Destiny—a green velvet land
Lost now, no word carried . . .
Never land can be found.

KATE DeBLOIS '68



How We Broke in the New House



I don't know why we had to move to this stupid old house. It didn't even have a sandbox or swing set in the back yard like at our other place. And it wasn't even finished. The kitchen stunk like brand new varnish, and wood shavings made little curlicues all over the floor. The T.V. hadn't been hooked up yet and there was no good stuff in the refrigerator.

The little girl next door was a real creep. On the first day I barged into her house to see if she wanted to go climb the big apple tree in the back yard. But no, she wanted to sit in the house and play little sissy games with her dolls and have tea parties. Why couldn't we have

stayed at our other house? There we didn't have to worry about where we stampeded with our friends, where we put our grubby, dirt-covered hands or any of those other things that bug us in this lah-di-dah joint. And at our old house there was lots of junk to do. But what was there to do in this brand new, stinky house? There was nothing—until—one day my brother and I thought up a new game.

There was an open stairway in our new house, unlike the one in our other house which had walls on both sides. What fun we had sitting at the top of the carpeted stairway and sliding down on our seats. By the time we reached the bottom we were a little hotsy-totsy in the pants, but who cared! Mom got sore when Mike wore a hole right through his trousers so we decided we'd try something else. Now, who could jump down the most stairs? Mike thought he could and I thought I could and we were both eager to outdo one another. I jumped down two; he jumped three. I bounded into mid-air from the fourth; he pounced to the floor from the fifth. I reached the point where I could stand his "hee-hee's, ha-ha's" no longer and stumbled to the top of the staircase. Sweat poured down my face in my anger. He wasn't going to outdo me this time, the little smarty-pants. I leaped.

Mike and I decided to give this game up. Now there was absolutely nothing to do in this spiffy new house. But I guess you can't do much with a broken leg, anyway.

CYNTHIA TOMSU '68

?

A sad feeling
Why?
A lost feeling
Am I?

JENNIFER FOSTER '69

Mirage

It was midnight. I was restless and couldn't sleep, so I lit a forbidden cigarette and started pacing the floor. The moon shone brightly through the window of my cramped room. I took out one of my old compositions, which always seemed to make me fall asleep, but even it had no effect. Suddenly, on impulse, I had to get outside, to feel the cool night air through my hair, to touch the grass, to get outside and be free from my invisible prison.

I slowly opened my bedroom door and quietly crept down the carpet-covered staircase. I went outside and began to run wildly through the grass. The dew made my feet very wet and I slipped and fell. The shock threw me into a kind of panic. I quickly rose and began to run again. My parents had probably noticed my absence by now. My parents! How silly they were to have taken me in. I wanted my real parents. I wanted to return to those happy days on the farm—the simple, carefree days before the accident. But they were gone and they would never come back again. I can't erase that fatal accident from my mind. My parents! The fools! They knew just as well as I did that I didn't belong in their high-class society, their fancy house and clothes. I didn't belong and never would.

Suddenly, I slipped again and this time hit my head on a rock. I felt the cool wetness of the dew on my forehead. I got up though and began to run again as fast as I could, in no particular direction. If people had seen me, they would have thought me mad, but I didn't care.

In the distance I could see the country road leading to the farm, and I saw my father waiting for me. My father—to me he was like an immortal god. A powerful giant.

My head began to ache, but I kept running. I would be late for supper and I knew my father would be angry. I hoped not. I would probably have to go to bed with no supper, but what did it matter as long as I could be with my father.

I can see him there on the front porch of our farmhouse waiting for me. He looks mad. But when I run into his arms, nothing will matter—nothing will ever matter again.

SUSAN ANTONOPOULOS '71

Lament

My love and I have built a wall
Between us—so thick and wide
Each stone of it is laid in scorn
And piled high with foolish pride.

Each day I try to climb the wall
And look to the other side
Then I gaze at him so small
And I know my love has died.

LYNNE TATIAN '69



NAVES

Dazed City

Darkened mist
scattered with buildings,
edifices towering in whitish-yellow haze
disappear into nothingness.

Tiny beads of dew
form droplets of rain
clinging to the shadows
saturating the air.

FAY SUTTON '68

Elegy of Comparison

Oh, *do* compare the black and the white
As rain is wrong and sun is right.
And *do* compare the young and the old
As youth is warm and age is cold.
Go on, spare your pity for the weak and the poor
As you spare your diamonds and then ask for more.

Compare! Compare! Show you know the difference!
Separate all with your narrow-minded fence.
Show all the world how your great eyes discriminate,
For only you can see whom to love, whom to hate.

You have a backbone of money, you're part of the state,
But you're deaf and can't hear the bell ringing your fate,
Tolling the death of inequality and your soul.
It's saying you're dead, little man, hear it toll?

EPITAPH

"Here lies a man, an omnipotent fool,
Who compared the whole world with his cancerous rule,
That "all men aren't equal, only my kind must live!"
And "If you are gifted, take more and don't give."
This man full of prejudice thought he was sage.
Pity he died at such a very young age."

GEORGIA INNES '68



Shades of Gray

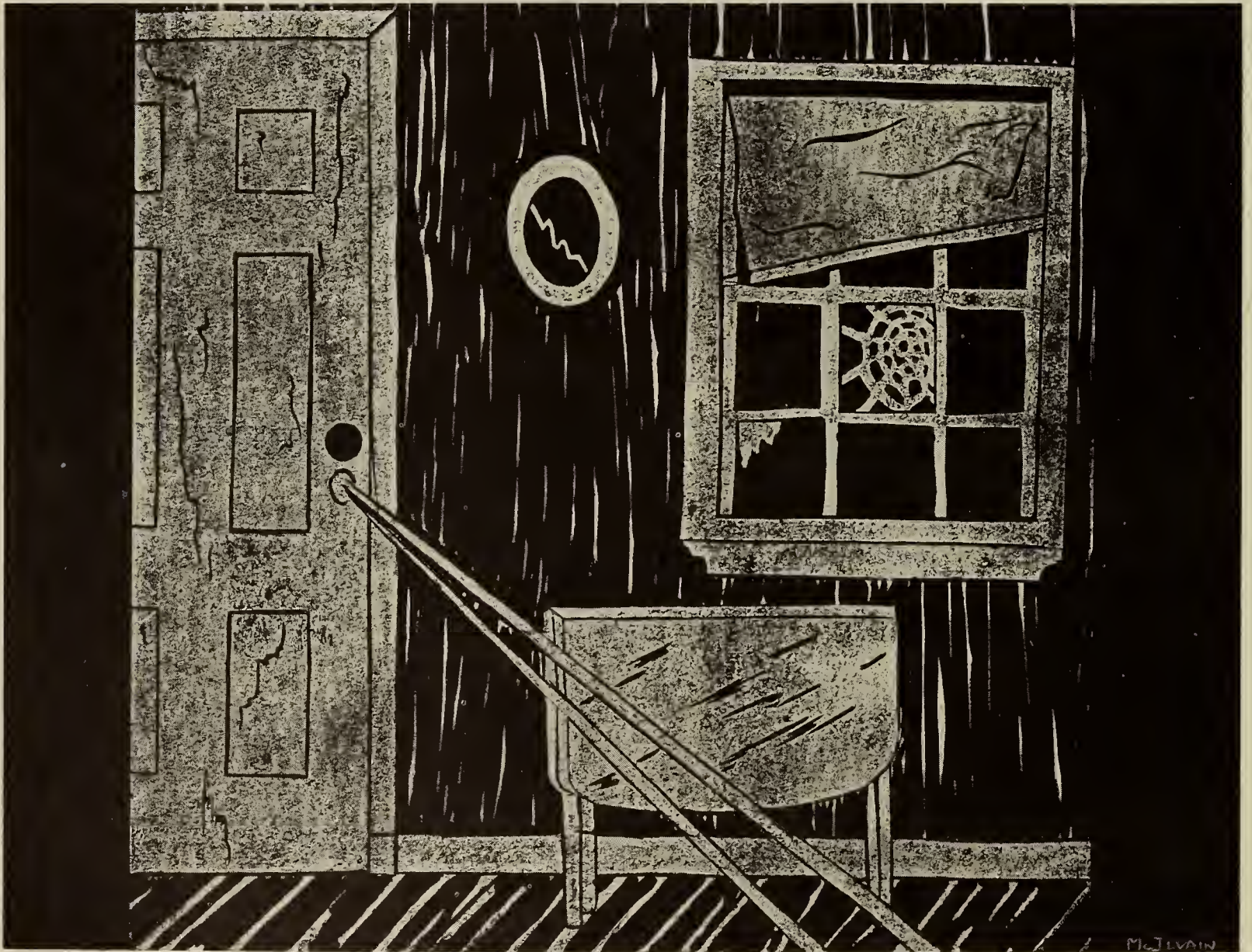
imaginary blinds
shading out impulsive thrust for knowledge
mind and eye
 letting only shades of light
 and dark
 flood in . . .
not blinding reds
of unbearable impression . . .
 letting in only high sweet tones of the flute
not the thick untuned orchestra . . .
bitter tasting are lilies
 growing in a flock

LISA STRASBURG '69

Morning Memory

Each morning she rose and watched the first beams of light hit the farmhouse where she had grown up. The mist of the early morning enveloped her in reminiscence of the past. Dew slowly trickled down each blade of withering grass, each one like a wasted year. The pond in front of the farmhouse was a glass mirror reflecting her aged face. In the stillness of these early mornings she would stop and dream that once more she was young with a full lifetime ahead of her.

CAROL GADD '69



“I Think I’ll Paint The Sky Today”

I think I’ll paint the sky today,
A color for every state.
California’s will be blue and gold,
Another’s black as slate.

Over each hilltop, over each vale,
A different colored light.
The stars’ twinkling green, blue and red
Will make the nights so bright.

I’ll take a decorated Christmas tree,
And add pale colors too.
I’ll pour the paints both near and far
And add a flash or two.

The moon will glow with tender green.
A sunset like that you’ve never seen!
Some colorful clouds will go floating by,
A painted special for every eye.

But no, I know it cannot be.
There can’t be painting in the sky,
For it would all fall down on me . . .
But wouldn’t it be fun to try?

GEORGIA INNES '68

The Act

A grin at grandma and her fossil companions.
Now for some tears to dissolve Daddy’s decisions.
How about a wrinkle of the nose to portray
your impatience over a boring topic
or a smirk of assurance worn in the security
of your ability to play with people’s emotions?
Now the wide-eyed innocence of a naughty but nice child
or the upward tilt of the pug nose symbolizing sophistication.
The mirror reflects the actor.

JODI LANDWEHR '68

Lines and Colors

Lines
Drawn on paper
To show simplicity of life.

Colors
Painted on paper
To show shades of life.

LINDSAY BACON '68

Before Dawn

Greenish-blue night
Wrinkled with orange candles
Squeezed between a jaundice-colored moon
Swishing gray sweeps traverse the lonely sky
While bluish-purple mountains reach to join . . .
Below, the darkened village awaits the attack of day
And, a lonely sentry, a great black figure,
Guards the people at rest.

AMY WILSON '68

The Assignment

Here, plastered on smudgy, fingerprinted walls, are prints decoratively hung. Hours more I could spend looking at each copied painting. Somewhere beside the real painting stands the hazy ghost of the artist with paint under his nails, yet I feel his presence also here with me. Each print becomes a world to me and I feel I've been in some of these scenes before. I concentrate on the flat surface which tempts me with an enormous variety of sensual pleasures. My fingers unravel and stretch to caress the green. If only these figures would say some way—"yes, come"—I would. But these prints tease me and I cannot begin to write for such a thing—a writing from these prints feels limiting . . .

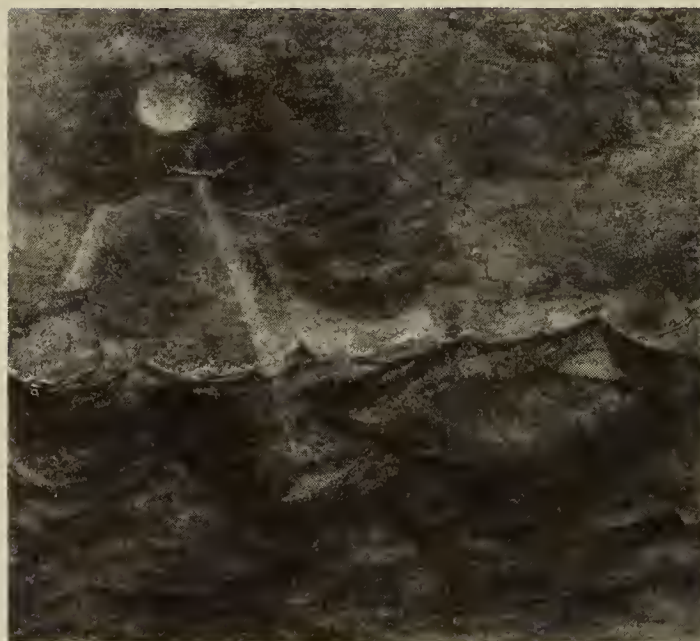
ELIZABETH BULLOCK '68



A Storm

A storm
I find myself raging in circles
to find what-no end-lost?
My legs tremble when I stop to think—
Before I could feel nothing—now
I'm scared.
Looking up—the trees above sway—
Lightning, a spark, and all is destroyed
Me—what am I worth—
What chance have I against what?
Why all this—what have I done?
I run—to hide between two rocks—
The wind is broken but the cold rain
continues—
Exhausted—I sleep—
For how long—forever?

LAURA LOCKWOOD '68



Transition

The trees arch over in the wind. The waves curl over one another and are as tall as a house. The screech of the desolate bird tells that the storm hovers about. Clouds come sweeping in with the increase of the wind. The sea crashes, sounds, throbs against the pulverized shore. And then, then the calm. A ray of sun jets out from behind a cloud like a spear from heaven and pierces the dead bird.

SHERRILL WARNER '68

Sanctuary



An old woman strode in slow, solemn steps up to the narrow entrance of a large, carelessly-built, thatched roof and walled hut. Pushing the mat curtain aside, she moved cautiously into the room. The enclosure had an unnatural air about it. The frozen earth floor crunched beneath her bare tortured feet. Outside, the unbearable cold and blizzard wind had been hard on her thinly-clad body. And now, now the sudden warmth—her numb inner-self tingled.

Clasping her weather-beaten hands, the old woman knelt on a small cushion. There she crouched for a long while, partially letting the hunger groans of the poor and helpless, who made a corner of the shelter their home, direct her thoughts. The sparsely-padded, thatched roof and walls of the hut swayed in the wind. The only light of the room was a lone flickering candle; the only marks of comfort were the torn kneeling cushions scattered here and there. The pungent odor of huddled bodies went unnoticed.

On a mantel at the end of the room stood a small, chipped, clay statue of Jesus. The old woman's volcanic eyes now focused on the quaint piece of sculpture which seemed to her of great beauty. Painfully she lifted her scrawny body, moved forward to the mantel, and stretched upward, her head flung backward almost detached from her boney shoulders, her black matted hair fallen to its full length. Her small, shaking fingers ran slowly down the figure, immune to the decree "No Handling." She murmured brokenly. Then, turning to the door and fumbling with her ragged cloak, she staggered out into the cold, her ravished soul, comforted . . .

LISA STRASBURG '69

Haiku

Self-pity is
an explosive disease
which shatters
one's dark innards.

Man must find
inner faith
before he asks others
to believe in him.

JODI LANDWEHR '68

Today

So many women—
clumped together—
chattering—gossiping
about nothing?

So many men—
loud—raucous
laughing—talking
about nothing?

Little children—
creating—
building castles
with spires—
reaching up—
to nothing?

Soldiers
shots of life
being expelled
from the hope of return
ending in nothing . . .

the world
always turning—
a cycle—unending
repetitious
really living?

ALIDA McILVAIN '69



Analogy

Feelings clash,
like a cold, stinging drop of snow
that meets a cup of hot, freshly-boiled water.
Only this time the feelings do not combine
or melt to find a warm and mild mixture,
or a oneness that can live in harmony.
Feelings clash
corrode
as when silver is dipped in acid.

PLACE DOWNEY '68

Between

Drifting through the
White sheets of sleep
Visions come to me
Of misty fields, pale skies
Of scorching rivers and
Firey trees
All beckoning, pulling at
My brain.
A whirlpool of confusion
Calling and tempting
With lollipops and
Promises . . .
Until the mind's cord is cut.

DANIA DOREMUS '69

Connotation

Leadership is stronger without
a title. For those who are
truly heroes are naturally so.

Without the title is without
public position . . . governing the
mass.

But you are you
which far surpasses both . . .

LISA STRASBURG '69

Wintered Youth

Somewhere from a cold, dark cave of winter emerged a sad-eyed youth. Distantly, in a jungle, he cried out lost mournful songs on his high pitched flute. His rigid, emaciated body carried him with faltering steps before summer's gilded altar. His eyes were shadowed with tortured introspection.

Oh, star, his tribe saw in his flame obscurity, yet they were his flickering figures.

He had awakened on this new morning with blood-stained eyes. He had heard diseased syllables disgorged over disconnected tongues through pleasant half-smiles. He had seen people carelessly erect and destroy. He had watched generals, armored in costumes of medals, standing with one polished boot on the casket of a million dusty, un-lived individuals. Molds were produced and the world's faces were being cast into a single expression. Stiff-legged children uniformly marched, grasping wooden guns in preparation for world destruction. They lived and died in single file. Their cunning, self-devised weapons severed heads, and their clenched fists drove mutilating spikes into others. A war existed behind all men's backs and few had the courage to turn and recognize the blood they had let.

Prowling, starving youth . . . cat in the jungle . . . the city . . . run roach, cat rat . . .

People discriminate with confining codes . . . They, the evil, naive . . .

Public statements suggesting nothing . . .

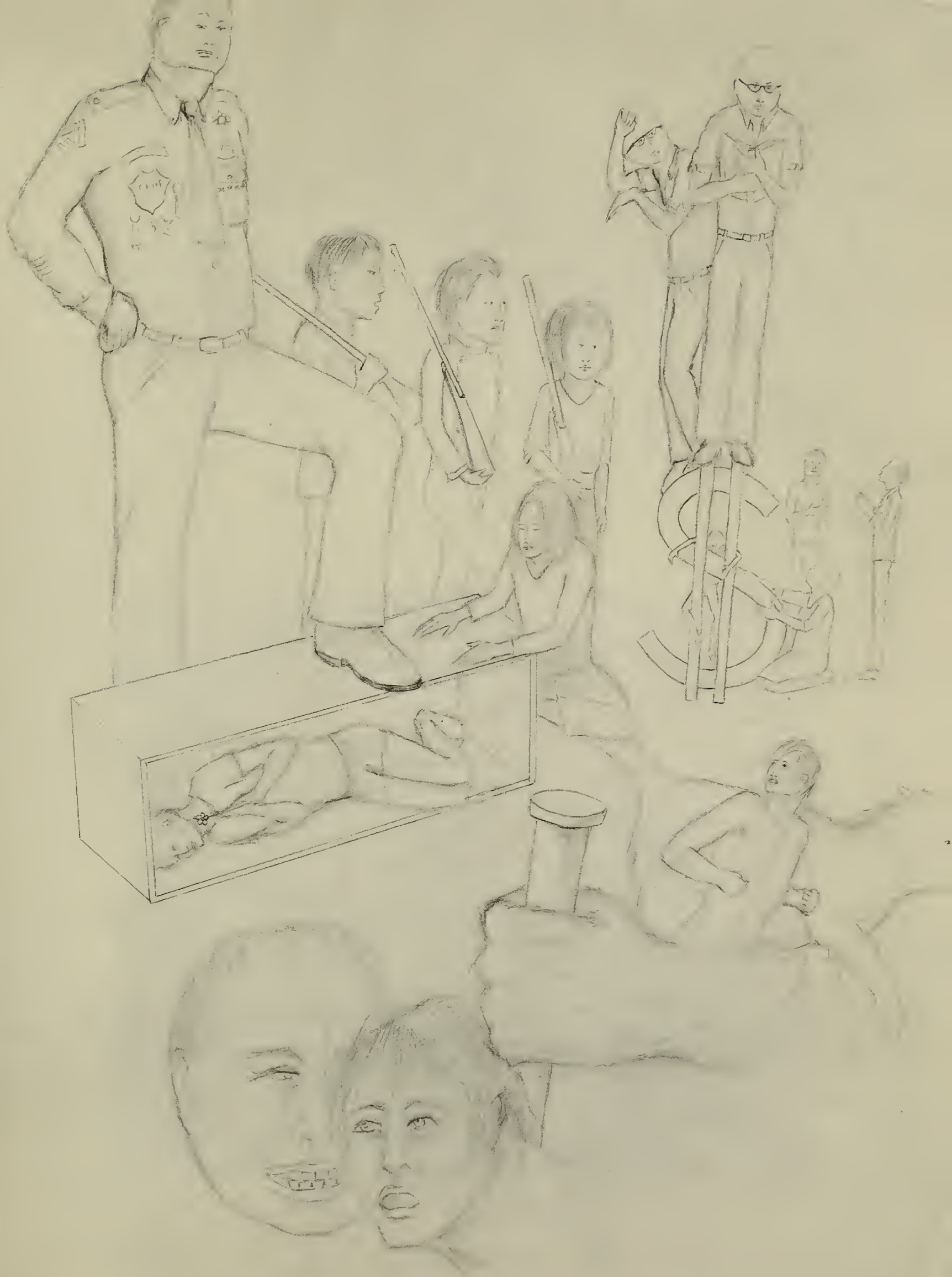
Neurotic infantile minds erected as halo heads . . .

The youth divorced from life fell to his knees below the brilliant summer's sun; his weakened body heaved under gasping sobs.

He rose, bending and swaying in the wind. On a September night the wintered youth, reborn, strode far back into the brush. Rippling songs from his flute twined throughout the jungle.

A new set of seasons made their turn and the high sun watched, but the boy did not reappear; he was a wintered youth.

ELIZABETH BULLOCK '68



Message

Written in ink, in German, in a hopelessly sincere handwriting, were the words "Dear God, life is hell." . . . "Fathers and teachers," I ponder, "what is hell?" I maintain that it is the suffering of being unable to love."

KIM KIRCHMAIER '68

Parting . . .

No reason
Just leaving
Walking out on life
Others are left
to suffer
for what
You have done.

Ending
Slowly the heart is crushed
for want of understanding.
Did it have to be?
Why must some
suffer
for one?

Afterward
The deed is done
The moment was intolerable
But the memories return
 the good
 the sweet
 the love
And now the sorrow eternal
because
of you.

KATHY WINTER '68

Torment

Monstrous mountains of inevitable crashes
and smashes of symbols
together with ashes of
flesh from their lashes
of whips and of tears . . .

But how does one know
when to escape from the blow
of the stark bitter taste
declining lower than low
when all that can go
is brought to a stop
but the slow still continue to run . . .

ALIDA McILVAIN '69

Closer For The Kill

The cat crept along the ground ready for the kill. Its long curving tail twitched from time to time while its body humped gracefully to make a distinctive bridge of fur. The legs were stiff, waiting to lunge forward. Its ears were perked for the slightest sound and its eyes pierced the innocent victim.

The victim's rigid gray tail was flattened and its red breast was plumped from a recent meal of rich earthworms. One wing was so pressed against the body that no outline could be distinguished. The other wing, broken, lay outstretched and limp. The eyes were agonized with pain.

Aware only of the hunger pains in its arched belly, the cat slowly made its way closer for the kill.

BETSEY SLIMMON '70



Afternoon in the Field

The man walks slowly through the corn field, one hand clutching the twelve gauge Browning, the other in the left hand pocket of his brown tweed hunting jacket. He spots his game, a brilliantly colored, young pheasant. He moves in its direction, but the bird spots him and remains completely still hoping the hunter will pass by. Sensing that he has been seen, the pheasant begins to scamper through the dried stalks. The hunter, knowing he cannot shoot until the bird is in the air, picks up a pebble and throws it. The pheasant leaps into the air.

"This is my chance," the hunter thinks to himself, as he brings the gun up to his shoulder and his other hand up to hold it firm. Quickly lining the sight with the pheasant, he pulls his finger back on the trigger. The shot rings out. It is perfect, leaving feathers in the sky to float down slowly and the pheasant to take a tremendous fall to the ground. The hunter picks up his prize and walks slowly away in the late afternoon sun.

ELIZABETH LAING '70

The Genius and the Imbecile

The genius and the imbecile
As each so deftly sauntered through
The maze of fumes, departures, times
Red busy humans idle planes
Each stopped and uttered voiceless sound
Of Hello—Whyfore art thou here?
A fluent discourse launched upon
Said genius, "Embarkation hour
Approaches." Onward, imbecile
Retreated both a separate way.

KIM KIRCHMAIER '68

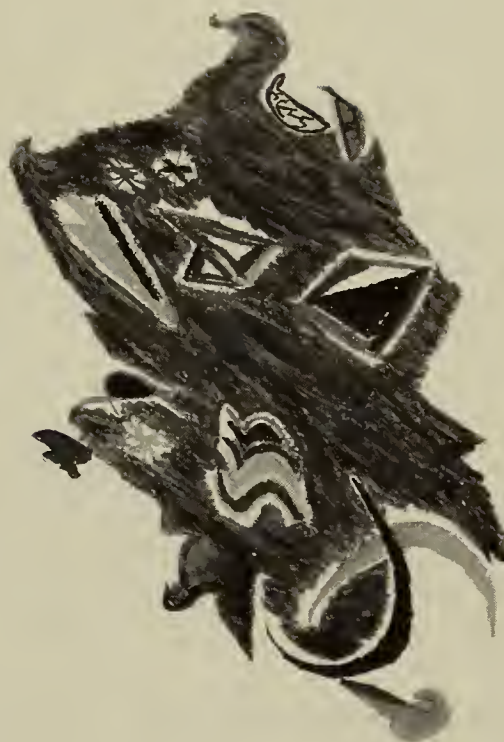
An Image

The mass blue-green
Like the rising and falling
of a majestic bird's wing.

Bits of waste lie on top
To be absorbed
then tossed to
the entire eternity of the sea.

How is one to know
What has been achieved
By this mighty magnitude of unperceived depth?
Like a great whale,
Rolling and thundering,
always churning,
The tides slapping the deserted shore—
A whole world—
beautiful to hear and see
But not to be.

ALIDA MCILVAIN '69



Old Egg Shells

Through the alleys of my utmost experiences a cat jumped over a heap of God-knows-what and it fell to the cobblestone ground and broke. And as I went to pick the pieces up, it slipped from my aid . . . I looked again; it was dust. I couldn't remember what I had lost. It was only a facet (and not a gem) so I walked away and went about my pie-making. The next time I heard a crash on the floor of my mind, I could not find its killer. A lame shadow warned me that I was the only killer and that I must watch my pies, for if a merchant came to my shop and asked how many pies I had fresh—I would again lose for I would be busy with the past . . . the scrambling of what is gone.

RALEIGH PERKINS '71

An Inflection

What goes on in those haunted minds
covered by flesh and childish eyes
where deep down inside
in the depths of the spirit
they hungrily reach for more?

Do they not have enough
of this inedible trash?
What right do they have
to live amongst others
who are swayed so easily
by their disillusioning pain
of sin and corruption?
How many times must they reach for nothing
before they realize the nothing is nothing
but an easy road to destruction?
Is there no help for those poor, poor souls
who cannot help themselves—

Is there no light which they might see
to steer them away
before it's too late
and their minds are doomed?
Each one alone
searching — searching
and only leading
more and more
to a mystical, magical, crumbling end
of depression and hunger for more . . .

Above the shroud that blinds their vision
a ray pushes through the bleak, filtered cloud—
pushes down with a knob on the end
which only one can grasp before being drowned
in the endless desert of the unsuccessful
into which they have driven.

Maybe one will survive
for the others are blind
and carefree and reckless
but the one . . . that one . . .
will ascend the steep stairway
of rotten aged steps without a railing
into the untouched universe
and the past will dissolve—
like a shattered memory and float from the present
weighted down with the worn
in the wind.



The Interruption

I confidently marveled at the balance and agileness of my movements as I picked my way over the rocky shore. My youthful free days were spent here and I was completely tuned to all of nature. Now I had come to reclaim my home. The air enhanced by salt and earth, all the elements I knew, it was all coming back. But I was not looking for reversion, only to discover missing steps, the point where I had turned.

Afternoon shadows were erased as my head turned from the light. The shoreline dipped into the embankment. The current pulsed into the bend. A steady slop of translucent grey waves cart-wheeled over rocks which seemed to turn soft at their bases. I drew near the odd form below the rocks. Fearful curiosity kept me distant. Picking up a stone I steadied my footing and accurately tossed the stone at the white resilience. Soundlessly, the stone hit and bounced into the water. I stood tensely straining in disbelief. I knew what this was. The white mass trailed out into scarf-like sheenness that seemingly blew in a gusty wind as the water sucked it back into the sea and then sent it rippling again to slide and drape over its incarcerating rocks. It had to be a shark, a stingray, some dead fish. But it was none of these. It was difficult to tell just where in all the blubber the bones so slightly protruded. Only around the bones was there any shading of color, milky gray. I gazed incredulously at its softness being tugged and thrown about by the sea. There was no head nor much of the usual resemblance.

Who had it been? Why was it here? It was gone from somewhere. Was it missed or remembered—and for what?

There was no blood, that too was gone. Others would vomit. Did I want to, I wondered. No.

I rigidly jostled down the beach to see if there was more evidence. There was none and it was now dark.

Home in my bedroom I cranked open the window. The room vibrated with a shrieking sound which I did not make out to be wind. The muffled mourning clang of the bell buoy and the whistler buoy's lost hollow song drifted in out of the fog and held me stone-like on my bed the whole night. The fearful superstition and the rational contemplation of the irrational saw me wakefully through the night. At dawn I discovered my land had as always turned back into the light.

ELIZABETH BULLOCK '68

Impression of Hell

An empty vacuum
A nullity of space
The perpetual walk
Of intolerable pace
Nothing of pride
Nothing of shame
Nothing to lose
Yet nothing to gain
Neither fears nor hopes
Neither love nor hate
For nothing but the end
Of infinity to wait.

DONNA BRION '68

Riding Lesson

I rode noiselessly along the well-trodden trail. The woods seemed to be covered with a silent, pellucid veil. Although I enjoy people, crowds, and the lively, the strange intonations of woodland life, the taciturnity of the forest were much appreciated. My horse, too, felt the need for peace, and he moved lightly and silently.

The almost unbearable inaudibility was broken as a small bird cried a warning to his comrades to be aware of an oncoming danger. My trance was immediately broken as reality struck me. That small bird, as free as he was, faced problems synonymous to those which confront the human race. His war was a fight to survive, yet he only worried about himself. I wondered if this was not true of a person. Would I leave my home and endanger my life for an unknown? Would anybody, willingly?

My horse didn't allow me to reach a conclusion as he struck up a strong trot across an open field. We hopped over a small brush, and I found myself sitting low in the saddle as my mount galloped along, robust and powerful beneath me. We were approaching a solid, four-foot stone wall. Steadily we neared it, wanton and unvanquished. My big gelding's stride never faltered, and he eagerly sought another obstacle to conquer. This unharnessed freedom was almost too much to comprehend. Why did it not last forever?

FRANKIE LEOFF '68

Mistaken

If the times we had
don't mean as much
as rain
upon your nose,

If they fail to bring
a warmth to you,
a warmth
that grows and grows,

I was wrong I guess
to think that you
might end
my fears and woes . . .

I was wrong to think
that love, like soup,
is felt
down to your toes.

DEBBIE JONES '68

April

This day in April
one lone jellyfish
pushed its warm
tenacles through
misty air.

Hot gold pulled
green rich food from
battered soil . . .

and grew towards
the stinging mouth.

Silver water stared
up at a blinking
sky which smiled
gleefully as it was
reflected.

Azure fields held
lovely folded fawns
who pranced freely
to a bee-zy drone
melody.

Grasshoppers leaped
through

the daisies.

This day in April.

KIM KIRCHMAIER '68



Trigger for Surrender

Ragged body
treacherously pounded
by overpoweringly
sensitive linkings
for salvation
In sightless dreams . . .
walk not in currents
of drowning dry oceans
spending forever
in cunning tideless priceless webbs of moments!
Touch heaven's height of reflections—
that peculiarly abstract
glowing luminous sheet
of brilliant radiance.
Listen long with your hazy mellow eyes!
to the forbidden truths of the lonely serpent!
Hold now! serene and proud . . .
while dwelling in the chariot of reticence . . .
and let not your languish corrode the dying mirage.

LISA STRASBURG '69

On Reflections

I look into a mirror.
I see me! Wait a minute!
That is not me. I feel
miserable and depressed,
and this reflection looks
happy and smiling . . .
Could I be just putting
up a front? Maybe I had
better keep it up so that
no one will question me in
my despair. It might be
easier if I smile from the
inside too.
Now I am a real person.

TRUDA BLOOM '69



Which Way?

With the twinkling rhinestones
that the sun makes with the
street lamps that line
our hidden ways,
our lives become unreal.

Our fingertips touch plastic, not soil.
We breathe smoke, not air.
We speak hate and war, but we think love and peace.

Which is it to be? Our hearts or our minds?
Which way will our false roads lead us?

Until the sun rises one more shine,
Until I smell a flower one more time,
Until the books and nature are once combined,
People will be killers and people will be kind.

So, as for me, I will follow the tendencies of my heart,
But the direction of my mind.

GEORGIA INNES '68

Savior Peace

As the sun sank slowly beneath the horizon, it reflected in a brilliant gold on the rippled water. I felt so small as I gazed upon the vastness of the sea. There was a solitude and the only sound was that of the waves washing the shore. I was quite alone.

As I lay on the sand letting the grains pass through my fingers I watched the darkness creep over me. It was peaceful, yet that afternoon the beach had swarmed with hot sticky bodies and a continual rumble of voices and childish screams prevailed.

The sun had finally set and in the darkness no edifice nor man-made structure remained visible. The stars shone brightly within the endlessness of space, and the moon, like an immense electrical sphere, was suspended in the vast nothingness of night. Within this solitude there was a subtle peace and my thoughts strayed from destruction.

DONNA BRION '68



Cat's Sight

The cats lay still.

Swinging pendulums on skeleton sill,
Dust flying, cats crying—
Mew for milk, and catch a mouse.

Unexpectedly purring, slant eyes blurring,
Memory returning of forgotten years of man.
Man, a creature with misused power, didn't understand.
He built a complex tower and watched dog eat dog, oh
Time-worshippers! Nodding yes and doing no.

And the time of man raged on and on,
But there was an end;
An end achieved by those who
wanted to extend,
Progress, defy, explore!
And even then,
They wanted more.

But even while his work decayed
Without a tear, the world lived on,
And yet his sigh and suffering stayed
To urge the lesser creatures on
To heed Man's efforts and recall
His wills, his goals, and achievements
Of highest accord.
The vastness of his knowledge
Could not be restored.

They remembered monuments,
Tall buildings, forests, train tracks,
And shiny shells that went so fast,
And hammers, hollows, and paper stacks.
They remembered the commonfolk
Like their masters, and how they'd poke
Around and soften feathered furrows of fur,
And scratch their necks and disappear
To tap away at a forgotten chapter
Of a forgotten work,
And then discard it to be burnt.

For what reason, wondered the cats, did they,
Who were so mighty, fall as if off a cliff
To permanently cut off the bud
And grow green dreams about the moon
Where they could spread their foul disease,
And watch it multiply 'til soon
Another planet's overgrown
With feeble minds still frail but free,
Forgetting what they set out to be?

The animals and all lesser things
Watched silently their exhausting means
Of digging, developing, devouring seas,
And inventing years and entities—
A youthful ever; yet how they failed
To learn from all the books they started
Caring no more for histories.

Year after year, and after they strove
And fought; rose and fell and straggled along.
They took no note of their fathers' words
Which their grandfathers told and fathers broke
Now son would break and yet pass on.

Too bad they would not compromise.
Too bad they could not see their lies.
And now sleep closes soft slant eyes;
Freedom—no more people's rule . . .

For the cats weren't cruel . . .

GEORGIA INNES '68

The View

Across the sun-glazed meadow, I saw you. You stood tall and solid like an oak, one that catches wind and throws it into my soul, to give life and replenish what has left with dusk. I saw the ripe grain grow and felt it swish against my leg. I saw the mid-day sun that gave us grace and you a smile. I saw the long, long hill down which I used to run; or fall. In all, I saw you. And now, I look across my mind and realize, what is gone. Let us not, like ripe grain, sit and wait for the mill.

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Creek

Continuous path . . .
icy lucidness
smooth reflections
and a leaf
carried nowhere

TONI POLLAK '69

Believe it or not . . .

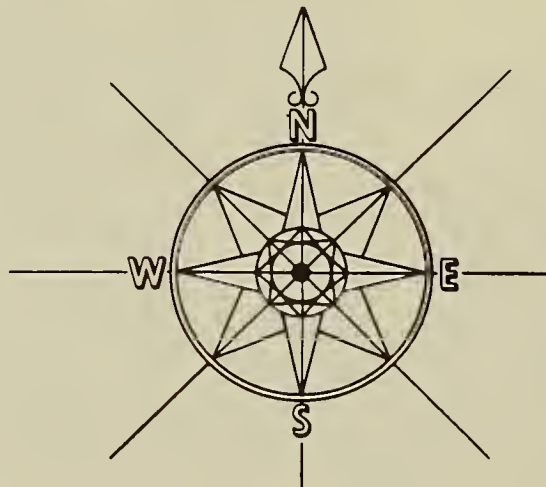
Rogers Hall, I will miss you.
Bill and Manuel's good mornings.
The anxiety of mail after lunch.
Demerits?
Running barefoot through the wet grass
After dinner . . . alone.
The coral velvet over Moody School at sunset
The outline of a black tree against a misty,
Grey sky . . . my tree.
Friends . . . one friend . . . favorite undergrads.
The rush to classes.
Learning to like . . . to live with certainties,
But Rogers Hall I will not miss the
Lessons of life you have taught me.
They will never leave me as I . . .
Will soon . . .
Leave you.

MARTHA PARKINSON '68



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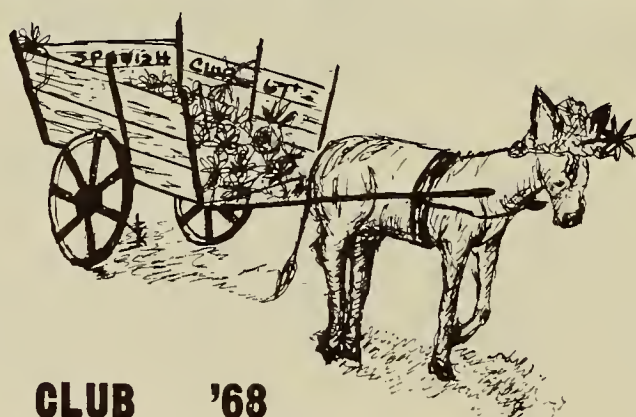
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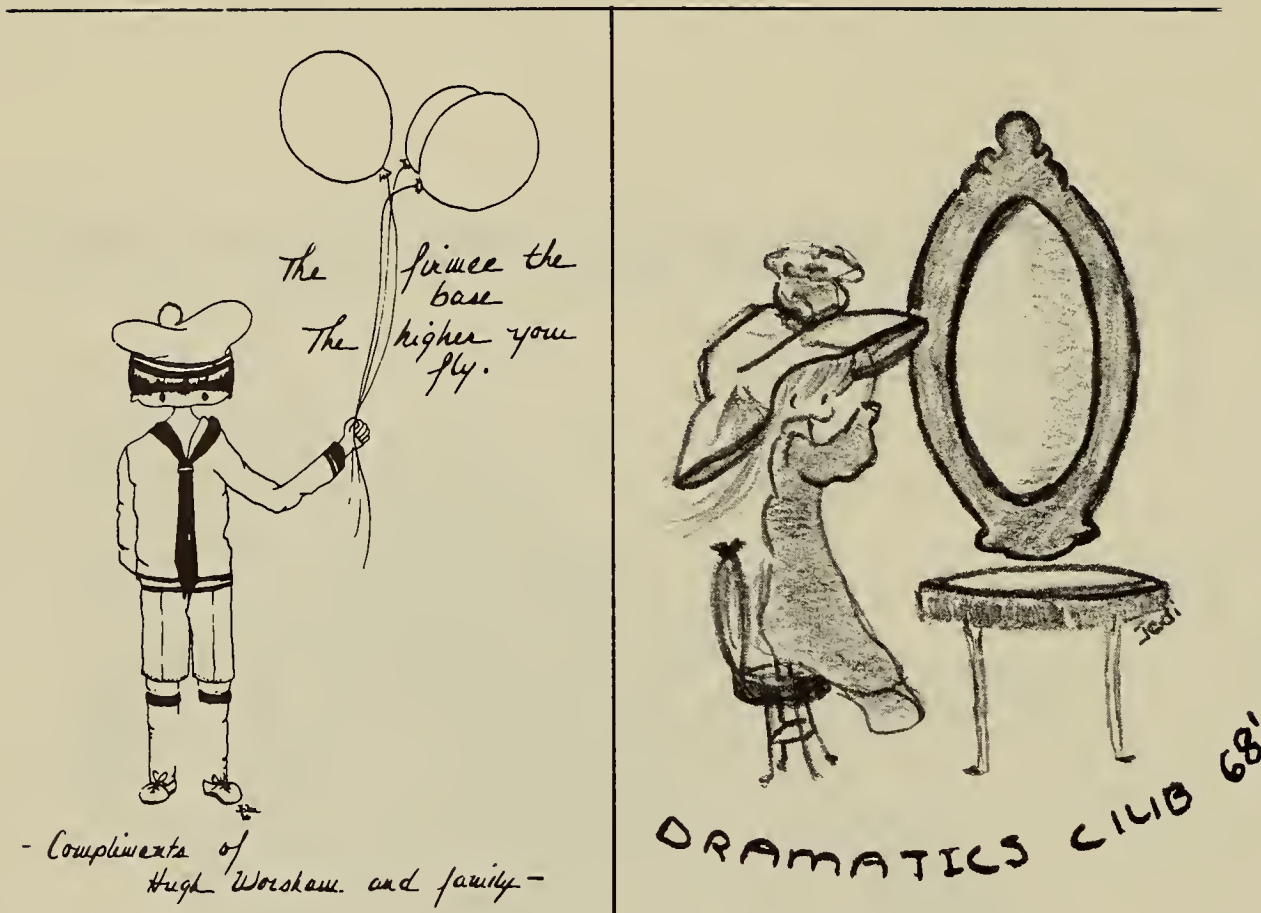
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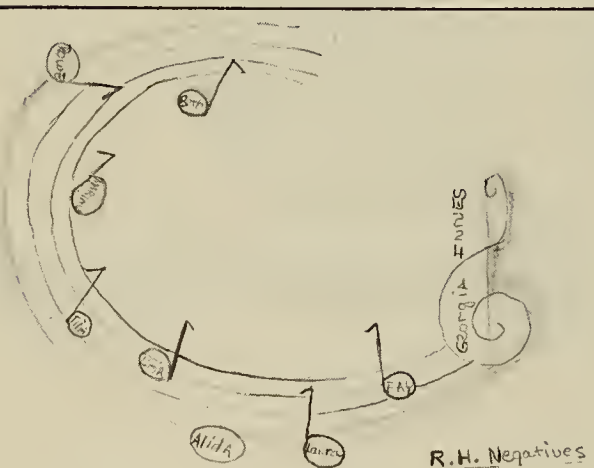
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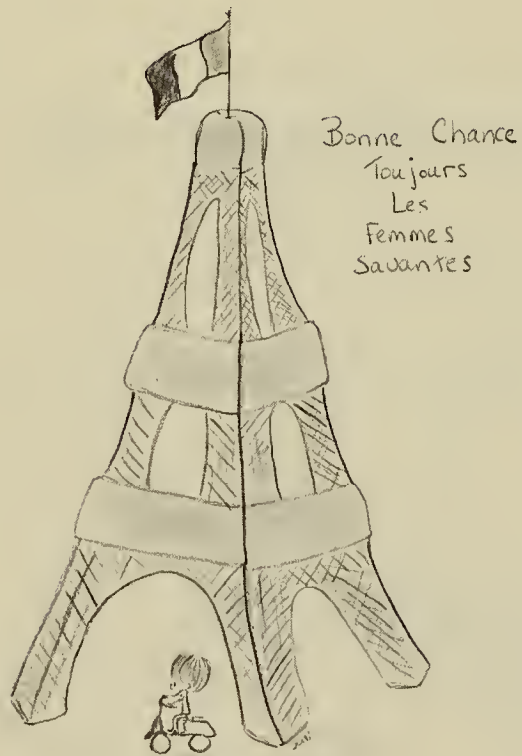
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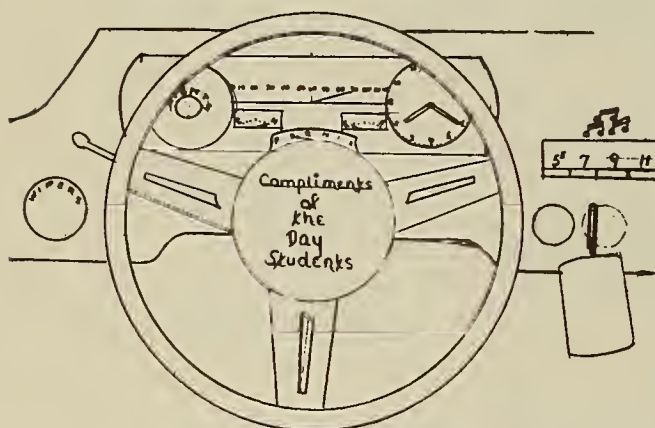
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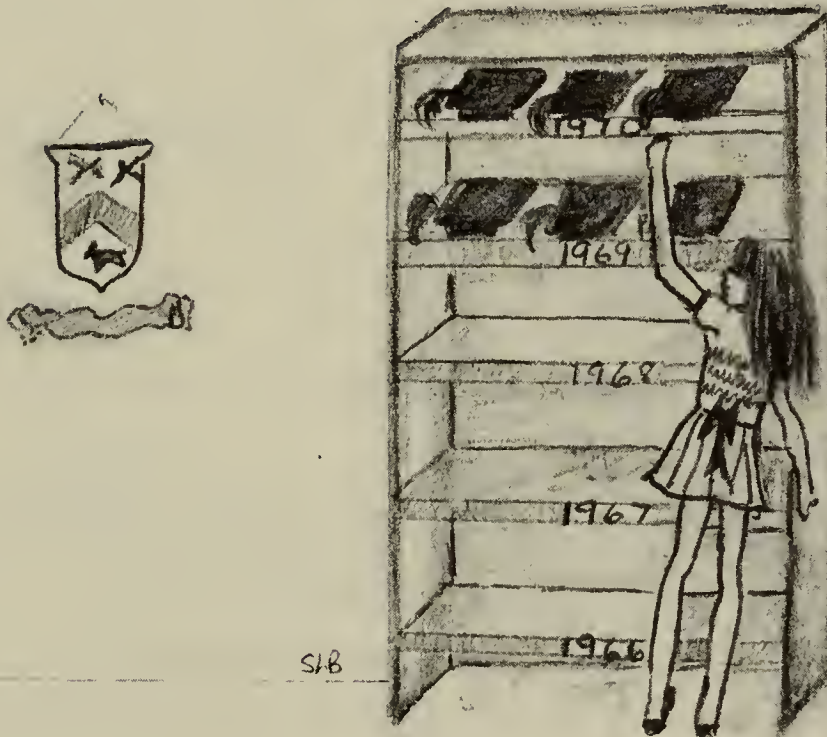
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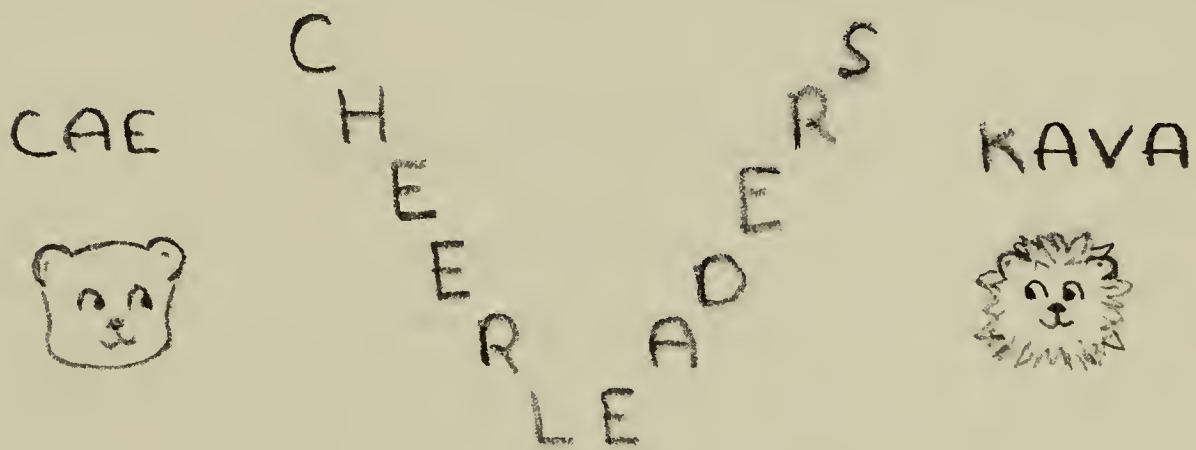
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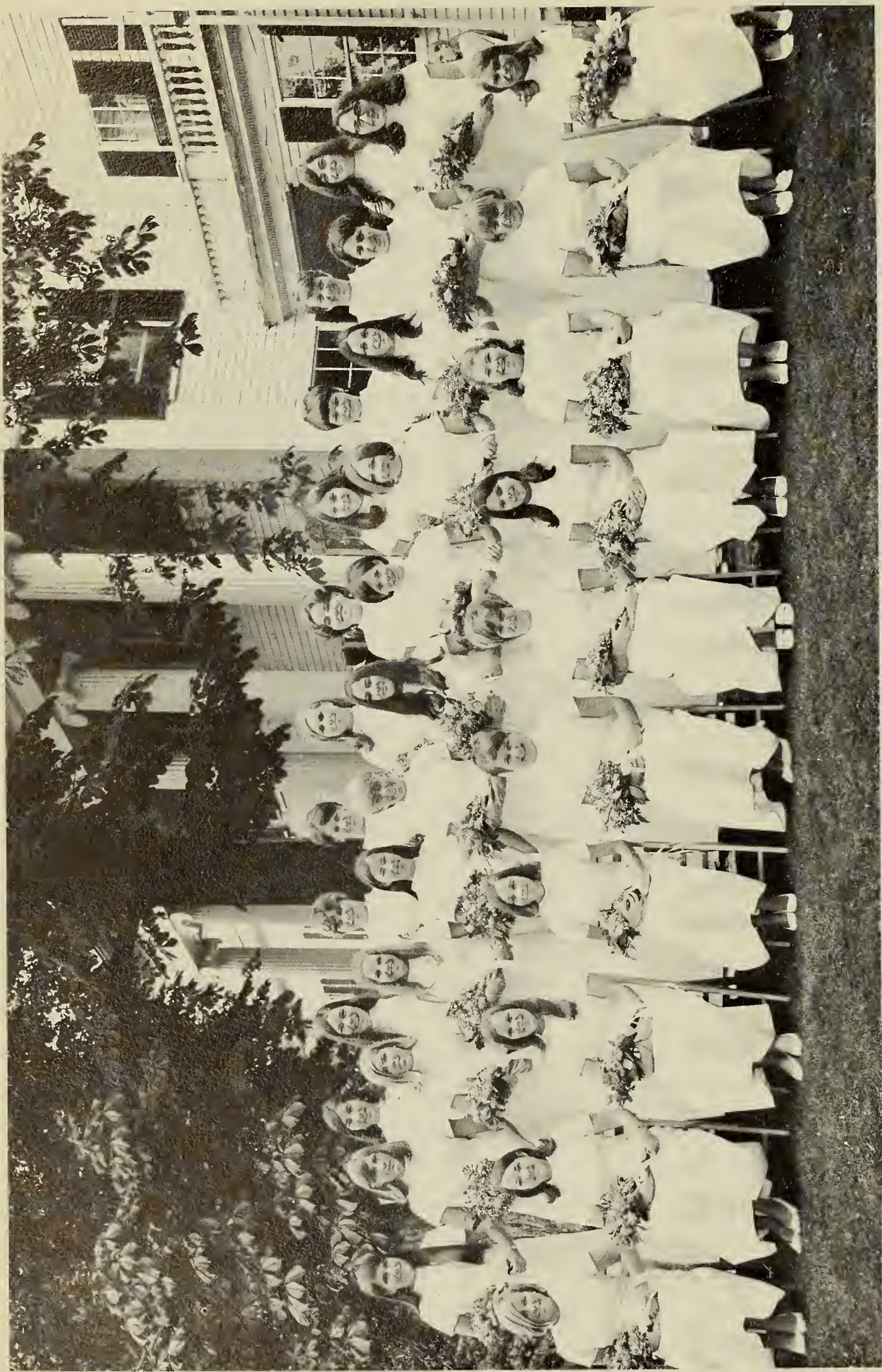
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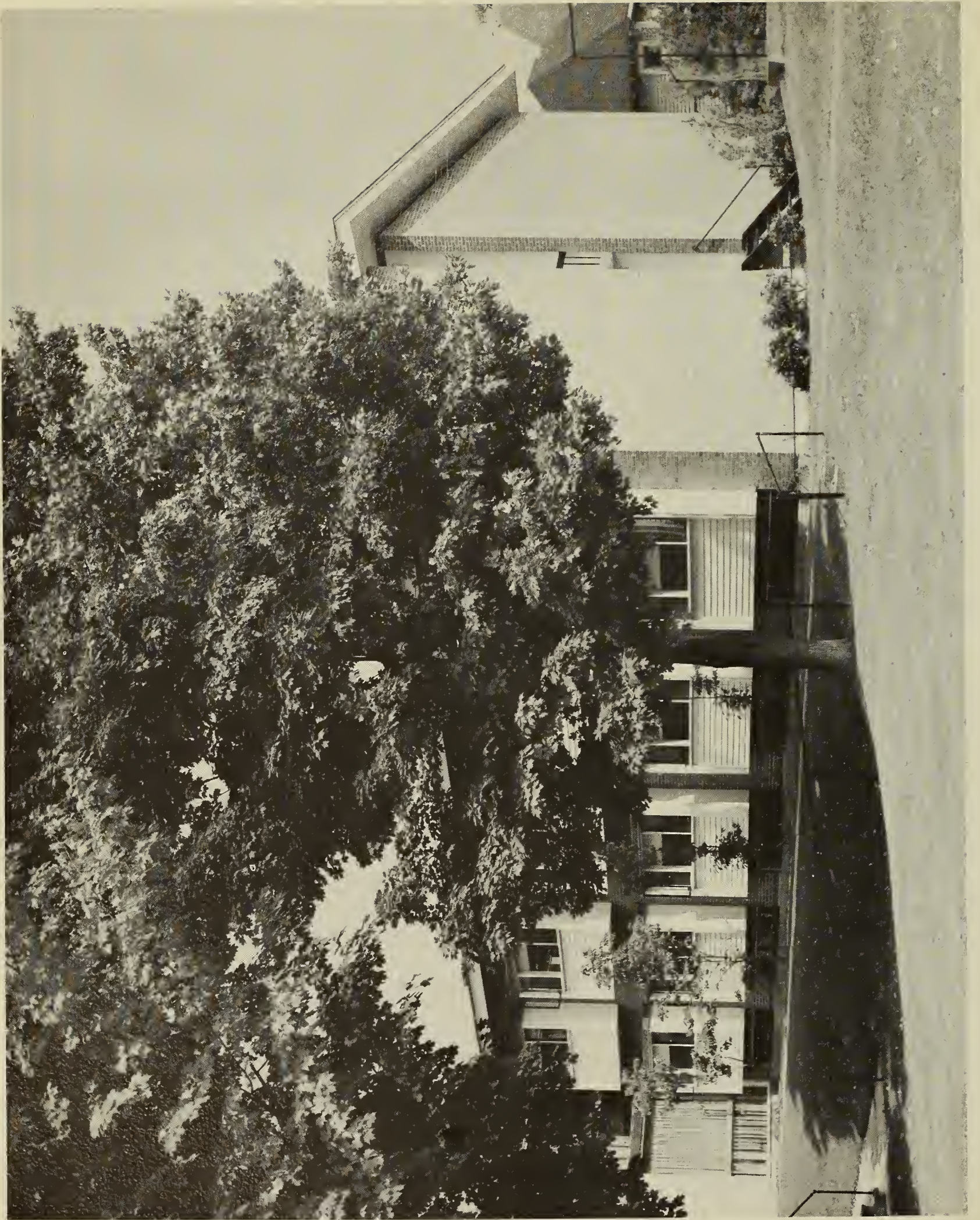
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EDITORIAL

On many levels people assert themselves as individuals for a variety of eventual gains. We feel justified in pursuing these gains in that our motivations are intellectual, individual, or perhaps spiritual. Barreling through life our needs are our directors, yet, beyond the thoughtless age, many of us acquire a certain amount of control which enables us at least to tolerate others. Tolerance, however, is not nearly enough. Of course it is necessary for any eventual attempt at understanding, but tolerance is also a passive acceptance of all that may not be understood or that is misunderstood. And the attempt to understand must be given priority over all other human endeavors. Surviving among other peoples or nations with less tension demands continual compromise and alterations of personal aims, open-mindedness, respect, all resulting in understanding of one another's needs.

Unfortunately, remaining children throughout our lives, many of us are steered solely by emotion. To protect ourselves and our little world we often silence, even kill, our saviors—those who speak ancient words in which the answer to living is found: universal love, the real meaning of man's existence. This answer, this love, is basic but not simple in definition or in acquisition.

Instead we fill our lives with nonsense, cynicism, some sarcasm, all of which are useless and painful portions of the personality and are most often masks of inward turmoil. Interior blindness is displayed in such seemingly exterior ways.

Selfishly each man grapples for a lead position no matter how false a stand his values allow him to take. He fears and mistrusts his inner self and the confusion accompanying its discovery in the raw. Furthermore, he fears others as well, for man cannot wholly accept his limitations and he dreads appearing weaker or lower than another. Yet what is the validity of comparison? Human history has proved that men are essentially the same: the only meaningful difference lies in ethical values. Still, man will run from, or sometimes attack blindly, situations that threaten his status; thus grows hostility between religions, nationalities and races. Such hostility is primitive and the arguments against the discriminatory thinking that leads to it are highly rational. How is it that man, supposedly the supreme creation, cannot dissolve the barriers that he erects between himself and love?



MISS HILDRED RAMSAY
HEADMISTRESS OF ROGERS HALL

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

This, your graduating year, has been an exciting one at Rogers Hall—the year of our 75th anniversary. During our preparations and celebration, to which you contributed greatly, we heard much talk of Elizabeth Rogers and the principles for which she stood. I would like to think that the inscription on her tombstone has applied to your years here: “*She hath done what she could.*” But today I would also like to remind you of that other stalwart sister Emily and her inscription, which may contain the most meaningful message to send you on your way: “*Go forth and do it.*”

In Memoriam



MANUEL J. FURTADO

DEDICATION

This yearbook is dedicated to the memory of our friend and helper, Manuel Furtado. His generous spirit was a fine example to us and will remain with us always. Manuel found joy in giving of himself, and what bigger gift can a man give. His gentleness and his warmth are greatly missed. We who knew him could not help but love him, and we will not forget.

A teacher who can arouse a feeling for one single good action, for one single good poem, accomplishes more than he who fills our memory with rows on rows of natural objects, classified with name and form.

—GOETHE



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et tu, Brute?



We certainly don't FEEL seventy-five . . .



A smile is my umbrella



Hey Chuck! . . . where's Cin?



You may THINK I'm kidding



Do I HAVE to do DEAR JANE?



en francais!! or else . . .



Let me demonstrate . . .



Gather ye rosebuds . . .



to be properly dressed is everything



How do you read me, Roger . . .?



Did she really say, "King Federal" . . .?

*Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat.*

—ST. FRANCIS



SENIORS

Rogers Hall will serve as the guideline for us who now will experience new adventures. All that we have learned may now be applied to circumstances that we will encounter. However diverse our paths may be, Rogers Hall has provided the foundation for us to build upon. I give grateful thanks to Rogers Hall and best wishes to all of us alumnae and to those remaining within the picket fence.

—CHARLOTTE BROHARD



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President Charlotte Brohard



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"Bag Andover" . . . Ice Cream . . . "Got to lose weight" . . . Gegenheimer . . . blind date in Ohio . . . England, Nassau, etc. . . time watch for math class . . . "I'll never get my work done" . . . Super-snowed . . . Williams weekend . . . long bicycle rides . . . right . . . Clairoxide? . . . Michigan . . . perfectionist.

CAE Club
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Ski Club 2, 3, 4
Proctor 3
Volleyball 2 (2nd team), 3 (2nd team),
4 (2nd team)
Hockey 4 (2nd team)
Softball 2 (2nd team), 3 (manager), 4 (manager)
Basketball 3 (2nd team)
Swim team 2
Water Ballet 2, 3
Honor Roll 3
Senior Luncheon Literary Chairman 3
Splinters Business Board Manager 4
Christmas Chorus 3, 4
Cae-Kava Fair Cookie Chairman 4
Current Events 4 (Honorable Mention)



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Mother . . . please WE'D rather do it ourselves . . . Who has the Keys? . . . THE ACTRESS . . . sophisticated . . . Amy . . . Peter . . . loves me, he loves me not! . . . K.S.B. ready for marriage . . . Excellent Posture . . . COMPETITION MAJOR. Mother sees ALL, hears ALL, and Knows ALL . . . flattery will get you nowhere.



"Common sense is not so common"

CAE Club
Hockey Team (second team) 3
Tennis and Badminton 2 (Manager)
French Club 3, 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Hockey 4 (Manager)
Dramatics Club 2, 3 (President), 4
Dramatics 2, 3, 4
Honorable Mention—Dramatics 2, 3, 4
Columns Staff 2, 3
Council 3, 4 (President)
Christmas Chorus 2, 4
Prom Committee 4
Library Committee 3
Senior Luncheon Art Chairman 3
Posture Award 3, 4
Student Marshal 3



"The sound is an echo to the sense."

KAVA Club
 Hockey 2, 4, (2nd team)
 Volleyball 2 (2nd team), 4 (2nd team)
 Basketball 4
 Softball 2 (2nd team), 4
 Columns 2, 3
Splinters Literary Board 4
 Undergraduate Literary Award 2
 Senior Luncheon Committee 2
 Debate Club 3, 4 (Co-chairman)
 French Club 3, 4
 Glee Club 3, 4
 Fathers' Day Committee 3
 Parents' Day Poster Committee (Chairman)
 Proctor 3
 Tennis 4
 Badminton 4 (Cup Winner)
 Swimming Team 4 (Manager)
 Athletic Award 4
 R. H. Award 4
 Current Events 4 (Honorable Mention)
 Katherine W. MacGay Literary Awards
 4 (Honorable Mention)

DONNA EUGENIE BRION

Skunks Misery Road
 Locust Valley
 Long Island, New York

MOUNT VERNON JUNIOR COLLEGE

Greetings . . . Alligator . . . Tomorrow I
 start my diet . . . St. Mark's . . . I've
 memorized the map of surrounding boys'
 schools . . . and then, he attacked me . . .
 this half is mine . . . shut up, Brion . . .
 hysterical dissertations . . . my twin bro-
 ther . . . last year's G.D.A. . . . bats and
 P.A.'s weekend . . . vicious birds . . .
 Miss Bird . . .



CHARLOTTE CLARK BROHARD

73 Weeks Avenue
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SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

PRESIDENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS

Charlie . . . sure bet . . . cheese and crackers . . . don't go . . . beeathrobe . . . Rusty, Jay—fickle? . . . who's the cute one in the middle? . . . ya know . . . theeee dance . . . wanna sing a duet? Duet! . . . N.Y.M.A. . . . the sun did it . . . I just can't fathom that one! . . . waiting for the ice to harden . . . you're not going to be any *fun* today! . . .



"Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful."

CAE Club
Columns 3
Splinters Literary Board 4
Glee Club 3, 4
Honor Roll 3, 4
Class Vice-President 3
French Club 4
Neatness Award 3
Basketball 4 (2nd team Captain)
Volleyball 4 (Manager)
Softball 4
Andover Dance Committee 3
Founder's Day General Co-Chairman 4
Spring Dance Chairman 4
Senior Luncheon Literary Board 3
R. H. Award 4
Underhill Honor 4



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Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Dramatics 3, 4
Dramatics Club 3, 4
Ski Club 4
Splinters Editor-in-Chief 4
Katherine Whitten MacGay Literary Prize 3, 4
Hockey 2, 3, 4 (2nd team)
Volleyball 3, 4
Basketball 3, 4 (Captain)
Softball 2, 3
Senior Luncheon Art Committee 2, 3
Christmas Chorus 2
Founder's Day Team 4
Photography Club 4
Art Prize 4



KATHERINE WELDIN DEBLOIS

Fairhaven Hill
Concord, Massachusetts

BRIARCLIFF COLLEGE

PRESIDENT OF CAE

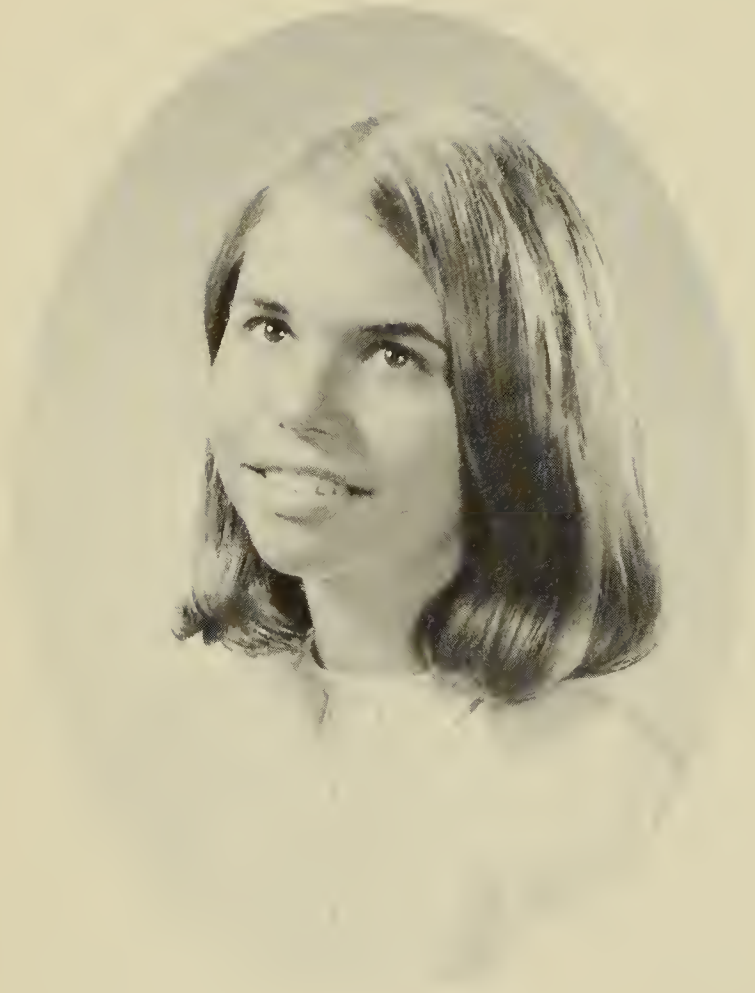


Trinity weekends . . . Harvard "Ham"
. . . Exeter . . . Such an efficient leader
. . . Well, we were on the slopes . . .
Bermuda . . . Sheldon! . . . But Miss
Ramsay—it's snowing . . . I'm in love! . . .
Stuart is underground??! . . . Gravestone
reading . . . the little old lady . . . Now
Mrs. Worsham, my mother . . . apple . . .

*"The real value of love is the increased general
vitality it produces."*



CAE Club
President of Day Students 4
Council 4
French Club 2, 3, 4
Dramatics Club 3, 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Splinters Business Board 4
Columns 2, 3 (Business Manager)
Hockey 3 (2nd team), 4
Basketball 4 (2nd team)
Volleyball 3 (2nd team)
Softball 4
Dramatics 2, 3, 4
Senior Luncheon 3



FRANCES PLACE DOWNEY

3476 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California

CALIFORNIA WESTERN UNIVERSITY

"In the life of a young woman the most essential thing for happiness is the gift of friendship."

KAVA Club
French Club 2, 3 (Vice-President), 4 (President)
Glee Club 3, 4
Dramatics Club 3, 4
Splinters Literary Board 4
Dramatics 2, 3
Art Survey Award 2, 4
Honor Roll 3, 4
Water Ballet 2
Hockey 2 (2nd team), 3 (2nd team), 4 (2nd team)
Volleyball 3 (2nd team), 4 (manager)
Basketball 3 (manager), 4 (2nd team)
Proctor 3, 4
Andover Dance Committee 4
Christmas Chorus 4
Father's Day Entertainment 3
Tennis 4
Chairman of Tagging Committee for
Parents' Weekend 4
Music Appreciation Award 4
Parsons Honor 4

Place . . . It's spring! . . . I just *have* to stay on my diet! . . . Michigan in the summer . . . Jim! . . . Who'd you get a letter from today? . . . Midnight Hour . . . Do you have any coffee I can borrow? . . . I can't wait! . . . Complex about her height? . . . Only two more months . . . Want to go watch TV? . . . Half of the Wright-Place . . . Ribbit . . . that smile!



KATHERINE ELLINGTON

424 Ocampo Drive
Pacific Palisades, California

GREEN MOUNTAIN JUNIOR COLLEGE

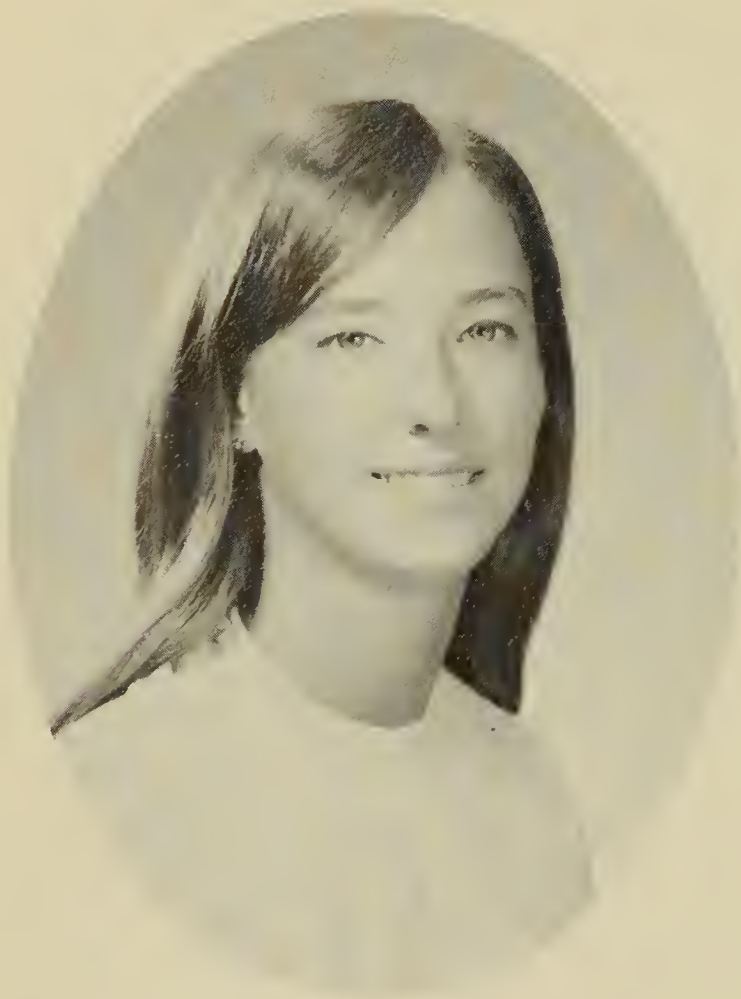


Come in if you must . . . Get your *abod*
out of my abode . . . My contacts went
down the drain . . . It's going to be a bad
day . . . A letter from the Indian reserva-
tion . . . I miss Pierre . . . Bear . . . Hide
the bobbie pin . . .

"Who strives to the utmost, him we can save."



KAVA Club
Spanish Club 4
Volleyball 4 (2nd team)
Current Events 4 (Honorable Mention)



ELIZABETH STREET FULLER

511 Mapleton Avenue
Suffield, Connecticut

ENDICOTT JUNIOR COLLEGE

PRESIDENT OF KAVA

*"Man draws from within himself, as from a spring,
pleasure and joy."*

Fuller, it's your father calling from Italy
. . . Hello Bill . . . letters, letters, letters
. . . more letters . . . Beth, do you mind
if . . . yes, terribly . . . O.T.L. . . . Good
luck . . . Fun, fun, fun . . . I've read
every English book this year! . . . Suffield
Socialite . . . organization plus . . .

KAVA Club
Glee Club 2, 3 (Vice-President), 4 (President)
Spanish Club 3, 4
Ski Club 4
Proctor 2, 4
Volleyball 3 (2nd team)
Hockey 4 (2nd team)
Basketball 4 (2nd team)
Water Ballet 2, 3
Softball 4
Christmas Chorus 3, 4
Photography Club 4
Current Events 3 (Honorable Mention)
Octet 4
KAVA Nominating Committee 3, 4



KATHARINE SARGENT HARVEY

2025 Gratiot Avenue
Saginaw, Michigan

COLORADO ALPINE COLLEGE



Kaki . . . Haru . . . Hey Harvey . . .
local connections . . . Higgins . . . "Watch
out, Jack!" . . . Jimmy Hendrix . . . cher-
ries . . . N.Y. legal . . . Hondas . . . Hey
Mack, let's go to North Creek . . . Sunday
afternoon walks . . .

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."



CAE Club
French Club 2, 3, 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Badminton 3 (Manager)
Tennis 3 (Manager)
Ski Club 2, 3, 4
Commencement Play 3, 4
Cheerleading 4
Volleyball 4 (2nd team)
Breakfast Club 4 (Vice-President)



FELICITY WILLIAMS HOLIHAN

68 Salem Street
Andover, Massachusetts

ENDICOTT JUNIOR COLLEGE

"No temper could be more cheerful than hers, or possess, in a greater degree, that sanguine expectation of happiness which is happiness itself."

I was really sick! . . . They found the ring! . . . Newport . . . Sailing, sailing. . . London or bust—but then again . . . Ski trips?! . . . selling clothes . . . one little, two little, three little stitches . . . parents gone?! . . . trips to Boston . . . natural hair color?!

CAE Club
Debate Club 4
Stagemanager 4



GEORGIA KENNEDY INNES

93 Edwards Lane
Atherton, California

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT DAVIS



G.I. . . . camera crazy . . . California here
I come! . . . wild times in French class . . .
explains with hands . . . guitar . . . flower
power via sweet tarts . . . Dick . . . T.V.
hysteria . . . independent nature . . . O.K.
you guys, line up!

"Music when soft voices die vibrates in the memory."



CAE Club
Photography Club 4
Glee Club 3, 4
French Club 3, 4
R.H. Negatives 3, 4 (leader)
Commencement Play 4
Christmas Chorus 3, 4
Father's Day Refreshment Committee 3, 4
Song for Undergrads 3
Katherine Whitten MacGay Literary Awards
4 (Honorable Mention)



"Possess your soul with patience."

DEBORAH ANNE JONES

2 Whynwood Road
Simsbury, Connecticut

LaSALLE JUNIOR COLLEGE

Ooooooh! . . . famous tales of wild Simsbury . . . ah so! . . . Drew . . . you know, I think I could get to like him . . . sleeping beauty . . . Saturday splurges . . . Beautiful! . . . a spur of the moment doer . . . sewing whiz . . . little boys . . . clunk . . . friendly to all . . .

KAVA Club
French Club 4
Glee Club 4
Lawrence Dance Committee 4
Softball 4 (Manager)
Proctor 4
Tutoring Program 4
Badminton 4
Parents' Day Sewing Committee 4
Founder's Day Sewing Committee 4



ISABELLA ALICE KINNEY

401 Summer Street
Manchester, Massachusetts

UNIVERSITY OF DENVER

OUT TO LUNCH? . . . JODI . . . a Celtic Lover, . . . Rob . . . Kidd . . . the paper-cups . . . roses . . . from . . . (?) . . . Marty. ANYthing of mine is yours! Deb . . . three on a bottle . . . fire doors . . . Scott . . . Martin-member . . . those Manchester RALLIES . . . foresight . . . V.W.(s) . . . a member of the stoneage generation . . . Pancreas attacks! . . . Downtown . . . the Library TRIPS . . . A Friend . . . the ROLLING GREEN . . . Flyer . . .



"Whatever you do, crush the infamous thing (suspicion) and love those who love you."



CAE Club
Dramatics Club 4
Dramatics 3 (Honorable Mention),
4 (Honorable Mention)
Field Hockey
Volleyball 3 (2nd team)
Basketball 3 (2nd team)
Softball 4
Swimming Team 3, 4 (Manager)
Badminton 3
Sub Mascot (Cae)
R. H. Award 4



*"I lay and rode the moonlight
Upward through the errant boughs . . ."*

KAVA Club
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Swimming 2, 3, 4
Softball 3, 4
Volleyball 4
Hockey 4 (Captain)
Basketball 4
Founder's Day Team 4
Proctor 3
Christmas Chorus 3, 4
Splinters Business Board 4
Breakfast Club 4
Commencement Play 4

KATHYRN MAHAN KIRCHMAIER

28683 East River Road
Perrysburg, Ohio

UNIVERSITY OF TOLEDO

VICE-PRESIDENT OF KAVA

Chimp squeels . . . instant poetry . . .
trees are so intimate . . . Ah-so Challie
. . . motown sound . . . what Jimi Hen-
drix can do at personal appearances . . .
sweat it out . . . Cheshire cat . . . itch
much? . . . a bonus vacation . . . gas mask
. . . what shall I wear on the plane . . .
Williams . . . across the border . . . Pewter
Pot Shop . . . one way to Tyngsboro . . .
speedy swimmer and driver.



ELIZABETH LORRAINE LaCOUR

15 Hillside Road
New London, Connecticut

GULF PARK JUNIOR COLLEGE



"Second thoughts are ever wiser."

Tiffany . . . a Celtic Lover . . . Master
Jack . . . I'll never never come back" . . .
firedoor fiend . . . The SHOW-OFF . . .
Yale? Harvard? Dartmouth? . . . Paul
Martin . . . Try a Tiffany weekend plan
. . . Lilies . . . who's been sleeping in our
beds? . . . KIDD . . . on time . . . worth
her weight in gold . . . Bottles . . . The
doctor . . . the dentist . . .



KAVA Club
French Club 3, 4
Ski Club 3, 4
Dramatics Club 2, 3, 4
Dramatics 2, 3
Photography Club 4
Splinters Photography 4
Field Hockey 2, 3, 4
Volleyball 2, 3, 4
Basketball 2, 3, 4
Softball 2, 3, 4
Tennis 2, 4
Badminton 2, 3, 4
Cheerleading 2, 3, 4
R. H. Award 2, 3, 4
Field Day Team 4



JODI PHYLLIS LANDWEHR

98 South Division
Holland, Michigan

NORTHWOOD INSTITUTE OF ART

"Though this be madness yet there is method in it."

O.T.L. . . . a mailbox . . . is that dust on your coat . . . Archade . . . back of the hand . . . Camaro . . . Mobil . . . did you say Roxbury? . . . tell Hamlet Jodi says Hi . . . C. C. Clanslady . . . fire escape socialite . . . hey Blondie . . . basement theatre of pantomine . . . bods . . . rollers . . . absolutely insane and her father should know about it . . . regeneration at the beach . . . Roger Dodger . . . it's for laundry, popcorn, and a trunk . . . Kidd . . . Martin member.

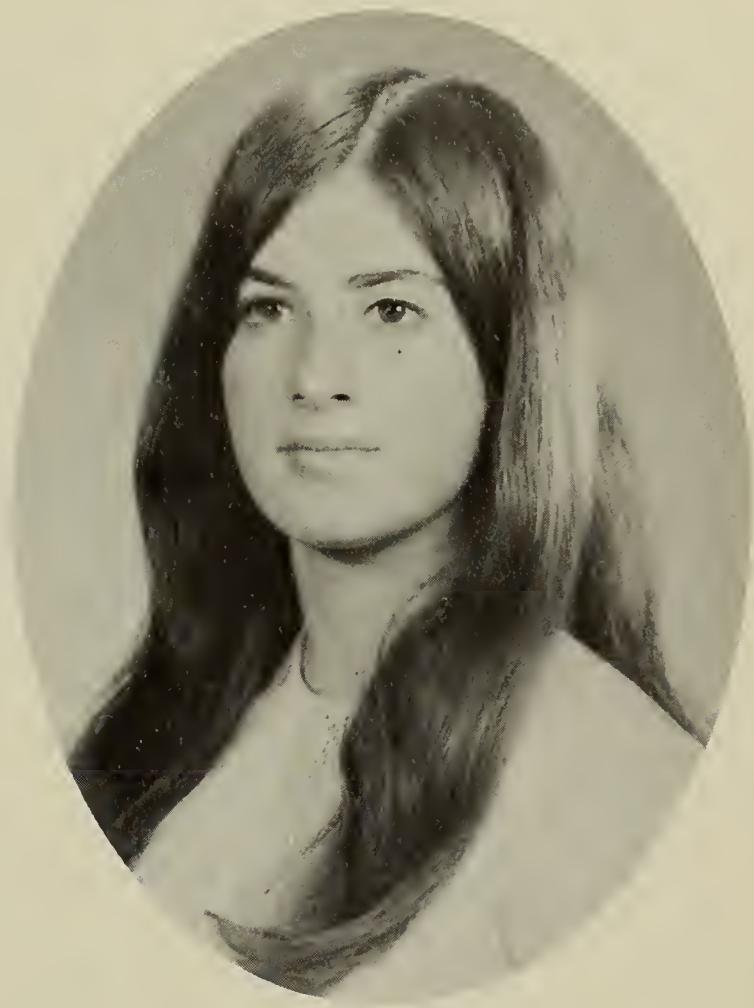
CAE Club
French Club 3, 4
Dramatics 1, 2, 3, 4
Dramatics Club 3 (Vice-President), 4 (President)
Dramatics Honorable Mention 2, 3, 4
Splinters Literary Board 4
Senior Luncheon Literary Committee 2, 3
Cheerleading 3½ (mascot)
Hockey 1 (2nd team), 3 (2nd team)



FRANCINE SUE LEOFF

11 George Street
Andover, Massachusetts

RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE



Frankie . . . "I didn't do any homework last night" . . . Willy alias London Fog . . . Wild Bowdoin Weekend . . . weekly horse shows . . . Light blue convertible; Road Runner some day? . . . "You're weird" . . . "I have a gym number?" . . . Twenty-six in one night . . . ANDOVAH . . . those Sunday afternoons in the Park . . . "Ask me if I care" . . . Tim . . . Look out Virginia!

"Curiosity is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous mind."



KAVA Club
Columns 2, 3
Splinters Literary Board 4
French Club 2, 3, 4
Hockey 3 (2nd team)
Basketball 4 (2nd team)
Volleyball 3 (2nd team), 4 (2nd team)
Debate Club 3
Honor Roll 4



LAURA KYLE LOCKWOOD

79 Eastway
Mount Kisco, New York

*"The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of
sweetness and light."*

Dressmaker over-night . . . Isn't that cute?
. . . TOMMY . . . biting off split ends
. . . finally pierced ears! . . . "Anyone for
clam digging?" . . . quiet . . . Pistachio Ice
Cream *with* Pistachio Nuts . . . holy fin-
gers . . . "Has my hair grown?" . . .
phone's RINGing . . . artistic . . . drying
up? . . . lost towels . . . "Hold that pose!"

KAVA Club
Octet 3, 4
Ski Club 3
Andover Poster Committee 3
Splinters Art Editor 4
Senior Luncheon Art Chairman 3



LEE ANN McKALLAGAT

135 Academy Road
North Andover, Massachusetts

UNIVERSITY OF DENVER

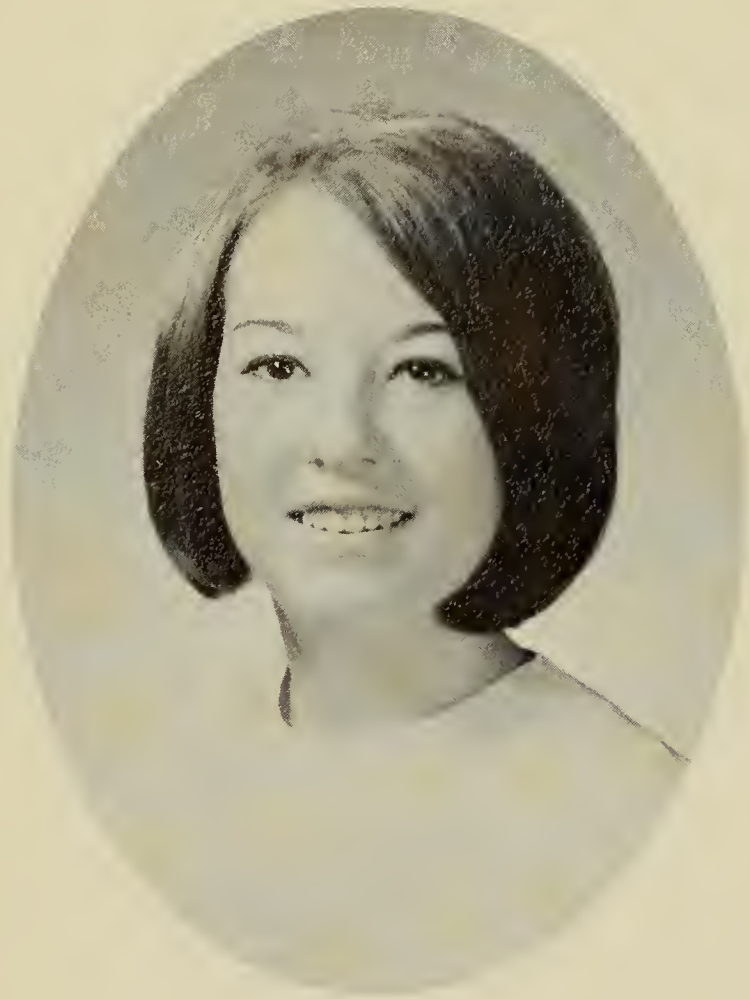


Lee-Lee . . . He's really buggin' me! . . .
I'm on a diet . . . Mad River—broken
windshield wipers?!! . . . what a “jerk-off”
. . . Killy! . . . I'm a walk-on . . . Hot
cup of tea! tea! . . . Sto-o-o-p it . . . Har-
vard? . . . Weekends in Lincoln . . . She's
got my “pony”!

*“The only reward of virtue is virtue; the only way
to have a friend is to be one.”*



CAE Club
French Club 4
Glee Club 3, 4
Cheerleader 4
Hockey 3 (2nd team)
Commencement Play 4



MARTHA EMMONS PARKINSON

Copper Beeches
Cotuit, Mass.

CYGNETS HOUSE
London, England

"He only lives who living, enjoys life."

They're so much in love . . . I'm snowed
. . . If I wait long enough it'll go on the
incidentals . . . Mating call . . . Evoldo's
in jail? . . . Larry's in jail? . . . I'm in love
. . . Florence . . . A night in Paris . . .
My finger's caught in the pencil sharpener!
. . . Those little purple pills . . . Rip . . .

KAVA Club
Spanish Club 3, 4
Debate Club 3, 4 (Co-chairman)
Dramatics Club 3, 4
Photography Club 4
Water Ballet 1, 2, 3
Parents' Day Fair (Chairman of Apron
Committee) 4
Tennis, Badminton 4 (Manager)



ELIZA JANE PLIMPTON

Old Sudbury Road
South Lincoln, Massachusetts

HICKOX SCHOOL



"Sleep" much?? . . . She's such a "Noble" girl! . . . Miss Cover Girl, U.S.A. . . . Lee, could I borrow your black patent leather shoes?? . . . yellow roses . . . Lississa! . . . Sunshine! . . . Try to pull the reins in on me! . . . Empty ski lodge . . . What color "white"?

"We are conscious of beauty when there is a harmonious relation between something in our nature and the quality of the object which delights us."



CAE Club

French Club 2, 3, 4

Cheerleading 2, 3

Hockey 3 (2nd team), 4 (2nd team)

Volleyball 2 (2nd team), 3 (2nd team),
4 (2nd team)

Softball 2 (2nd team)



CLAIRE THERESA SCANNELL

131 Holyrood Avenue
Lowell, Massachusetts

GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

"However rare true love is, true friendship is rarer."

Ka-lay-eer! . . . Mrs. Jones, I have my mother's keys!! . . . K.A. Prom . . . Lefty's —here I come . . . My mother said . . . 6th period haircuts . . . Froggy winter courtin' . . . Me no see, me no hear . . . What'd you say?—what, what . . . Worsham's favorite daydreamer . . . fortune telling.

CAE Club
French Club 3, 4
Dramatics Club 3, 4
Debate Club 4
Splinters Business Board 4
Hockey 2 (2nd team), 3 (2nd team)
Dramatics 4



KATHARINE GOODRICH SHEPARD

125 Hillside Road
Kensington, Connecticut

GARLAND JUNIOR COLLEGE

Katie . . . Hot Lips . . . K. K. Katie . . .
manual aids to concentration . . . "I've come
to a conclusion" . . . Willard . . . "actually
I'm not on the phone that much" . . . early
to bed, early to rise . . . "okay, girls" . . .
"I don't want to talk myself into this" . . .
speech lessons by Johnson and Washburn
. . . creative decor . . . close eyes—open
mouth . . . "going home this weekend,
Hot Lips?" . . . "Man, Have I got some-
thing to tell you!" . . . The legs . . . do
you have? . . .



*"Good nature is more agreeable in conversation
than wit and gives a certain air to the counten-
ance which is more amiable than beauty."*



CAE Club
Ski Club 3, 4
Water Ballet 3
Stagemanager 4
Spanish Club 3, 4
Basketball 4 (2nd team)
Research Committee for Founder's Day 4
Badminton 4 (Manager)
Tennis 4 (Manager)



NANCY ALBERT SMITH

Manley Street
Marblehead, Massachusetts

GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

*"Ready I am to go, and my eagerness with sails full
set awaits the wind."*

Nunders of Blancy . . . pretty many . . .
Jay . . . sailing . . . skiing, V.W. . . .
Punching bigger kids . . . Cambridge . . .
Orange . . . Marblehead is home . . .
Bomble . . . Man does Buddha cross his
legs . . . Hmmm . . . good . . . Simon
and Garfunkel . . . love that place . . .
John is so dear . . . Where's my L.P. . . .
Renting babies? . . . schmokel, I'm so fat

CAE Club
Ski Club 2, 3, 4 (President)
Photography Club 4
Columns 2, 3
Hockey 2, 3 (2nd team), 4
Swimming 4
Honor Roll 2
Proctor 3
Class President 3



FAY ANN SUTTON

Cousins Island
Yarmouth, Maine

ENDICOTT JUNIOR COLLEGE



"The smiles that win, the tints that glow."

Ah so Charlie . . . I'm having a heart
attack . . . There hi . . . ooooooh!! . . . See
ya lader . . . Bermuda . . . Boogaloo . . .
Rockie and Bulwinkle . . . I forgot my
prints . . . Brooks . . . Photography . . .
King Federal . . . Electric Head . . .
Touching shades . . .



CAE Club
Ski Club 4
Octet 4
Spanish Club 3, 4
Photography Club 4 (President)
Hockey 4
Swimming 4
Senior Life Saving 3



"Little things mean a lot"

CYNTHIA KAY TOMSU

3180 Gratiot Avenue
Port Huron, Michigan

ALBION COLLEGE

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS

Asleep by 3:00 a.m. . . . Dark Florida Tan
. . . It's ALWAYS Tim! . . . Roses from
an old flame . . . "What's the matter with
my ankles?" . . . That's so darling . . .
Cream filled donuts . . . An abundance of
ace bandages . . . "I have so many letters
to answer" . . . How's the book? . . .
short hair, some day . . . just because ice
cream doesn't have bones . . . Want to
see my turkey? . . . MICHIGAN!

KAVA Club
Glee Club 4
Volleyball 3 (2nd team), 4
Basketball 3 (2nd team), 4
Hockey 4 (Manager)
French Club 4
Council 4
Governor Dummer Dance Committee 3
Honor Roll 3, 4
Graduation Marshall 3
Founder's Day Co-chairman 4
Spring Dance Committee 4
Helen Hill Award 4



SHERRILL WARNER

33 Cove Circle
Marion, Massachusetts

LYNCHBURG COLLEGE



Breakfast Club . . . day leave to Cambridge . . . To be Diane or not to be Diane—that is the Question. He won't be a millionaire if he works like Terrence Stamp—Love those loafers . . . "I'll know them by the night of the play" . . . You booger . . . Ambition . . . At least Lynchburg wants me . . . you peon!

"The ever importunate murmer, 'Dramatize it, dramatize it!'"



CAE Club
Dramatics Club 3, 4
Debate Club 4
Dramatics 3 (Honorable Mention), 4
Splinters Business Board 4
Hockey 4 (2nd team)
Swimming 3
Badminton 3
Librarian 3
Proctor 3, 4
Sub Mascot 4
Breakfast Club 4 (President)
Current Events 4 (Honorable Mention)
Dramatics Award 4



DORRIS MARY WILLIAMS

1219 Andover Street
Lowell, Massachusetts

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

"Silence more musical than any song."

I brought my slide rule! . . . Lab whiz??!
. . . new twins . . . Church basketball
team . . . S.B.D. . . . Mother's little
helper . . .

KAVA Club
Hockey 4
Swim Team 4



AMY FRANCES WILSON

7 Prospect Street
Williamstown, Massachusetts

MASSACHUSETTS STATE COLLEGE AT
NORTH ADAMS

VICE-PRESIDENT OF CAE CLUB

Amos . . . Killer . . . Armadillo . . . and
earthworm . . . hippihome . . . La La La
La La Bombard . . . Barnabus . . . the
kissing disease . . . the tramp . . . queen of
Petersburg's Pass . . . Breakfast Club . . .
vice of P.R.A.S. . . . I love him . . . I love
him not . . . Miss Pirouette.



*"We know nothing of tomorrow; our business is to
be good and happy today."*

CAE Club
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4
Water Ballet 1
Class President 2
Proctor 2
Hockey 2 (2nd team), 4
Volleyball 2, 3 (2nd team), 4 (Captain)
Softball 2, 3 (2nd team Captain)
Dramatics 1, 2, 3, 4
French Club 3, 4
Basketball 3 (2nd team)
Christmas Chorus 3, 4
Current Events Award 3, 4



"Liberty of thought is the life of the soul."

KATHARINE STAFFORD WINTER

60 South Main Street
Suffield, Connecticut

GREEN MOUNTAIN JUNIOR COLLEGE

Winters . . . Isn't it great to be back, girls?
. . . the second floor alarm clock . . . what
could be sweeter . . . It's 10:30 and I
haven't started studying yet! Phone bills
. . . Look out, here comes tomorrow! . . .
see ya later, sweetie . . . "If I were a
carpenter . . .

KAVA Club
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4
Spanish Club 3, 4 (President)
Softball 1 (2nd team), 2 (2nd team)
Water Ballet 2
Hockey 2 (2nd team), 3 (2nd team), 4 (Captain)
Basketball 2 (2nd team), 3 (2nd team), 4
Music Appreciation 2 (Honorable Mention)
Red Cross Swimmer Award 1
Proctor 3



CHRISTINA JOAN WRIGHT

Groton School
Groton, Massachusetts

SKIDMORE COLLEGE

Ray J. . . . orange crush and popcorn . . .
superiority complex? . . . tuna fish . . .
other half of the Wright Place . . . Don't
you think it's too short? . . . I'm *not* mad!
. . . chalk it up to experience . . . I'm
never wrong . . . always put off today what
you can do tomorrow . . . baseball is fun!
. . . showers at 8:05 A.M. . . . famous
imitations . . .



*"Discover in all things that which shines and is
beyond corruption."*

KAVA Club

Glee Club 2, 3, 4

Spanish Club 3, 4

Photography Club 4 (Co-President)

Ski Club 1, 2, 3

Dramatics Club 3, 4

Dramatics 1, 4

Columns 2, 3 (Editor-in-Chief)

Splinters Literary Board 4

Cheerleading 3, 4

Proctor 2

Council 3, 4

Honor Roll 1

Hockey 3, 4 (2nd team)

Volleyball 2, 3 (2nd Team), 4

Softball 1 (2nd team), 2, 3, 4

Swimming 1, 2, 3, 4

Water Ballet 1

Class Vice-President 2

Octet 3, 4

Basketball 4 (Manager)

Tutoring at Moody School 4

R.H. Award 4

GRADUATION—ROGERS HALL

(written in grateful appreciation by a '68 father)

What if I a daughter be—
Instead of basing the family tree—
Would I not on this occasion
Find time for much elation?

Yes, I would, I know I would
With all betwixt my ears, I should—
The countless days sans all but feline
Would leave me mute, without design.

But then, a thought, a pearled tear
The kinetograph of short years.
This Rogers Hall, I now realize,
Is more than I surmised.

So off to cross the dunes of life
My pretty head held high to strife,
I would forevermore be knowingly blest
By all my Rogers Hall behest.

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- 20 THE OPENING OF THE SCHOOL YEAR
Seeing old friends again and the beginning of new friendships.
- 22 SINGING BEACH
Experiencing a few grains of sand in a hot dog.
- 30 EXETER DANCE
Nervousness overcome by excitement.

OCTOBER

- 1 VESPERS
Characters of the stage were now a reality.
- 4 SENIOR PICTURES
Informality made formal.
- 7 ANDOVER DANCE
An introduction to Ivy League?
- 9 SENIOR SISTER CEREMONY
Candles extinguished; relationships lit
- 11 INITIATION
Encountering for the first time a test of endurance and sportsmanship.
- 14 P.S.A.T.'s
Gloom!
- 16 CAE AND KAVA DINNER
Spirit and loyalty expressed through various colors.
- 20 ANDOVER CELEBRITY SERIES
Vibrations of Ian and Sylvia amidst fanaticism.
- 28 BROOKS DANCE

NOVEMBER

- 1 SECOND TEAM HOCKEY—CAE
- 4 PARENTS' WEEKEND
FIRST TEAM HOCKEY—CAE
- 22 THANKSGIVING PLAYS
Thespians supreme . . .
- 23 THANKSGIVING VACATION
Happiness is a long weekend.

DECEMBER

- 2 S.A.T.'s
Despair!
ANDOVER DANCE—GLEE CLUB
The underworld made celestial through the harmony of the Glee Club voices.

DECEMBER

- 11 CHRISTMAS VESPERS
SENIOR RING CEREMONY
"Every tradition grows ever more venerable."
12 CHRISTMAS PLAY
Oriental splendor presented through "The Gift of Tenyin".
13 CHRISTMAS VACATION
Application of *Dear Jane*

JANUARY

- 2 RETURN FROM VACATION
"Christmas is over and Business is Business."
9 SECOND TEAM VOLLEYBALL—KAVA
11 FIRST TEAM VOLLEYBALL—CAE
13 MIDDLESEX DANCE
"Dancing in all its forms cannot be excluded from the curriculum of all noble education."
15-19 REVIEW WEEK
"From contemplation one may become wise, but knowledge comes only from study."
22-25 EXAMS
Knowledge applied to the theory.
25-29 LONG WEEKEND
A short break well deserved.

FEBRUARY

- 16 LAWRENCE DANCE
Psychedelic visions appeared throughout the minds.

MARCH

- 2 TILTON DANCE
Glee Club's grand night for singing.
4 SECOND TEAM BASKETBALL—CAE
6 FIRST TEAM BASKETBALL—CAE
8 FREE DAY
At last!
15 SPRING VACATION
"Now 'tis the Spring."

APRIL

- 2 RETURN FROM SPRING VACATION
Who's the "tannest" of them all?
27 ST. MARK'S DANCE

MAY

- 4 ACHIEVEMENT TESTS
Enduring three in one afternoon!
- 9 PLANTING OF THE EVERGREEN TREE
Dedication by the Dramatics Club in loving memory of Manuel.
- 11 FOUNDER'S DAY
The Seventy-fifth Anniversary Celebration of the founding of Rogers Hall—a day to remember!
- FATHER'S DAY
Dancing highlighted by entertainment to provide a quick "breather" for the fathers.
- 15 SCIENCE TRIP TO THE MUSEUM OF SCIENCE
Observing all the phases of the scientific world.
- 18 SPRING DANCE
A formal-informal dance in the newly-planted garden of MacGay.
- 21 SENIOR TRIP TO SEE HAMLET
"Love it."
- 23 SOFTBALL GAME—CAE
- 24 SWIMMING MEET—KAVA
Grace and form combined with speed and ability.
- 20-24 REVIEW WEEK
"Enough work to do, and strength enough to do the work."
- 27-30 EXAMS
"Happiness is Thursday afternoon."
- 30 CAE AND KAVA DINNERS
- 31 SENIOR SISTER—UNDERGRAD CEREMONY
"The perfect friendship of two women is the deepest and highest sentiment of which the finite mind is capable."
- JUNIOR RING CEREMONY
The beginning of a memorable tradition.

JUNE

- 1 SINGING BEACH
Taking life easy—"on the beach".
- 2 BACCALAUREATE SERMON
"As through life we fare."
- MUSICALE
Glee Club.
- 3 SENIOR LUNCHEON
CLASS DAY EXERCISES
COMMENCEMENT PLAY
The Madwoman of Chaillot
To speak of madness is to think of '68.
- 4 RECEPTION FOR SENIOR CLASS
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
"All experience is an arch, to build upon."



Lindsay Bacon



Kathy Beers



Donna Brion



Charlotte Brohard



Beth Bullock



Kate DeBlois



Place Downey



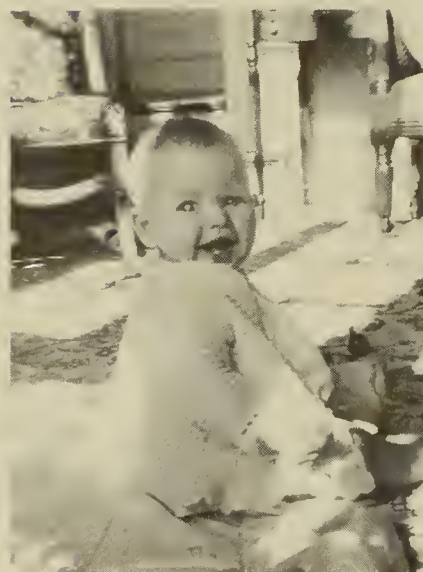
Kathy Ellington



Beth Fuller



Kaki Harvey



Flip Holihan



Georgia Innes



Debbie Jones



Isabel Kinney



Kim Kirchmaier



Lorrie LaCour



Jodi Landwehr



Frankie Leoff



Laura Lockwood



Lee McKallagat



Mardi Parkinson



Lisa Plimpton



Claire Scannell



Katie Shepard



Nancy Smith



Fay Sutton



Cindy Tomsu



Sherry Warner



Dorrie Williams



Amy Wilson



Kathy Winier



Tina Wright

PROPHECY

It's 1993 and, though still staggering from the 75th, Rogers Hall's now completely disjointed, out to lunch family of '68 has dropped out of their spaced-out realm into the hippie syndrome for a reunion, which just happens to coincide with the 100th. At first the returning throngs did not recognize the old alma mater, for the picket fence no longer marks the grounds. During the riots of the 70's collectors of artifacts of disappearing civilizations had carted off the ancient pickets and they may now be viewed at the Smithsonian. However, the lost landmark somehow makes the tent complex on old Fort Hill, now called Resurrection Hill, more of an integral part of the school. Tenting has been a RH way of life since '68, and of course, the day's activities will take place on the Hill, rather than on the old hockey field, now occupied by a giant smoke house.

Katie Shepard Soaper has arrived first with all the little Suds to give us the latest gossip from her central control . . . "Hotlips" is sizzling with news from the Ivy League circuit. Katie, our official correspondent, feared that Tina Wright would not make the 100th, but alas, Tina is ambling through the park, with her camera, and just might arrive soon. Earlier, she related to us that she is living, as ever, on the Groton campus and holds nighttime reading sessions for all interested. Her children have been quite well behaved today, but Tina, of course, never knows when they are not.

Tiffany LaCour, Mrs. J. P. Morgan, Jr., the social director of the day, has just shimmied through with her caravan of weekend wardrobes. Her little darlings, not having seen mother for years, are apparently boarded at school abroad.

Felicity Happiness Holihan, voted in 1968 to be the first to plunge into marriage, surprised us all and instead has become a successful businesswoman. After several gay years as a demonstrator of Harley Davidsons, she decided to turn to an old family enterprise. As a result, the refreshments today, under her chairmanship, are a slightly revised version of the traditional sherry.

Leaving her duties in misty Maine, Fay Sutton, a renowned authority on photography, has arrived to reopen the Bloom Room. She has resigned her life to seeking donations and support for the *National Association for the Advancement of Colored Pictures*. Mr. Dickerson has had to reform his original opinion of Fay. Faysie has been energetically flashing flicks of Laura Lockwood who has returned with Tommy, of course. Today she is having a one-man showing of her paintings through the past twenty-five years. Laura and Tommy are living happily in Florida where Laura designs and sells her Laura Lilies.

Thinking Kathy Ellington was a freshman one of the faculty just made the gross error of asking her if she would mind babysitting. She responded with a tantrum and suddenly we all felt quite at home, as if the old days had really returned.

Frankie Leoff zipped up from Virginia with her Olympic "stah" husband in one of DaDa's roadrunners. Frankie's family is now world-famous for its phenomenal record of having children born in the saddle; they then simply ride on to victory. Upon receiving a desperate plea for a ride from a few penniless ex-day students, Frankie first picked up former Miss America Plimpton. We've learned that Lisa had a difficult time in choosing between SLEEP and her photographer, but the latter won out. The outstanding photographic display of today shows Lisa through the ages of style since '68, and even in '93 she's as sporting as ever. Lee McKallagat joined Frankie along the way in her fleet of Volkswagen buses laden down with children. Lee tells us that she keeps her girlish figure by keeping the caravan moving with the seasons between Denver and Florida and by fasting on all the right days.

She, Frankie, and Lisa have been doing a great deal of skiing together this year, though, of course the old girls aren't as cool as they used to be on the slopes.

PROPHECY

Kate DeBlois, now Mrs. Sheldon Sheldon, was to have joined the group coming up from Virginia too; however she was slightly delayed due to frequent stops at cemeteries. Kate, a renowned authority on gravestones, has brought a few autographed copies of her first book, *Tombstones I Have Known*. She says she looks forward to advancing age which she portrayed so well in RH plays.

The Michigan crew has just arrived. Jodi Landwehr has come in her ancient Camaro, which she has kept in tiptop condition in memory of '68. Of course, Jodi, gassed up at Mobil, is now waiting for four friends to open up the refreshment stand. Jodi has the word of the day, but is letting us guess what it is. Now more experienced, Jodi is still designing on paper as well as in her head. We have been informed that she and Rod have been starring together in the Holland Community Playhouse, playing a revised version of *The Odd Couple*.

Lindsay Bacon, the well-established manager of the Williamstown Gazette, has just arrived in the States from one of her annual voyages to London to see the Queen. Lin has taken the current *Splinters* Business Board aside and is tutoring them in bill collecting techniques.

Kaki Harvey has flown in on her chartered jet, but she kept close watch for flying nuns. Kaki has rewarded us this day by singing a solo "*She hath done what she could*" under the direction of Beth Fuller. Beth will receive a citation today for her contribution to her profession: *A Music Program to do Physical Therapy By*, which has become world famous and has made her the Jazz Queen of P.T. Our class remembers Beth well for her many phone calls from her attentive father.

Another Michiganite Cindy Tomsu left the Detroit riots and has been here days in advance aiding Carol in organizing the 100th year anniversary and in measuring the field for the demonstration exercises. Cin's health has been failing her recently due to late nights and she again has a bandaged ankle, but she was able to get out to get her hair re-streaked. Tim seems to be momentarily neglected, so another outcast, Charlie Brohard and her son Chuck are doing their best to entertain him. Charlie just came from the New York Military Academy where things got a little Rusty in the Kitchen area. Today Charlie is making preparations for a throwing contest and other fun games.

Kim Kirchmaier Ryley and Richard just drifted in from a reunion at Williams where they attended—what else—a swimming meet. There is a hot demand today for Kimmie's beep-beep poetry.

Miss Place *Gatsby* Downey has just returned from one of her two week summer parties in Michigan. Our stylish pygmie has become quite slender after her life-long battle with diet pills and candy vs. ice cream. Place says the hippies are building an Insurrection City on their old playgrounds and she is busily reading up on draft evasion for all future Jim's.

Debbie Jones founded what we always knew she would—a rest home. Unfortunately she could not exert herself to make our 100th but she sends a shining smile.

Mardi Parkinson now owns her own villa and is an active president of the *Jet Set*. Mardi tired of Mr. Zig Zag and has gone on to new kicks. Mardi loves her children to have all the fun they can, but, as her mother advised, she suggests they can do anything they like as long as they do it at home. In P. town, it is said that she has been flitting about a few "eccentric" social circles.

With a swift gesture of her arm Kathy Beers has bade us hello. K. B. has become an RH trustee and president of her local P.T.A. Today she has endowed us with a lengthy dissertation on "*How to make a right decision and still remain popular*". She is presently part owner of a collegiate shoppe where she is now able to buy clothes economically too.

PROPHECY

Sherry Warner has come in on her good ship *Lollipop* loaded down with "all sorts of groovy things". Sherry has lived many of her dramatic roles and as of late has taken on the job of a leading public critic. Of course Sherry managed to marry the millionaire Howard Hughes who has endowed the RH theatre, now known as "Sherry's Playhouse". Incidentally, Sherry has brought with her several of her rented children.

A flash from Katie's information booth tells us that Kathy Winter is unable to join us due to an accident last week: as a result of her tripping over a waste basket she broke her hand on the wall while trying to recover herself. Nonetheless, she is, as always, still laughing. We will miss her scheduled monologue "If I were a carpenter".

Amy Killer Wilson and Ken have come with many first and second generation LaBomBards as was predicted in '68. The very prosperous "Five Flies" admits Killer's students at her country day school during their snack and recreation period. Amy has just been given a hearty welcome from her old senior year roommate but they have had little time together because Amy must make herself busy at the refreshment stand. We've just received *Greetings* from Donna Brion, the official orator of the day, and she and her brother are now making speech preparations. Fastidious Donna, now down to 105 pounds with short hair again, still wonders if her slacks look well. Donna has been attending C. W. Post and N.Y.U. for years—ever since graduating from RH—and is majoring in journalism. She is well read and knows more on any topic than anyone. Next week she expects to begin a lecture tour via her yacht in Florida. Nancy *Dwindle Dwarf* Smith has come with all her little Hoods in the Whaler by way of the Merrimack. Nancy is down to 95 pounds but is still just as energetic and just as temperamental. There is no doubt in our minds that Nancy is pleased to be back.

Elizabeth Liberty Bullock has many interesting tales to tell us of her career as a beachcomber. Beth, as always just in from the sands of Rhode Island, has with her, her extraordinary collection of children all decked out in styles from Mommy's favorite emporium, the Army-Navy Surplus. They, of course, have been raised, not on the obsolete ex-con Dr. Spock, but on Beth's own philosophy contained in her illustrated book *Dear Beth* inspired by the "Jane" sessions at RH.

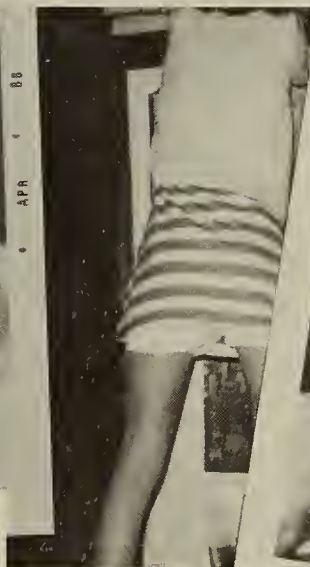
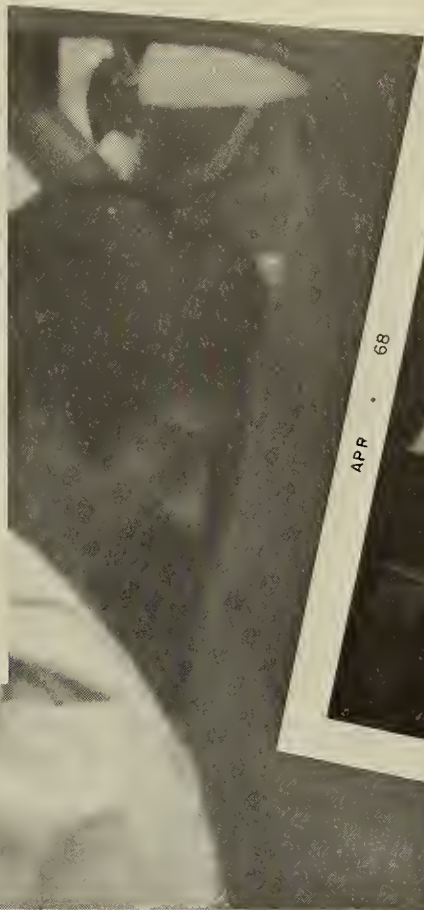
Beth's rolling in was soon followed by Izzy Kinney's. Izz and Beth rehashed a few memorable experiences at Denver, but Isabel had almost forgotten those wild days, since she's been married for many years. Isabel has become quite a horticulturist for the area of Manchester and she and her husband have offered the school some prize-winning roses and other plantings.

Georgia Innes has returned with Dick to revive some antiquated protest songs. They have recorded Georgia's poetry on multi-colored plastic records for freaking out, and these discs make fabulous collector's items. Georgia and Dick have been very preoccupied with contemplating the simplicity of nature. They may seek advice from Claire Gardenia Scannell who has erected a private tent at the top of Fort Hill. Since her '68 soothsaying days of predicting marriages and numbers of future children, Claire has gone on to a great career in fortunetelling and today we are witnessing her amazing accuracy. Old and young are lined up at her tent but during breaks she escapes to the golden arches, and at least now there is greater parking area for backing out of tight spots. Dorris Williams really followed through on Claire's prediction of eight children, including two sets of twins. Dorrie has out-Gerbered that other famous RH grad with her Instant Kiddie Foods and she was elected Mother of the Year 1985.

Ah, there's the music—the demonstration is beginning—and there's Isabel Kinney II, alias Elizabeth Rogers, returning again. Won't you join us in watching the gala events?

BETH BULLOCK AND THE STAFF

R. H. GREAT MOMENTS



CLASS WILL

WE LEAVE

- MISS RAMSAY eighty-seven sleeping bags for the next tenting night.
- MISS ALEXANDER an answering service for late night phone calls in the Hall.
- BILL a formula for instant and perpetual grass.
- MISS BOWES a pair of suspenders to hold up her skirts.
- MRS. BREWER all our next year's magazine subscriptions.
- MISS BUIS marching to the Moody School.
- MRS. CROSBIE cycling to the meat market.
- MISS HABER emancipation from our numberless society.
- MISS HAYNES a Poet's Corner.
- MRS. HOFFER ten lessons at the Atlas Muscle Building Salon so that she can win a round with Bruno.
- MRS. A. JONES an honorary FBI membership card.
- MRS. F. JONES a knight in shining armour to fight her monster machine.
- MRS. LATOUR the Grandmother of the Year Award.
- MISS LEBUTT a recording of the study hall choir singing her favorite song "The Mule Stood Around".
- MRS. MILLER an automatic counter for bus trips.
- MRS. PERLOFF four gallons each of orange and purple fluorescent paint for the psychedelic decor of the art room.
- MISS PHELPS some bloodhounds to help her find study hall deserters.
- MRS. PHINNEY a smoke screen for vacation times.
- MISS PULLING a magnetized pocketbook and a fur beanie for Sunday services.
- MISS ROBINSON an ambulance to bring her to school.
- ROGER a year's leave of absence to get over his first three months at RH.
- MRS. SADOWSKI a lifetime supply of creepy-crawly creatures to make life in the dungeon gay.
- MRS. SARGENT all our emptied bottles.
- MRS. STATEN racing stripes for the new station wagon.
- MRS. WORSHAM a year's supply of INSTANT DINNERS for the boys back home.

CLASS WILL

LINDSAY BACON leaves Household Finance applications to those poverty-stricken club members who can't afford to pay for their *Splinters* ads.

KATHY BEERS leaves dramatically.

DONNA BRION leaves still talking her way in and out of airplanes.

CHARLOTTE BROHARD leaves CHUCKING her nickname.

BETH BULLOCK leaves flying high but dry, having climbed down from her reef to rejoin briefly her '68 classmates.

KATE DEBLOIS leaves Sheldon and Hamilton and the whole Ivy League to find the true meaning of life.

PLACE DOWNEY leaves en français for Malibu.

KATHY ELLINGTON leaves a word.

BETH FULLER leaves "Daddy" on the line.

KAKI HARVEY leaves again, still laughing.

FLIP HOLIHAN leaves early as usual, leading the rest of the day-trippers.

GEORGIA INNES leaves the Octet "Blowin' in the Wind".

DEBBIE JONES leaves her copy of the *Simsbury Saga* to the Rogers Hall library.

ISABEL KINNEY leaves her OUT TO LUNCH pancreas to Mrs. Sadowski and medical history.

KIM KIRCHMAIER leaves Mrs. Worsham at the Pewter Pot.

ELIZABETH TIFFANY LORRAINE LACOUR leaves shimmying for Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth and so forth.

JODI LANDWEHR leaves the Kidd to the kids.

FRANKIE LEOFF leaves at a gallop with Tim, Bruce, Eric, Carter, David, etc., etc.

LAURA LOCKWOOD leaves memories of five letters a day to the envious undergrads.

LEE McKALLAGAT leaves in her smoky Volkswagen for a trip to Zayers.

MARDI PARKINSON leaves ZIGZagging down Rogers Street on the back of one of Harold's Hondas.

LIZA PLIMPTON leaves "SLEEPily" to continue her quest for bigger and better things.

CLAIRE SCANNELL leaves her empty place in gym to Jodi Tighe.

KATIE (Hot Lips) SHEPARD leaves shouting her usual last words "Man, I've got something to tell you . . ."

NANCY SMITH leaves her spirit and enthusiasm to all new girls.

FAY-ZEE SUTTON leaves spouting her famous sayings and going through her imitations of Jimmy Hendrix.

CYNTHIA (Cyn) TOMSU leaves an autographed gold disc of her favorite song "Me and My Shadow" to the RH archives.

SHERRY WARNER leaves her philosophy that "it's better to be a rich man's darling than a poor man's slave" to all well brought up girls.

DORRIS WILLIAMS leaves her family menus to John, the new chef.

AMY WILSON leaves loaded down for Williamstown, extending an open invitation to all seniors who feel capable of handling it.

KATHY WINTER leaves No-Dozing.

TINA WRIGHT leaves her bottle tops to the undergrads for their mixers next year.

JODI LANDWEHR AND THE STAFF



I've got to do SOMETHING . . .



Yoga the Bear



They THINK I'm naive



Guess what I'm thinking . . .



You think you've got troubles . . .



So who woke me up !?



You are my sunshine



*For my career I'll do anything to
lose ten pounds*



*Who did you say was re-wiring
the school?*



Wheel! We're going out to lunch!



Goody! Mommy bought me the Cloisters



Well—another night on the town.



Sideburns by Landwehr



Oh Willard, DO cool it . . .



Well, I said I'll do it tomorrow . . .



big mouth is good for SOMETHING . . .



What's to smile at?



Down home they grow 'em big!

SENIOR SONG

Tune: "*Moon River*"

June is here.
Now we say goodbye.
You know what you
Have meant
To us.

Candles we lit,
Friends by this flame;
Together sharing
Troubles and happiness.

When we're gone,
Friends we will remain.
Graduation near
To us,
We hope we have helped
As you have.

Sisters we will be,
Though sad we are
To leave.
Undergrads,
Goodbye.

KATHARINE BEERS '68
ELIZABETH FULLER '68



UNDIERGRADS



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS
President Marion Eddy
Vice-President Estela Alvarez



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS
Vice-President JoAnne Sweet
President Kitty Wick



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS
Vice-President Heather Russell
President Wendy Hansen



JUNIOR CLASS

First Row: Juszczak, Bell, Hemingway, Ellington S., Foster, Holihan H., LaFoley, Hall, Zinn.

Second Row: Plimpton N., Brown, Spring, McIlvain, Keast, Strasburg, Seller, Washburn, Johnson, Pletscher.

Third Row: Martin, Doremus, Gadd, Rowe, Brox, Anderson, Eddy (President), Alvarez (Vice-President), Laundon, Bloom, Lefferts, Nauss, Tatian, Pollak.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

First Row: Slimmon, MacMannis, Stewart S., Pihl, Green, Shipton, Lindsay.

Second Row: Mellick, Laing, Temple, Tikellis, McCartin, Knowles, Sullivan, Mink, Waterman, Lape.

Third Row: Copeland, Sohler, Vallis, Ballentine, McCann, Young, Thomas, Nields, Beck, Drury, Peck, Sweet (Vice-President), Wick (President).



FRESHMAN CLASS

Front Row: Saba, Fichera, Stewart B., Seaman, Chernin.

Seated: Russell, (Vice-President), Hansen (President).

Standing: Antonopoulos, Perkins, Ingraham, Mack E., Gilbert.



*I know the words better than
Johnson does!*



Huh??



*It's all been happening at
this end of the hall . . .*



Bag it, of course



RH daytime action



Cameras speak louder than words



So, what else is there to do?



*Do you think we can save
this relationship?*



Aw shucks . . .



*I'm smiling . . .
but just you wait . . .*



Too many Romans spoil the grapes



Who wants to grow up?



I'm a sunflower



Sign of the times?



Ain't she sweet?



Shall we dance?



*There's a fire escape to
the back entrance*



We're forming the funny club . . .

UNDERGRADUATE SONG

Tune: "*Blue Moon*"

Senior Sisters,
You came to us in September
You lit our candles, remember
And our friendship will always glow.

The memories we'll always have together
The helping hand you always gave us
Will never be forgotten.

When you walk down the aisle in June
You'll be leaving R. H. forever
But in our hearts you'll always remain
A true friend and always a sister.

We'll say goodbye
As you walk out the door
But never ever forget us
After you leave Rogers Hall

—D. PLETSCHER AND S. ELLINGTON '69



ORGANIZATION

GOVERNMENT



STUDENT COUNCIL

Seated: Miss Ramsay, Beers (President), DeBlois.

Standing: Wright, Tomsu, Pollak, Pletscher.



STUDENT PROCTORS

Kneeling: Eddy, Downey, Zinn, Green.

Seated: Miss Ramsay, Beers (President), Martin, Sweet.

Standing: Hall, Rowe, Washburn, Peck, Jones, Alvarez, McIlvain, Warner, Fuller, Johnson.

PUBLICATIONS



SPLINTERS

Front: Downey, Lockwood (Art Editor), Bullock (Editor-in-Chief) Bacon (Business Manager), Landwehr, LaCour.

Rear: Brion, Kirchmaier, Leoff, Warner, Scannell, Brohard, Wright, DeBlois.



THE COLUMNS

Front: Hemingway, Bell (Editor), Hall (Co-Editor), Foster.

Rear: Keast, Pletscher, Sweet, Beck, Young, Alvarez, Anderson.

MUSIC



GLEE CLUB

Front: Eddy (Vice-President), Miss LeButt, Fuller (President).

Second Row: Beers, Hall, Keast, Strasburg, Shipton, Sullivan, Pihl, Zinn, McIlvain, Wick, Lefferts, Kirchmaier.

Third Row Center: Tomsu, Innes, Mink, Knowles, Slimmon.

Fourth Row Center: Rowe, Ingraham, Brohard, Sweet, Downey, Brion, Antonopoulos, Peck.

Rear: Tatian, Winter, Bullock, Pletscher, Hemingway, Harvey, McKallagat, Foster, Martin, Sohier, Jones, Wilson, Pollak, Gadd, Anderson, Johnson, DeBlois, Perkins, Bacon.



THE R. H. NEGATIVES

Kneeling: Fuller, Rowe.

Standing: Sutton, McIlvain, Strasburg, Eddy, Wright.

Tree-hopping: Innes (leader), Lockwood.

LATIN CLUB

First Row: Mink, Sullivan, Knowl-
es, Laing.

Second Row: Saba, Tatian, Thom-
as (Vice-President), Washburn
(President), Miss Phelps (Advis-
or), Ingraham.

Third Row: Antonopoulos, Tikel-
lis, Pletscher.

Fourth Row: Beck, MacMannis,
Shipton, Mellick, Nields.



PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

Seated Front: Fuller, McIlvain, Keast, Johnson.

Second Row: Bell, Thomas, Alvarez, Sutton (President), Lefferts, Smith.

Rear: Innes, Hemingway, Bullock, Wright (Co-President), Bloom, Beck, LaCour.



FRENCH CLUB

Front: McKallagat, Innes, Wick, Wilson, Jones, Brohard, Mrs. Hoffer, (Advisor).

Rear: Drury, Harvey, Brion, Beers, Loeff, Plimpton E., DeBlois, Plimpton N., Scannell, Tomsu, Downey (President), LaCour, Landwehr, Bell, absent—Tighe (Vice-President).



SPANISH CLUB

Seated: Miss Pulling, (Advisor), Sutton, Shepard, Pollak, Fuller, Brown.

Standing: Alvarez (Vice-President), Winter (President), Lefferts, Mack, Parkinson, Ellington K.



DEBATE CLUB

Front: Sutton, Alvarez, Parkinson (President), Brion (Co-President), Tikellis, Holihan.

Rear: Warner, Doremus, Pletscher, Hall, Pollak, Tatian, Scannell.



SKI CLUB

Front: Foster, LaCour, Lape, Shepard, Vallis, Knowles.

Rear: Waterman, Johnson, Sutton, Bacon, Harvey, Fuller, Laundon, Gadd (Vice-President), Smith (President), Tatian, Pletscher, Bullock, Martin, Nauss, Shipton.



THE BREAKFAST CLUB

Left to right: Wilson, Kirchmaier, Bacon, Warner (President), Harvey (Vice-President), Smith, Shepard, Beers.



DRAMATICS CLUB

First Row: Brox, Anderson, Warner, Parkinson, Eddy (Vice-President), Mrs. Worsham (Advisor), Landwehr (President), Kinney, Hemingway, Smith, Pletscher, Laundon.

Rear: Wilson, Scannell, Bullock, LaCour, Doremus, Mack C., Downey, DeBlois, Beers, Hall.



CLUB MEMBERS ARE GROOVY



*Sand Skiing is, of course,
the coolest . . .*

*A trip to Hooker Howe
might improve matters*

*Have camera
will travel*



The sun does NOT SHINE on Dramatic Clubbies, and besides, we'll swear we wore hats!



The Columns is a stylish group



*Breakfast Club is served first
at Bill's Place*



*To be editor-in-chief one
must dress for the part.*



In singing, the position is all



*The Dramatic Club offers
all kinds of opportunities.*



Likes her chair.

*In personal success or team play, nothing is
more important than that ephemeral thing, spirit.*

—W. J. BOWERMAN



SPORTS



CAE CLUB

Front, Kneeling: Holihan E., Johnson, Innes, Shepard.

Second Row: Laing, Wick, Perkins, Mack E., Plimpton N., Gadd, Holihan F., Landwehr, Kinney, Mack C., Pletscher, Brohard, Pollak, Bacon, Beers, McKallagat.

Third Row: Antonopoulos, Bullock, Sohler, Nauss, Anderson, Plimpton E., Mink, Harvey, Russell, Foster, Chernin, Fichera, Seller, Brown, Eddy, Spring, Scannell.

Fourth Row Center: Zinn, Juszczak, Peck, Lefferts, McCann, Hansen, McIlvain, Smith.

Fifth Row Center: Slimmon, Vallis, Warner, Brox, Nields, Sutton.



CAE OFFICERS
Amy Wilson, Vice-President
Kate DeBlois, President



KAVA CLUB

Front, Kneeling: Knowles, Lindsay, Alvarez, Lockwood, Hall.

Second Row: Keast, MacMannis, Green, Ellington K., Ballentine, Beck, Mellick, Pihl, Tikellis, Martin, Shipton, Saba, Downey, Parkinson, Tatian, Washburn.

Third Row: Laundon, Doremus, Bloom, Rowe, Brion, Lape, Strasburg, Ingraham, Ellington S., Sullivan, Leoff, Drury, Jones, Tomsu, Williams.

Fourth Row Center: LaCour, Burns, Bell, Hemingway, LaFoley, Sweet, Waterman.

Fifth Row Center: Winter, Piper, Thomas, Young, Copeland, Templet.



KAVA OFFICERS
Kim Kirchmaier, Vice-President
Beth Fuller, President

CAE 3 — KAVA 2



CAE HOCKEY

Front Row: Seller, Lefferts, Plimpton N. (Captain), Kinney, Peck.
Second Row: Beers (Manager), Smith, Vallis, Anderson, Nields, Wilson, Pollak, McIlvain, DeBlois (absent).



KAVA HOCKEY

Front Row: Green, Knowles, Kirchmaier (Captain), Shipton, Hemingway.
Second Row: Williams, Strasburg, Templet, Keast, Alvarez, Thomas, Winter, LaCour, Tomsu (Manager).

HOCKEY



Yogi says, "rah"!



Wooden legs are "in" this year.

Again this year the first team hockey game was held on Parents' Day. The spirit and enthusiasm from both sides ran high throughout the game. Although the defenses of both teams seemed impenetrable, a brief opening enabled Kate DeBlois, of CAE to score the first goal. KAVA rallied and sent Judy Knowles through to score. The second half followed the same pattern with CAE scoring a goal and KAVA returning with another. Thus, the game remained tied until the last few moments when CAE's Alida McIlvain, assisted by Kate DeBlois broke through with the final goal, ending the game with a score of 3-2.

The second team was also closely matched. The only two goals of the game were made during the first half, both by CAE, and the game ended 2-0.

SECOND TEAMS

CAE

Brown	Bullock
Nauss	Wick
Johnson (Capt.)	Spring
Plimpton, E.	Gadd
Eddy	Perkins
Sutton	Warner

KAVA

Downey (Capt.)	Brion
Drury	Ellington, S.
Martin	Saba
Young	Washburn
Pihl	Hall
Waterman	Wright
	Laundon



Weeee are champs!



*Pst! Don't tell Willard
the score . . .*



CAE VOLLEYBALL

Front Row: Plimpton N., Seller, Spring, Nauss.

Second Row: Nields, Anderson, Lefferts (Captain), Brohard (Manager), Bullock.

On Bars: Slimmon, Pollak, Vallis, McIlvain.



KAVA VOLLEYBALL

Left to Right: Alvarez, Laundon, LaCour, Shipton, Hemingway, Downey (Manager), Thomas (Captain), Winter, Kirchmaier, Wright, Tomsu.

VOLLEYBALL



The first team volleyball game was held on January 11, 1968. Because it is the first indoor game, the volleyball game is inevitably characterized by extreme tension, great spirit and loud enthusiasm. This game was no exception. CAE was the first to serve and in the first half was able to accumulate twenty-nine points to KAVA's eleven. In the beginning of the second half KAVA began to shorten CAE's extreme lead, but CAE was able to push on to end the game 52-30. Alida McIlvain of CAE was the high scorer of the game, totalling 18 points.

The second team game, however, was much closer with a final score in favor of KAVA 36-30. Kathy Ellington held the highest total with nine points.

SECOND TEAMS

CAE		KAVA	
Gadd	Wilson (Captain)	Leoff	Ellington, S. (Captain)
Harvey	Brown	Brion	Copeland
Pletscher	Juszcak	Ellington, K.	Knowles
Bullock	Bacon	Strasburg	Laing
Plimpton, E.	Kinney	Pihl	Hall



Tiring, isn't it?



Volley folly . . .



CAE BASKETBALL

Left to right: Plimpton N., Pollak, Spring, Vallis, Bullock (Captain), Kinney, Lefferts, Eddy.



KAVA BASKETBALL

Left to Right: Wright (Manager), Brion, Winter, Kirchmaier, Knowles (Captain), Thomas, LaCour, Strasburg, Tomsu.

BASKETBALL GAMES

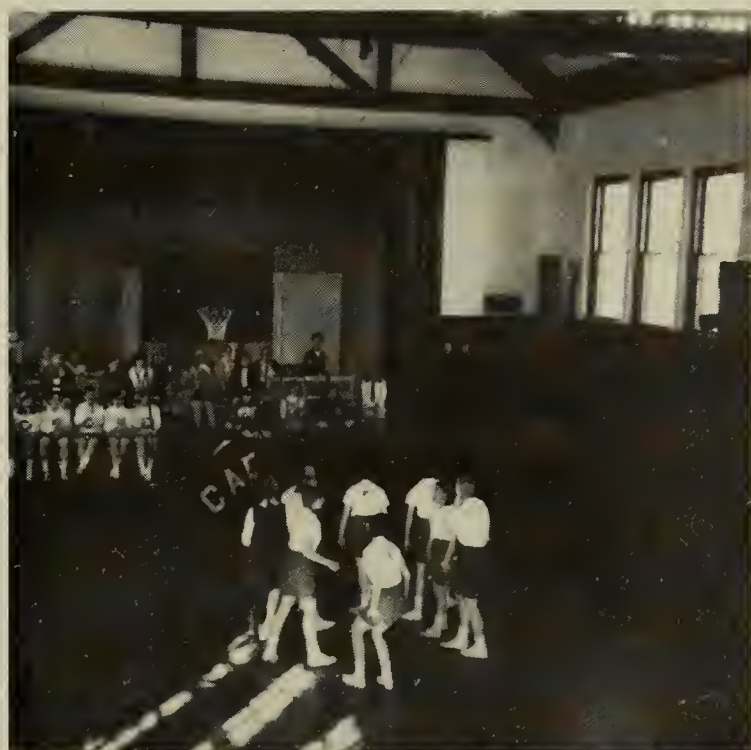
On March 5, 1968 the two clubs met for the first team game. Though handicapped by many injuries both clubs were able to produce strong teams.

The Red and White took an early lead and were able to hold though KAVA began to break through in the last half. The final score favored CAE Club 38-19. Tina Lefferts of CAE was the high scorer of the game with 18 points.

The second team game, however, was more evenly matched and the game ended in a tie of 15-15. Sue Stewart totaled 14 points for KAVA.

SECOND TEAMS

CAE		KAVA	
Anderson	Juszczak	Drury	Leoff
Brohard (Captain)	Laing	Fuller	Martin
Brown	Nauss	Hemingway (Captain)	Stewart, S.
DeBlois	Shepard	Keast	Waterman
		Washburn for Fuller	



*There USED to be a ball
in this game.*



Stretch



At least Leo's in the basket



CAE SOFTBALL

Kneeling: Eddy, DeBlois, Johnson (Captain), Spring, Gilbert, Seller.
Standing: Brohard, Anderson, Plimpton N., Warner, Lefferts, Gadd, Pollak, Nauss, Brown.



KAVA SOFTBALL

First Row: Waterman, Knowles, Hemingway, Shipton, Pihl, Keast, Strasburg, Brion.
Second Row: Fuller, Wright, LaCour, Kirchmaier, Thomas, Drury, Martin, Jones (Manager).

SOFTBALL GAME



Just call me "Yaz" . . .



How did I get into this ridiculous position?

Due to the brevity of the season and to various other activities the first and second teams were combined and only one game was held.

The first six innings of the game were extremely exciting. They were highlighted by an unexpected slide from Laura Waterman and a number of home runs from Lorrie LaCour and Tina Lefferts. By the end of the sixth inning the game was tied 13-13. However, CAE seemed to come alive in the seventh inning and though KAVA fought back the game ended in favor of CAE.



Some comments are unprintable . . .



Yes, the funniest people turn up in the funniest places . . .

CUP WINNER — DONNA BRION (KAVA)



CAE BADMINTON

Front: Spring, Vallis.

Rear: Warner, Shepard (Manager), Nields.

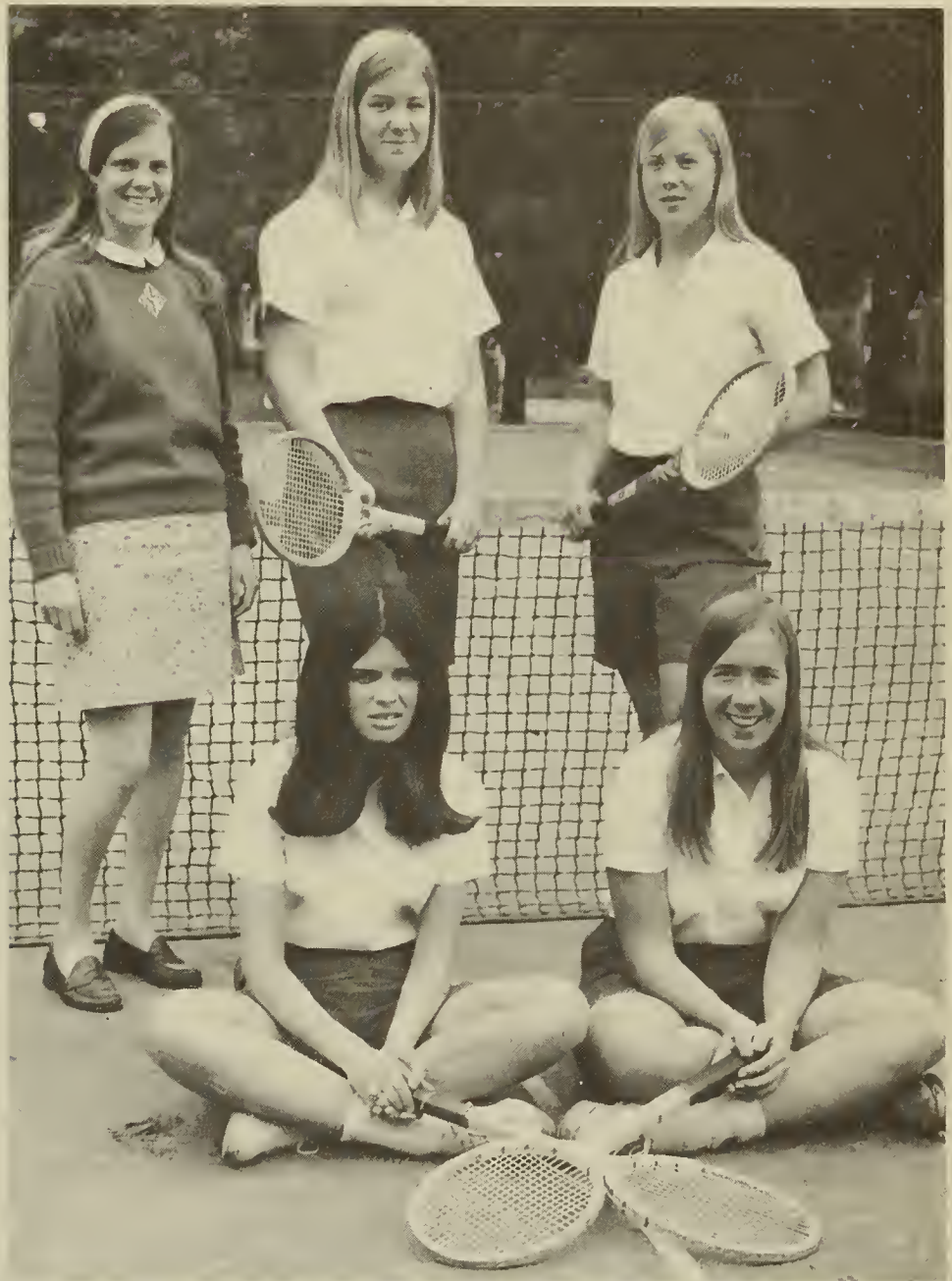


KAVA BADMINTON

Front: Parkinson (Manager).

Rear: Tomsu, Brion, LaCour, Shipton.

TENNIS (INCOMPLETE)



CAE TENNIS
Front: Vallis, Spring.
Rear: Shepard (Manager), Lefferts,
 Plimpton N.



KAVA TENNIS
Left to right: Shipton, Downey, Brion, LaCour, Parkinson (Manager).



CAE SWIMMING

Front Row: Nields, Zinn, Gadd, Smith, Nauss.

Second Row: Kinney, Peck, Warner, Bacon, Sutton, Lefferts.



KAVA SWIMMING

Front Row: Beck, Kirchmaier, Keast, Rowe, Hall, Waterman.

Second Row: Wright, Thomas, Williams, Ingraham, Brion (Manager).

CHEERLEADERS



CAE CHEERLEADERS

First Row: Warner (Mascot), Pletscher (Captain), Kinney (Mascot).

Second Row: Juszczak, McKallagat, Peck, Harvey, Foster.

Third Row: Nauss, McIlvain, Lefferts, Vallis, Johnson.



KAVA CHEERLEADERS

Left to right: Shipton, MacMannis, Templet, LaFoley, Wright, Washburn (Captain), LaCour, Tikellis, Knowles, Pihl, Ellington, S.

Center: Sweet (Mascot).

He hath no leisure who useth it not.

—GEORGE HERBERT



ACTIVITIES

PARENTS' DAY



Got a match?



The gang is certainly here.



O.K. now, who's got the puck?

The Parents' Day Tradition, now one year old, became more firmly established on Saturday, November 4, 1967. The girls and their families enjoyed an eventful day, and everyone agrees that this is a great way to start off the year.

After lunch at which the R. H. Negatives performed, the Parents' Association had its meeting. The girls anxiously waited for the start of the hockey game, which has become a part of the new tradition. Parents and some enthusiastic alumnae make a great grandstand and so the game has taken on an even more exciting air than usual. Spirited cheerleading punctuated the proceedings and humorous mascots amused the crowd. Of course the game was followed by the presentation of the cup to the winning team, CAE.

There is no doubt that last year's experimental day has become a permanent part of the R.H. annual pattern.



Ringside seat



*Let's cut out for Williamstown
... or Concord.*



What do you see down there?

FALL PLAYS

Three one-act plays were presented on November 21, 1967. The first presentation was *The Lost Elevator*, a comedy by Percival Wilde. Jammed into the elevator, ingeniously created by Manuel, was a rare group of eleven characters. Jiffy Copeland played the amorous young man who paid the operator, humorously played by Joyce Fichera, to pretend the elevator was stuck so that he could force coy Jodi Landwehr to listen to his protestations of love. Every character was truly funny from Kate DeBlois' nosey old lady to Claire Scannell's fast-talking book salesman.



Not Enough Rope by the well-known contemporary actress Elaine May was RH's first attempt at a play of the Theatre of the Absurd type. On the surface, the play appears grotesquely humorous, but its serious message concerns man's need for human companionship, if not love. Sherry Warner did an exceptional job in her hanging scene, a vain attempt to capture the attention of her new neighbor, an insensitive drummer, played with just the right indifference by Sandy Beck. Betty Hall's old lady who demanded peace and quiet for her death scene added a wonderful combination of pathos and horror.



In the third play, *Hangs Over Thy Head* by Ruth Angell Purkey, a nameless author, played authoritatively by Kathy Beers, has invited a group of actors to an empty theatre for the reading of his play. He is in search of an ending, for its theme is the future of man: will he annihilate himself or learn to live in harmony? We are left to wonder as the eerie sound of a civil defense alert spreads over the city. The play had a serious impact on the audience, but comic relief was provided by Debbie Pletscher's portrayal of a slightly overaged "star" and Isabel Kinney's ability to sustain the difficult role of an alcoholic "has-been".

CHRISTMAS PLAY



On December 14, 1967, the Dramatics Department presented an excellent performance of *The Gift of Tenjin* by John D. Tumpane. From the moment the audience directed their attention to the stage they shared in the perfection of both acting and atmosphere. Great credit is owed to Mrs. Perloff's design and to Manuel's execution of the beautifully effective set representing the palace of the Emperor of Japan.

The unique plot revolves around the Emperor's five daughters and their preparation of presents for their father's birthday. Tenjin, the least-favored daughter, played simply and delicately by Linda Juszczak, gives a play which relates the coming of Christ. She directs her sisters, still in oriental dress, to act out the traditional Christmas parts while she narrates.

Truda Bloom played the Emperor with just the right pomp and ceremony alternating with humor and tenderness. Marilyn Keast added touches of fun with her portrayal of the silly daughter while Betty Sullivan was outstanding as the musical member of the family who sings a maudlin song reminding her father that she is still unwed. Anne Hemingway and Susan Antonopoulos with their contrasting colorings made beautiful additions to the production.

The audience seemed entranced with the unusual rendition of the Christmas story and many went away saying that this was RH's most impressive production.

CHRISTMAS VESPERS



The annual Christmas Vespers was held Sunday evening, December 10th. This is a special year at Rogers Hall and the 75th Christmas Vespers was run a little more informally. It took place in the gym with a fireplace setting. Katherine Beers, President of the Student Council, was Mistress of Ceremonies. The program began with Christmas carols sung by the Spanish, French and Latin Clubs respectively.

Several talented Dramatics Club members read Christmas pieces. Isabel Kinney recited a poem by Eugene Field—"Jes Before Christmas". Sherry Warner and Karen Anderson read *The Littlest Angel*, and Jodi Landwehr, President of Dramatics Club, read a short poem by Ernest Rhys called "A New Song".

The Octet performed two carols, "A Solaing" and "Angels We Have Heard On High". The Glee Club entertained with their selection "Joy to the World".

Then the most meaningful event of the evening arrived when Miss Ramsay presented the seniors with their rings.

The enjoyable evening concluded with "O Little Town of Bethlehem" sung by all.



SPRING PLAYS

Following the pattern of the last few years, the spring plays were experimental in that some were presented in-the-round—that is, on the gym floor with the audience on three sides of the performing platforms. The five plays varied in tone and theme and made Thursday night, March 14, a memorable one.



Lord Byron's Love Letter by Tennessee Williams opened the program. The play, presented in the round, concerns a sight-seeing couple from Milwaukee, played by a domineering Sandy Beck and a happily alcoholic Marian Eddy, who have come to New Orleans to celebrate the Mardi Gras. The couple stumble onto two women who claim to have an original love letter from Lord Byron and who manage to exist on the proceeds of donations from tourists anxious to hear the tantalizing contents. Debbie Pletscher had the taxing role of the old maid daughter who conducts the reading while Kate DeBlois stole the show from behind the curtain where she sat as the quarrelsome hag for the larger portion of the play.



The Twelve-Pound Look, a famous one-act play by J. M. Barrie was a challenge to the RH cast. Betty Hall played her role of Kate, former grand lady turned typist, with skill and sincerity. Both Betty's quality of voice and her ability to develop a role were well displayed. She and Truda Bloom as the pompous Sir Harry, Kate's former husband, sustained a long, difficult scene very well. Linda Juszczak made a lovely second Lady Sims and Mary Thomas had great dignity as the butler. The set was quite elegant in tones of pale pink and white, especially with the addition of furniture stolen from various parts of the Hall.

SPRING PLAYS



The Lost Silk Hat by Lord Dunsany was presented by the Dramatics Club. For a first student directed play, our hats are off to Sherry Warner. The plot of the play revolves around a young man who, after a quarrel, has left his silk hat at the house of the woman he loves. The scene is played outside the house as he tries to talk various passersby into retrieving his silk hat. As the play ends we know that the young man will go into the house himself to get both his hat and his woman. Kathy Beers played the distraught young man with confidence while Karen Anderson carried the difficult role of the poet with much skill. Humor was added by Jan Laundon's mystified laborer and Pam Bell's fussy businessman.



The Drapes Come is a highly original work by a young modern playwright, Charles Dizenzo. Sherry Warner was acclaimed for her performance of a mother whose personality alternated from sweet and lovely to coarse and ugly as did that of her teenage daughter, played strikingly by Marilyn Keast. The mother is waiting for the new living room drapes, materialistic symbols that mean little after they are acquired. The play ends with the hanging of the drapes which plunge the room and their lives into darkness and suffocation. The dialogue suggests a whole spectrum of problems between parents and children. The RH audience seemed somewhat stunned by the proceedings on stage and torn between hilarity and horror.

SPRING PLAYS



The last play of the evening was Thornton Wilder's *The Happy Journey* which conveyed a message of family sentiment and solidarity. Isabel Kinney who played the young son with disarming innocence, evoked much laughter in her scene of repentance for minor blasphemy. The mother, strongly played by Toni Pollak, bound the family together and reminded us of the importance of the role of motherhood. The charm of the play lay in its simplicity enhanced by the Wilder touch of no scenery to clutter the message.

COMMENCEMENT PLAY

On Monday evening, June 3rd, Rogers Hall presented *The Madwoman of Chaillot* by Jean Giraudoux, adapted by Maurice Valency. This wonderfully philosophic comedy takes place in a French cafe and in the cellar apartment of Countess Aurelia, the Madwoman of Chaillot, who rules the little people of Paris. The Countess, played very skillfully by the versatile Sherry Warner, is under the illusion that the world is beautiful and happy until her friends, led by the Ragpicker, gallantly portrayed by Isabel Kinney, decide to tell her the truth. When she learns that the evil ones have taken over, she proceeds to wipe them out.

With the help of her many friends the Countess lures all the greedy, dishonest members of society into her cellar where the sewerman, played humorously by Sandy Beck, has revealed to her a secret passageway leading nowhere. She practices a mild deception and tells the "bad guys" that there is oil at the end of the passage. Thus, in the course of an afternoon's work, she frees the world of evil and makes way for goodness and love.

This is a superb play for character studies and the girls rose to the various challenges. Truda Bloom, with her famous prospector's nose, did a fine job, as did Pam Bell, Marion Eddy, and Cindy Brox as sophisticated representatives of capitalism. And, of course, the other three madwomen were truly outstanding: Betty Hall made a very complete characterization of Madame Constance and her imaginary dog Dickie (who became real at the curtain call); Jodi Landwehr simpered and smiled as the virginal Gabrielle; and Kathy Beers, playing a woman at last, interpreted Madame Josephine in a very humorous tight-lipped fashion and presided over the mock trial with regal grandeur.

A large group photograph of the theatrical troupe "Les Femmes de France" in 1907. The group consists of approximately 30 actors and actresses, dressed in elaborate costumes, posing on a stage with a dark, textured backdrop. The actors are arranged in several rows, with some standing and some kneeling or sitting in the front. The costumes vary significantly, reflecting the fashion of the early 20th century.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

<i>The Doorman</i>	Mary Thomas
<i>The Policeman</i>	Amelia Rowe
<i>Pierre</i>	Marilyn Keast
<i>The Sergeant</i>	Toni Pollak
<i>The Sewerman</i>	Sandra Beck
<i>Mme. Constance</i>	Elizabeth Hall
<i>Mme. Gabrielle</i>	Jodi Landwehr
<i>Mme. Josephine</i>	Katharine Beers
<i>The Presidents</i>	Kathryn Kirchmaier and Kathleen McCartin
<i>The Prospectors</i>	Genevieve Copeland and Jennifer Foster
<i>The Press Agents</i>	Katharine Harvey, Robin La Foley and Lynne Tatian
<i>The Ladies</i>	Elizabeth Bullock, Carol Gadd and Alida McIlvain



FOUNDER'S DAY — THE 75th ANNIVERSARY



Registration on May 11 was the beginning of the biggest event of the year—the Seventy-fifth Anniversary celebration of Rogers Hall. As soon as the parents and alumnae had gathered around the hockey field, the carefully planned program commenced. Elizabeth Rogers alias Isabel Kinney returned on her bicycle to lead the rest of the student body down the field. These students were clothed in gym outfits representing various eras at Rogers Hall. Diverse track and field events followed after which CAE Club and KAVA Club sang their songs. The morning activities were concluded when Mrs. Margaret Wood, the first President of KAVA Club, awarded the Field Day Cup to CAE Club.

Preceding the scheduled luncheon, the alumnae gathered at MacGay. The unveiling of the portrait of Mrs. Katherine Whitten MacGay and the dedication of the Larmon Room took place. Entertainment by the Octet and the Rogers Hall Glee Club made lunch under the big tent an enjoyable occasion. Several speeches brought the festivities of the day to a close.

Mrs. MacGay spoke about past humorous events, the people who had helped her through her years as headmistress including our beloved Manuel, and the fact that she hoped Rogers Hall would remain always under the direction of a woman. Miss Ramsay gave citations to ten outstanding graduates who, in her opinion, had fulfilled Elizabeth Rogers' maxim "she hath done what she could", among them Patsy West, '65 who works for the Pearl Buck Foundation in Korea.





FATHER-DAUGHTER DAY



The fathers, most of whom had spent the day attending the ceremonies of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary celebration, returned to Rogers Hall for the Father-Daughter Dance. While the orchestra took a brief intermission, the daughters entertained the fathers by performing skits and singing. Also at this time the Octet, led by Georgia Innes '68, demonstrated its talented performing abilities. The fathers all agreed that the dance was "groovy" and enjoyed getting into the swing of things.





SPRING DANCE

This year, instead of Senior Prom, a small informal gathering took place at MacGay. Because of the persisting rain, pool, ping pong and the Larmon Room, became great attractions throughout the day.

That evening, the only signs of spring appeared when the dance began in MacGay's paper garden. The music was supplied by an excellent band from Lowell.

Sunday, the weather improved slightly. Breakfast was served in MacGay at 9:30. The guests left at 12:00 as promptly as they had arrived, leaving behind them a thoroughly exhausted dance committee.



*As chaperones we get to
say plenty . . .*



*In my stocking feet
I do better.*



Flower children.

CLASS DAY AWARDS

1968

CLUB CUPS

Hockey	CAE	Softball	CAE
Volleyball	CAE	Swimming	KAVA
Basketball	CAE	Badminton	KAVA

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

Badminton	Donna Brion
Posture	Katherine Beers

R. H. AWARDS . . . Given to those who have earned a total of seventy or more points in one year. Points are given for athletic ability, sportsmanship, captains, managers, Founder's Day, posture and neatness as well as cheer-leading.

CAE		KAVA	
Charlotte Brohard	Betsy Nauss	Donna Brion	Lorraine LaCour
Suzanne Johnson	Nicola Plimpton	Marilyn Keast	Susan Shipton
Isabella Kinney	Toni Pollak	Kathryn Kirchmaier	Cynthia Tomsu
Christina Lefferts	Susan Spring	Judith Knowles	Mary Thomas
Vanessa Vallis		Christina Wright	

NEATNESS AWARDS

Hall	Estela Alvarez - Toni Pollak
MacGay	
First Floor	Elizabeth Hall - Mary Thomas
Second Floor	Judith Knowles - Margaret Mink

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CLUB OFFICERS FOR NEXT YEAR

CAE		KAVA	
<i>President</i>	Deborah Pletscher	<i>President</i>	Dania Doremus
<i>Vice-President</i>	Suzanne Johnson	<i>Vice-President</i>	Ann Hemingway
<i>Cheerleader</i>	Betsy Nauss	<i>Cheerleader</i>	Martha Pihl

COMMENCEMENT

BACCALAUREATE

The Rogers Hall commencement exercises began Sunday morning, June 2, at All Souls Church. The Reverend Joseph Simone gave an excellent dissertation on the decisions which one must make in life and he referred specifically to the drug problems of today. After the service a lovely reception was held by the church parishioners for the seniors and their families.

MUSICALE

The Musicale, performed on Sunday afternoon, included various selections by the Glee Club and several songs by the Octet. In the Glee Club, solos were done by Amelia Rowe in "Try to Remember", and Toni Pollak, Lynn Tatian, Ellen Peck and Debbie Pletscher in "When the Foeman Bears his Steel", a selection from the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta "The Pirates of Penzance". Afterwards, punch was served for the guests and the singers.

SENIOR LUNCHEON

On Monday the Senior Luncheon was given and the seniors found their places at Miss Ramsay's table with the help of tiny replicas of the front gate which bore their names. During the meal the humorously revealing verses prepared by the undergrads were read and bouquets were given to the seniors who had survived four years at Rogers Hall.

CLASS DAY

The Class Day exercises began with the awarding of the athletic prizes by Miss Ramsay and Miss Bowes. Following the awards, announcements of the new club officers were made by the present officers. The class prophecy and will were read by Beth Bullock and Jodi Landwehr, respectively. The activities came to a close with the singing of the undergrad and senior songs.

GRADUATION

The actual graduation ceremony took place on Tuesday, the fourth of June. The day began and ended rather grimly with much fog and rain but between 9:30 and 12:00 the weather was beautiful.

At 9:30 the seniors, displaying their dresses for the first time, formed a receiving line in the drawing rooms. At 10:00, for the last time, the senior class marched into the gymnasium to the tune of "Pomp and Circumstance". The address to the senior class was given by The Reverend A. Graham Baldwin, D.D., former School Minister of Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts. He, both humorously and effectively, stressed the importance of true love and friendship in life. He carefully explored the ingredients of true love: truth, tenderness, and patience. Mr. Baldwin's warm sincerity in his references to his own family life made us hope that we might also achieve his kind of fulfillment in our future.

Dr. David Latham, President of the Board of Trustees, presented the diplomas after which Charlotte Brohard, President of the Senior Class, presented the school with a water color painting, a lovely winter scene by Dr. Harry Senger. Miss Ramsay then accepted the gift and awarded the school honors. Following the school song and the Benediction the seniors marched out to form a floral arc with their roses. Smiling through their tears, the undergrads said goodbye and wished luck to the seniors. But this was not the last they will see of their true friends, who will surely return to their high school scene.



AWARDS AND HONORS — 1968

UNDERHILL HONOR — COLLEGE PREPARATORY

Charlotte Brohard

PARSONS HONOR — GENERAL COURSE

Place Downey

HONOR ROLL — AVERAGE 85% OR ABOVE

Estela Alvarez	Place Downey	Francine Leoff
Karen Anderson	Deborah Drury	Nancy Nields
Susan Antonopoulos	Marion Eddy	Pamela Saba
Charlotte Brohard	Jennifer Foster	Cynthia Tomsu
	Linda Juszczak	

HELEN HILL AWARD

Cynthia Tomsu

ATHLETIC AWARD

Donna Brion

ART PRIZE

Elizabeth Bullock

ART SURVEY AWARDS

Senior Place Downey Undergraduate Betsy Nauss

DRAMATICS

Sherrill Warner

For her ability to recognize the purpose of playing:
"to hold as t'were the mirror up to nature."

HONORABLE MENTION

Katherine Beers	Linda Juszczak	Jodi Landwehr
Truda Bloom	Marilyn Keast	Deborah Pletscher
Elizabeth Hall	Isabella Kinney	Toni Pollak

MUSIC APPRECIATION

Place Downey

HONORABLE MENTION

Karen Anderson	Ellen Green	Deborah Pletscher
Susan Antonopoulos	Ann Hemingway	Elizabeth Sullivan
Genevieve Copeland	Marilyn Keast	Deborah Zinn

CURRENT EVENTS

Seniors Amy Wilson Undergraduates Lynn Tatian

HONORABLE MENTION

Lindsay Bacon	Katherine Ellington	Mary Thomas
Donna Brion	Toni Pollak	Sherrill Warner

KATHARINE WHITTEN MacGAY LITERARY PRIZES

Seniors Elizabeth Bullock . . . *In whose work we see the search for a way "to be the pilot of sunsets, to be the fearless 'til dawn . . ."*

HONORABLE MENTION

Donna Brion	Georgia Innes
Undergraduates Elizabeth Strasburg . . .	<i>Whose work reaches out to "touch heaven's height of reflection".</i>

ALVAREZ, Estela, 85-11 Avon Street, Jamaica, New York
 ANDERSON, Karen, 29 Daniels Street, Lowell, Massachusetts
 ANTONOPOULOS, Susan, 3 Hemlock Drive, Chelmsford, Massachusetts
 BACON, Lindsay, 1127 Ranfield Lane, Flint, Michigan
 BALLENTINE, Bonnie, Kohinka Hill, Wolfeboro, New Hampshire
 BECK, Sandra, 4 Rustic Drive, Cohasset, Massachusetts
 BEERS, Katharine, 214 Southdown Road, Huntington, Long Island, New York
 BELL, Pamela, 83 Beacon Street, Marblehead, Massachusetts
 BLOOM, Truda, 27 Dewey Street, Lawrence, Massachusetts
 BRION, Donna, Skunks Misery Road, Locust Valley, Long Island, New York
 BROHARD, Charlotte, 73 Weeks Avenue, Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York
 BROWN, Susan, 56 Monadnock Road, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts
 BROX, Cynthia, 192 North Lowell Street, Methuen, Massachusetts
 BULLOCK, Elizabeth, P. O. Box #243, Johnsonville, South Carolina
 CHERNIN, Gail, 1000 West Avenue, Forte Towers Apartments, Apartment #1125,
 Miami Beach, Florida
 COPELAND, Genevieve, R. D. #1, Box #448, Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania
 DEBLOIS, Katherine, Fairhaven Hill, Concord, Massachusetts
 DOREMUS, Dania, South Road, Harwinton, Connecticut
 DOWNEY, Place, 3476 Jackson Street, San Francisco, California
 DRURY, Deborah, Spook Hollow Road, Far Hills, New Jersey
 EDDY, Marion, 20 Edbert Drive, New Britain, Connecticut
 ELLINGTON, Katherine, 424 Ocampo Drive, Pacific Palisades, California
 ELLINGTON, Susan, 424 Ocampo Drive, Pacific Palisades, California
 FICHERA, Joyce, 51 Hidden Road, Andover, Massachusetts
 FOSTER, Jennifer, 80 State Street, Ellsworth, Maine
 FULLER, Elizabeth, 511 Mapleton Avenue, Suffield, Connecticut
 GADD, Carol, 23 Stoner Drive, West Hartford, Connecticut
 GILBERT, Emily, 275 Booth Avenue, Englewood, New Jersey
 GREEN, Ellen, 711 Hi Mount Road, Palm Beach, Florida
 HALL, Elizabeth, 345 Nahant Road, Nahant, Massachusetts
 HANSEN, Wendy, 545 Oakshore Drive, Winthrop Harbor, Illinois
 HARVEY, Katharine, 2025 Gratiot Avenue, Saginaw, Michigan
 HEMINGWAY, Ann, 81 Glenbrook Drive, Cheshire, Connecticut
 HOLIHAN, Elizabeth, 68 Salem Street, Andover, Massachusetts
 HOLIHAN, Felicity, 68 Salem Street, Andover, Massachusetts
 INGRAHAM, Nancy, 90 High Farma Road, West Hartford, Connecticut
 INNES, Georgia, 93 Edwards Lane, Atherton, California
 JOHNSON, Suzanne, Dingtletown Road, Greenwich, Connecticut
 JONES, Deborah, 2 Whyntwood Road, Simsbury, Connecticut
 JUSZCZAK, Linda, 289 Plymouth Drive, c/o Joseph Tower, Freehold, New Jersey
 KEAST, Marilyn, 45 Three Ponds Road, Wayland, Massachusetts
 KINNEY, Isabella, 401 Summer Street, Manchester, Massachusetts
 KIRCHMAIER, Kathryn, 28683 East River Road, Perrysburg, Ohio
 KNOWLES, Judith, Cumberland Foreside, Portland, Maine
 LACOUR, Lorraine, 15 Hillside Road, New London, Connecticut
 LAFOLEY, Robin, Liberty Square Road, Boxboro, Massachusetts
 LAING, Elizabeth, Huckleberry Lane, Greenwich, Connecticut
 LANDWEHR, Jodi, 98 South Division, Holland, Michigan
 LAPE, Kristen, 132 Chadwick Street, Portland, Maine

LAUNDON, Jan, Sachem's Head, Guilford, Connecticut
LEFFERTS, Christina, 292 Washington Boulevard, Springfield, Massachusetts
LEOFF, Francine, 11 George Street, Andover, Massachusetts
LINDSAY, Caren, 4393 Carter Road, Fairport, New York
LOCKWOOD, Laura, 79 Eastway, Mount Kisco, New York
MACK, Cynthia, 178 Seven Bridge Road, Chappaqua, New York
MACK, Elizabeth, 119 Holyrood Avenue, Lowell, Massachusetts
MacMANNIS, Barbara, 11 Overbrook Lane, Darien, Connecticut
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LAST MINUTE



In this outfit I'm awake!



Neatness Award.



Me R.H. Guru



Swingers . . .



When we're out, we're very daring



Hey, girls!



Now add a little sand . . .

MEMORIES



Anything for the cause.



Happy little demonstration



One



Two



Whee!



Who's dancing with WHOM?



*Of course, I'm a serious
type . . .*



TREE PLANTING

May 9, 1968

*(dedicated in memory of Manuel Furtado
by the Dramatics Club)*

The dark time
The time of despair
of deep distrust of the power of good
has passed
as we knew it would . . .
in that far part of our minds . . .
even then
in deep winter
when seared senses sealed off
the possibility of rebirth
of soft earth
and warm sun.

The bright time
The time of hope
of belief in the power of renewal
has come.
Now the earth is turned
and the seed nurtured . . .
The roots already reach for life . . .
And we rejoice that
we may join here
in deep spring
to give life
to memory.





Splinters



Spring Number

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Splinters

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KEAST

Stalemate

The flowers dropped
The leaves rotted
The seeds had spread
To cover the dead.

SUE AUBIN '71



Shamar

The sand races across the street and leaves swirl until snagged in the skeleton of a bush. You breathe in short gasps and your world is smothered in a deep orange; the stinging wind and withering heat attack you. In time an eerie calm settles and dust layers your world. Time has stopped and you are part of a monochromatic painting.

LINDA JUSZCZAK '69

dependability

where is it
can i find it in the sky
the sea
the sun
can i find it in my friend
my love
my enemy
can i find it in my senses
my body
my mind
once a flower bloomed patiently
for the sun to bake away
for the wind to push afar
once i was loved
but something new came
something unknown to me
once i knew myself
but confusion overcame
wrinkling my temples
what is the design of dependability

E. HALL '69



The Roots of Contemporary Violence Lie in Affluence

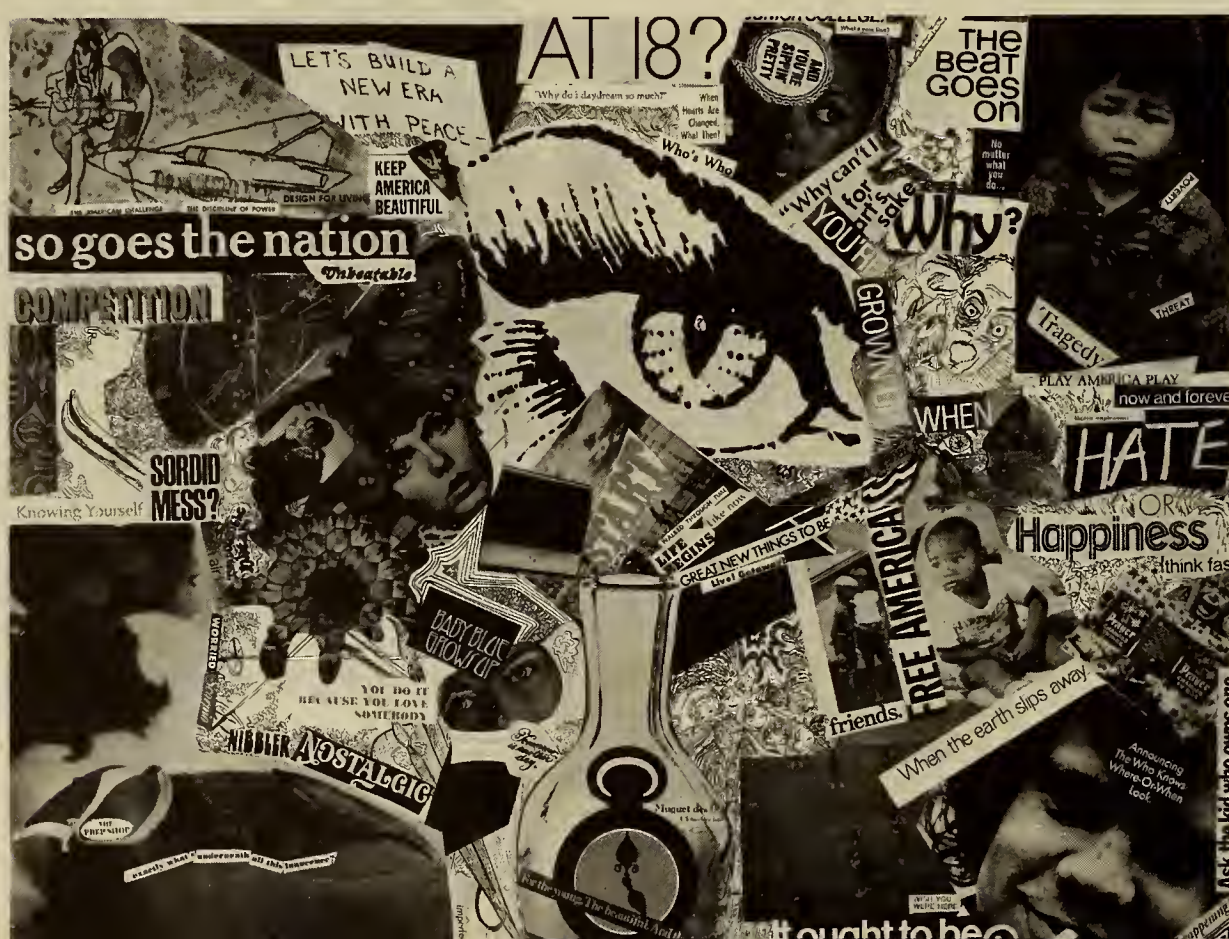
"I want to give my kids all the things we could never afford when I was growing up." Yes, and our parents seem to have accomplished their goal. Today's youth has or will soon have a car, acquires all the clothes he needs or wants, eats as much as he may or *may not* need, goes to the "club" or the "beach" where he signs the check with Dad's name, goes to the best school, and has an allowance that would pay for a yacht. Of course, he might decide to get a job, not to help his family, but to pay for a ski trip or the new '69 stereo tape for his car.

It's quite obvious that a good percentage of our generation is growing up in an atmosphere of affluence. Money is being handed to us on a *real* silver platter, and in the perverse nature of youth, many of us are literally running from money. Even those of us who have not gone to the extreme of joining a hippie community feel the inclination to wear old ragged clothes and to attempt to live in hovels built by our own hands. The object is to build a society where money isn't the main issue; instead, the individual and what he thinks are the focus.

This "individual" includes people of all races, religions, and economic brackets. Each one professes to want to be able to stand up and call himself a man, to declare himself free of false, materialistic values. Unfortunately he often meets hostility in pursuing his way of life and comes to believe that he must fight hostility with hostility; that his philosophy of individual freedom can only be acknowledged through violent means.

Perhaps one of the most ironic facts of this time in history is that those who are fighting hardest for spiritual freedom are frequently those who have had the most wealth and opportunity. They are the ones who have had all the materialistic things they could ever want and now are reaching out through any means, violent or otherwise, to reestablish their values.

MARION EDDY '69



Cinquain

Machines
Employed daily
Replacing active men
Unable to withstand pressure
Breakdown.

AMELIA ROWE '69

Search for Tomorrow

Assume happiness at least for a moment.
Can't do it?
Well, then smile.
Nothing to smile about?
You say you've reached your millennium?
So there's nothing left?
Baffled? Of course you are.
You've lived so much you've forgotten how to live.

Keep forgetting how to live.
You'll fast become your own ghoul.
When are you going to temper yourself?
Obstinate, aren't you?
Conform to normality
Stop trying to tune off and drop out.
Give this world half a chance.
Take a deep breath—some of the air is
clean, just stop and smell it.
You'll be surprised.
You just may find a bit of happiness.

LYNNE TATIAN '69

Pain

If you've tried to wander through my mind
And the pain you could not see,
then you may have been the one
who brought this pain to me . . .

KRISTEN LAPE '70



Passage

Silent messenger
treading swiftly
down rain swollen streets
through the slashing storm
and biting winds.

I watch him cross
the street
knowing it is the last.

I hear the music of
celestial harps,
and a thousand galaxies
swirl before my eyes.

A mighty hand from heaven
etched in fine lines
of reality
lifts him aloft
amid the swirling ruins
of the sky.

WENDY MARTIN '69

I was . . . and I shouldn't have been . . .

I was on the train going home for a weekend from school with two of my friends. A sailor climbed into the train and sat down next to me. I was reading a book by James Baldwin, which he commented on. From then on there were scattered bits of introductory conversation. He told me he was just coming home to New York City after two years in Vietnam. This was my first meeting with someone who had fought in Vietnam. We talked about the fighting itself and the war in general. During the conversation I began to respect and admire this boy and to think about the fact that he was symbolic of thousands of young men of our generation.

After a while I asked him if, when he found out he had to go to Vietnam, he had been scared. He told me that it was a mixture of being shocked and scared, and that the first night he was over there he had had to shoot a man not five feet tall.

Just before we were pulling into the station of my destination I told him how spoiled I felt compared to him: complaining about boarding school and thinking that during my two years there I have endured "unbearable hardship". I am only three years younger than that boy. I did feel hard used . . . but I shouldn't have; my meeting on the train taught me this fact.

BUNNY MACMANNIS '70

The Sacrifice

The crumb of bread was dropped upon the altar.
Hurried feet mashed the particles into a
 hard small mass.
pressurized and squelched—lost identity . . .
An ant discovered the substance—
 a treasure of necessity.

ELIZABETH HALL '69

Advice to Those on the Brink

Preserve your sanity—Build a defense mechanism—Watch it, kid— HE wants you! Lunacy can creep up in those soft treading PF Flyers if you don't devise that protective barrier. The symptoms are obvious: paranoia, one-way conversations, and bliss in oblivion—all seek you out. Retaliate!

Retort, if you've got the stamina. First, admit to yourself that a battle exists. Don't deceive yourself, acknowledge the challenge, face it! This major step taken, the next few are not as hard on your pride.

Keep occupied. This shield won't dent and let those unrelated fantasies infiltrate. By becoming involved with those "stable" people around you, you have no time to lose control of the senses. Don't slip—HE's watching.

Leave no time for the real subconscious to peer through the surface. Flank your soundness or lose it completely. There is no medium!

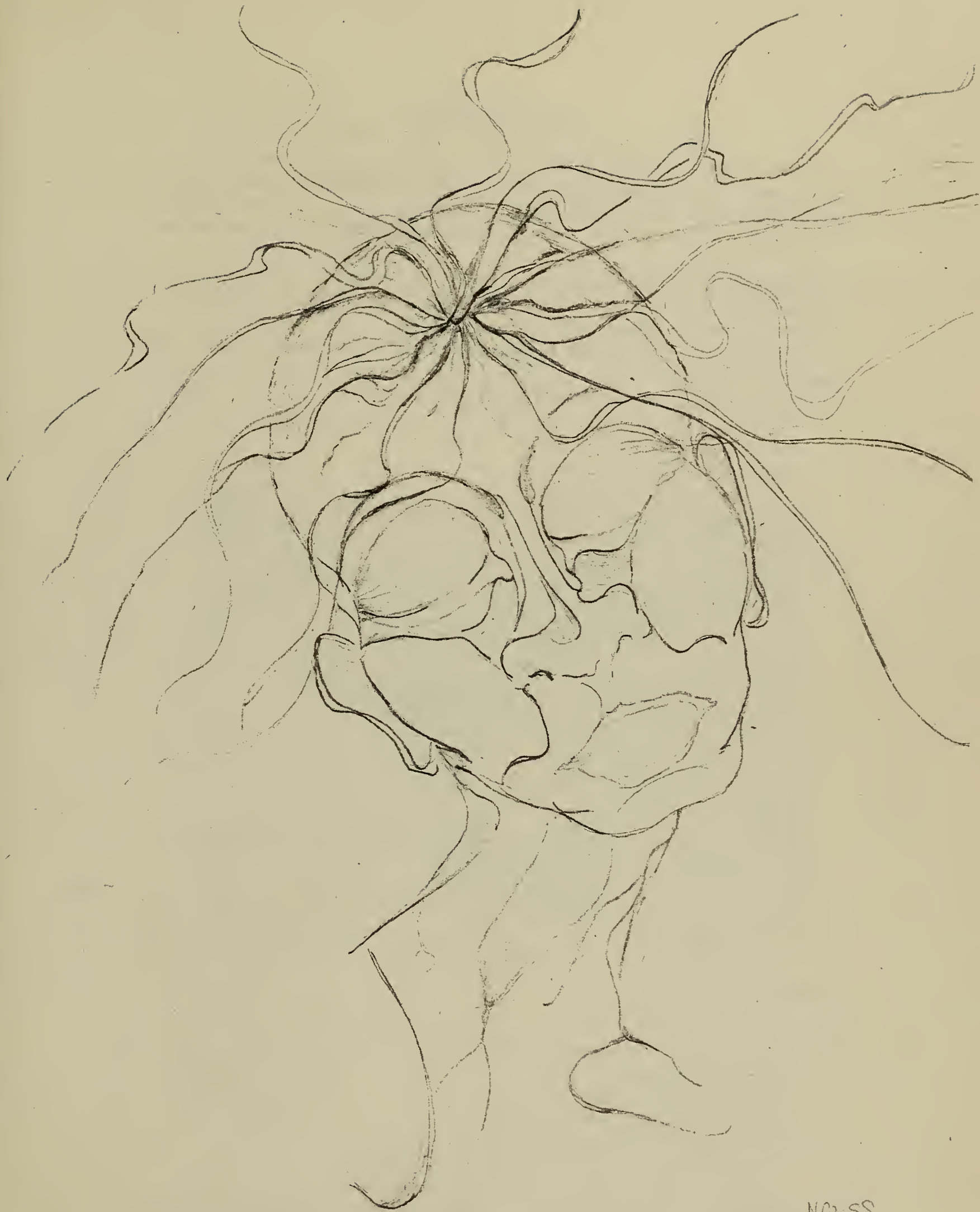
The daily groove is retraced. The needle of existence begins to wear. Substitute a new needle. Extract yourself from that worn environment. A new kind of monotony will help; then again . . . but hesitation may prove fatal. Move quickly. Don't worry about the rear view. Don't turn back. HE will be following you.

TONI POLLAK '69

A Plea A La Vis-Ed

My thoughts are sordid . . .
Evil lurks in my mind . . . a lucid reverie
Black on white . . . superimposed . . . trepidation
 always malignant . . . no illumination . . .
 despicable.
This is the zenith . . . we need light
I plead to you . . . this is not a figment
We exist . . . darkened.
Search now . . . before we attend our own
 obsequies.

LYNNE TATIAN '69



NAUSS

A Flying Thing

Blood relations had become confused in the old man's memory. He wasn't sure if the woman was his greatniece or granddaughter. She called him Grandpa, but he didn't think so. She was holding a boy by the arm.

"Didn't you get the letter?" she asked, "It will be good for both of you, he'll be company."

"It's all right," the old man says.

She looked at him, then bent to hug the boy. He turned rigid as a stake. "Oh, Rob," she said, then drove off.

"Rob," the old man said. It was familiar. He realized, with pleasure, that it had been his own name once.

"I'm a problem, I'm bad, I'll scream!"

"Scream, how loud is it?"

The boy opened his mouth.

"It is all right. Listen to this."

It was a much better scream.

"You're a lot older than I," the boy said defensively.

"How old are you?"

"Nine," the boy answered. "How old are you?"

He stood for a while.

"Ninety-one."

"Who are you to me?" the old man said.

"Somebody."

But the old man couldn't be fooled.

"Have you ever been anything besides yourself?"

"I was a bug once but my mother stepped on me."

"Try to be a flying thing, free."

"An eagle?"

"Perhaps, I'm a mallard, just taking off, climbing at a slant."

"How about hunters and guns?"

"That is a risk that has to be, but I'm always ahead of them, and they always miss." In his own youth he had been a stand-offer. Now at ninety odd years he began to see the error in it. Now he began to catch on.

"You're something to me all right. Come I want to show you something." He took the boy out to a furrowed field. With his finger he brought forth a sprouting seed.

"Eighty years of this and I still don't know what a seed is. But I know what I am to it."

"What, What are you to it?"

"Bring the hoe."

"I'm not going to work here," the boy said.

"Of course you're not!"

"What are you to the seed?" the boy asked.

"Bring the hoe here," the old man said.

They chopped weeds for the rest of the afternoon.

"I think I know, you are the seed guarder."

As dusk approached the old man shouldered his hoe.

The milk rang out sharply against the bottom of the pail and the level mounted.

"This is work," the old man said.
 They carried the milk to the pig troughs.
 "I have cows to keep the barn alive. I don't want to pass a dead barn."
 "Things know when they are wanted, especially houses."
 "Let's have a feast tonight."
 Later they went out on the stoop in the warm night.
 "What is the best time for flying?"
 "Just before you sleep."

In his room the old man undressed slowly and blew out his lamp, and used his last bit of strength to pull the covers over himself.

He had barely settled on the pond when stealthy steps could be heard. He ran on the water and rose. He felt the pellets puncture him. Now he saw the vanity of title and deed and was content. The man had not inherited the earth. The earth had inherited him. The earth inherits certain men. He fell into a furrowed field as he always knew he would.

WENDY MARTIN '69



Prophecy

I'm so fake
 I'm so afraid
 I don't give what I take
 I'm going to end up in that
 Funny freak parade . . .
 How about you—
 You comin' too?

SUE AUBIN '71

Maxim

You think people live for you.
 You think people love for you.
 You'll realize someday that the
 World and the people in it
 Aren't existing just for you,
 But you for them.
 You either realize this fact,
 Or you'll perish from
 Your own self-pity.

DEBI PLETSCHER '69

Nativity

The world was silent.
Nothing
Silence
Breathings not heard
The world was lit.
Brightness
A ball of yellow within the sky
No sound . . .
Stillness
The world was aware.
There was a sound.
A cry
A whimper
The world gave birth.
A baby . . .
In the loving arms of its mother.
The world had sound.
Something
Breathings
Whimpers of a new generation—
The world . . .
was alive.

DEBBIE EVANS '72

Christmas Cheer

Joy Joy Joy
Rejoice in solemn airs
for those pitied.
Breathe the breath of happiness.
Wage your war, oh Vietnam!
Sing loud your praise to the earth's end.
The world unites in peace,
Its iniquities forgotten.
'Tis the season to be jolly.

ANN HEMINGWAY '69



Communion

Open the doors of perception
 And see before you the
 Exquisite, sensual form of
 The breathing Morrison.
 "Wild Child" gushes from his
 Demanding mouth and untamed
 Movements of his leathery body
 Flash through foreign
 Minds, continents many
 Thousands of miles away.
 His mind drifts back and
 Pronounces again: Africa!
 Remember, my beautiful beast?
 We were once there.

The warning cry, do not forget.
 Remember and wallow in
 Your surging, unconquerable youth.

The pain and rushing of the time.
 The bloodstreaked walls of
 Man's unforgivable crime.
 He is not allowed to throw away the dew
 That flowed through his veins
 As he crawled on the earth
 Scrounging for berries with the animals;
 They became one.
 The glorious communion in
 The morning of man and beast.

Pelting through the hide
 The string of poison
 Burns so deep
 Into the skin, pale and thin
 Before any protection can be taken.

PAMELA BELL '69

Graphically Speaking

Why is it that it takes a picture to understand the theme? Is it a lack of intelligence, the lack of sensitivity or the lack of communication? Could it be the rush of society with its short cuts in everything to save time for . . . what? Might our interests be so specialized that other fields are incomprehensible? Are we all separate furrows of a field with saturated seeds incapable of maturation—flooded to death? Is there only one water route to our lives? Are the others washed away? Must it take a drought to dry us out and to make us live again? Is this drought the picture of hope?

ELIZABETH HALL '69

A Thought

We are all alone
Though some are more aware
 of it than others.
Each travels on a path that intersects
 many paths
But no two ways run parallel
 for long
To accept this truth is to accept
 life itself
And to deny it is to be hurt
 at every parting.

KATHY SULLIVAN '71

Projection

I wish there was some far off place, that man could grasp at will. It would not be Utopia, for there will never be such a place as long as there is man. Nor would it be over the rainbow, for fairy tales are only for the imagination of children. My place, if there was such, would be a place where man could roam a vast and open plain. The map he charts would be his own.

BARBARA GRAY '71



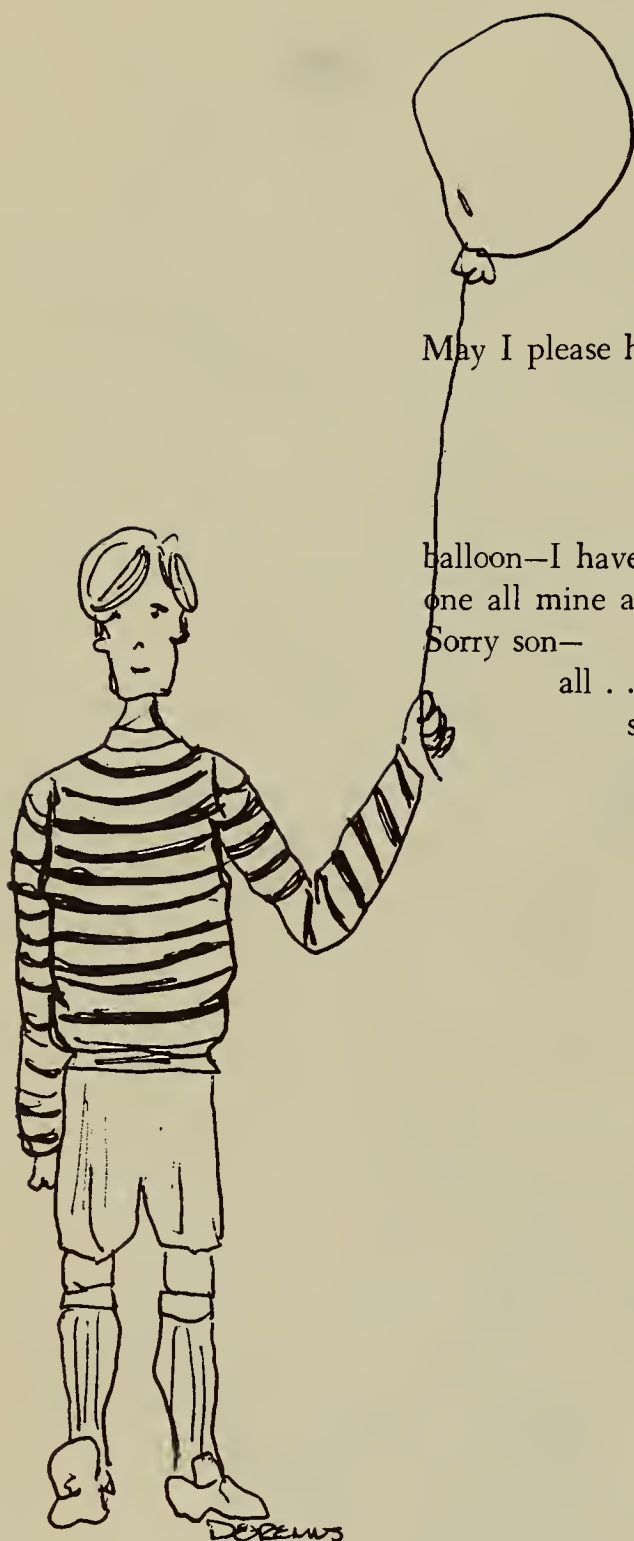


Lesson

A mind
A body
One attempts to have a human
To draw one cannot
Humans develop
as a girl of two
to my aging granny
50 365 days older
May arrives making me older
Than my passing year
But I never feel it then
Granny catches me in August
Still . . .

50 years apart
apart in looks, mind
But I teach, strengthen her
Granny teaches, strengthens me
I love her
Though ahead she is
I'll follow, catch her
Reaching my terminus of life
Born, learn, and die
That's what it's all about.

EMILY GILBERT '71



Quest

May I please have a
big . . .
blue . . .
beautiful . . .
airy . . .
balloon—I have always dreamed of having
one all mine and nobody else's—
Sorry son—
all . . .
sold . . .
out . . .

WENDY HANSEN '71

You

Within you there I see a spark,
A distant one, but often glowing . . .
It reaches me at silent times,
And I catch it, knowing . . .
now, it's mine . . .

KRISTEN LAPE '70

A Trip

Went to the zoo
All the animals were in cages
The zebra had black and white stripes
The elephant was grey
The sun was out
And the sky blue
But the bars were grey
The bars were solid
The bars were
The bars . . .

SUE AUBIN '71



Someday

You say You understand Us.
You once felt what We feel.
Your lives are but a dream;
Nothing else is real.

"Someday war clouds will cease to float in our heads,
What does it matter that a few are dead?"

You say money isn't everything
You work because You're able
How come We only see Daddy at the breakfast table?

"Someday war clouds will cease to float in our heads,
What does it matter that a few are dead?"

"Don't ever smoke," says He puffing His cigar.
"I know what's good for you, and I like what you are.
But don't quit school, or take LSD
You want a good example? Just follow me."

"Leave it to Us, just stay away.
(There were three more stranglings in Boston today)
We don't need you, We know what is right."
(Did you hear about the riots in Detroit?)

"Someday war clouds will cease to float in our heads,
What does it matter that a few are dead?"

It's a good thing we're fighting this war.
(Oh L.B.J. you're such a terrible bore.)
We need more boys, send them in.
(If they're old enough to kill, aren't they men?)
But you know that—

"Someday war clouds will cease to float in our heads,
What does it matter that a few are dead?"

JODY BLAIN '71



JANE AUSTIN
PRIDE and PRE AT AGE

AMEND
OF AMERICANS
CANNOT BE
SENATORS. WHY?

THE MAYDAY AT
DOCTRINE

Caution: Cigarette Smoking May
Be Hazardous to Your Health

R. R. R.

Definition

1.

What
is
life
?
It's seasons,
years, time

2.

How can it be
a
m
e
d
?

3.

How does it start?
the
way
leaves chase each
other
other
in a
circle

4.

It's the game.
What does it
mean?

Beginning,
Joy

Learning,
Teaching, Die, End.

NANCY DEWEY '70



The Trap

Alive

I strive
For something incomprehensible
to myself.
I lie
and cry
Never try to break the tie with which
I cheat
to make it
I fake it.
I run and I hide to get inside-not
beneath it all
up and away I fall;
Underground is dark and gray
I cannot stay
I will not pay to
get away
from me.

SUE AUBIN '71

Epitome of Life

(Death)

The webs of time,
recaptured in a moment,
veil our sins,
demolish our minds,
obliterate our bodies . . .
Cries from within
grope for youth
but the decayed soul
no longer lives . . .
fraught with fears
and scared
to death . . .

ANN HEMINGWAY '69

Two Poems

A multitude of words
 to convey a meaning;
a congestion of minds
 to unite a mass of people;
a conglomeration of patience, effort and understanding
 to abort a temporary conclusion;
only one absence of cooperation
 to destroy . . .

A silent season of death
prevails upon the living.

Night's harmonious shadow sways
your callous mind in a sickening way
as your numb pruny feet clench
the wedged stained stone.
Mind and body are distant
almost separate units as

your madness steers your direction
on an uncertain course.

The deafening stillness
deadens your mutilated confidence,
while inhaling, the dilapidated fumes become increasingly suffocating
The pathetic intensity of this bewildering circus of disaster
and the overpoweringly, clutching loneliness of it all
devours you in your inability to recapture your sense of life.

LISA STRASBURG '69



Surf

Blue water turns white
it claws, trying to reach
To capture the beach.

Surf pounds the land
The sand falls prey
Swept frantically away.

Wind then subsides
Water laps the shore
Placid once more.

NICOLA PLIMPTON '69



The Beginning

Cradled child in
Mother's womb
Protected in silt-like
Chambers
Unhaunted by the
Fountain rise of
Richness. Glorious
The child's eyes
Cherished innocence
Awaken thus.
A birth renewed
Life's patterned plan
To live.

ALIDA McILVAIN '69

Stones

rose and rose of eyes
staring pink into the water.
reflections peek
then shrink back into hiding.

SUE AUBIN '71

Reverie

Hypnotized by the snow falling outside my window, my mind sought the essence of winter. Birds were straining to find shelter, trees with their sagging breasts and arms reached for the earth, mischievous boys struggled to climb the mountainous drifts, only succeeding in acquiring cold hands and wet feet. But in my room, the penetrating thrill of summer caressed my thoughts, as I drifted alone.

AMELIA ROWE '69



Courez et riez
 Vos heures sont courtes et précieuses,
 La liberté est belle.

La Nature attend votre présence.
Dansez en ses beautés
Chantez au soleil
Affranchissez-vous au vent
Et courez à travers le champ des fleurs
Sauvages.

Tout seul dans le monde
Vous avez découvert une joie,
une amie, un rêve.

L'Aube

L'Aube
 La terre est couverte de rosée
 Il n'y a pas de soleil
 Il n'y a pas de chaleur
 Les fleurs sont fermées
 L'herbe est serrée
 A cette heure matinale
 Nature est en paix.
 Mais

Mais attendez un moment!
La tranquillité se termine . . .
La terre devient . . .

La terre devient sèche
Il n'y a pas de lune
Les fleurs et l'herbe se reveillent
Le temps n'est pas calme
L'aube arrive et le jour commence.

HOLLY HOLIHAN '69

Son Coeur

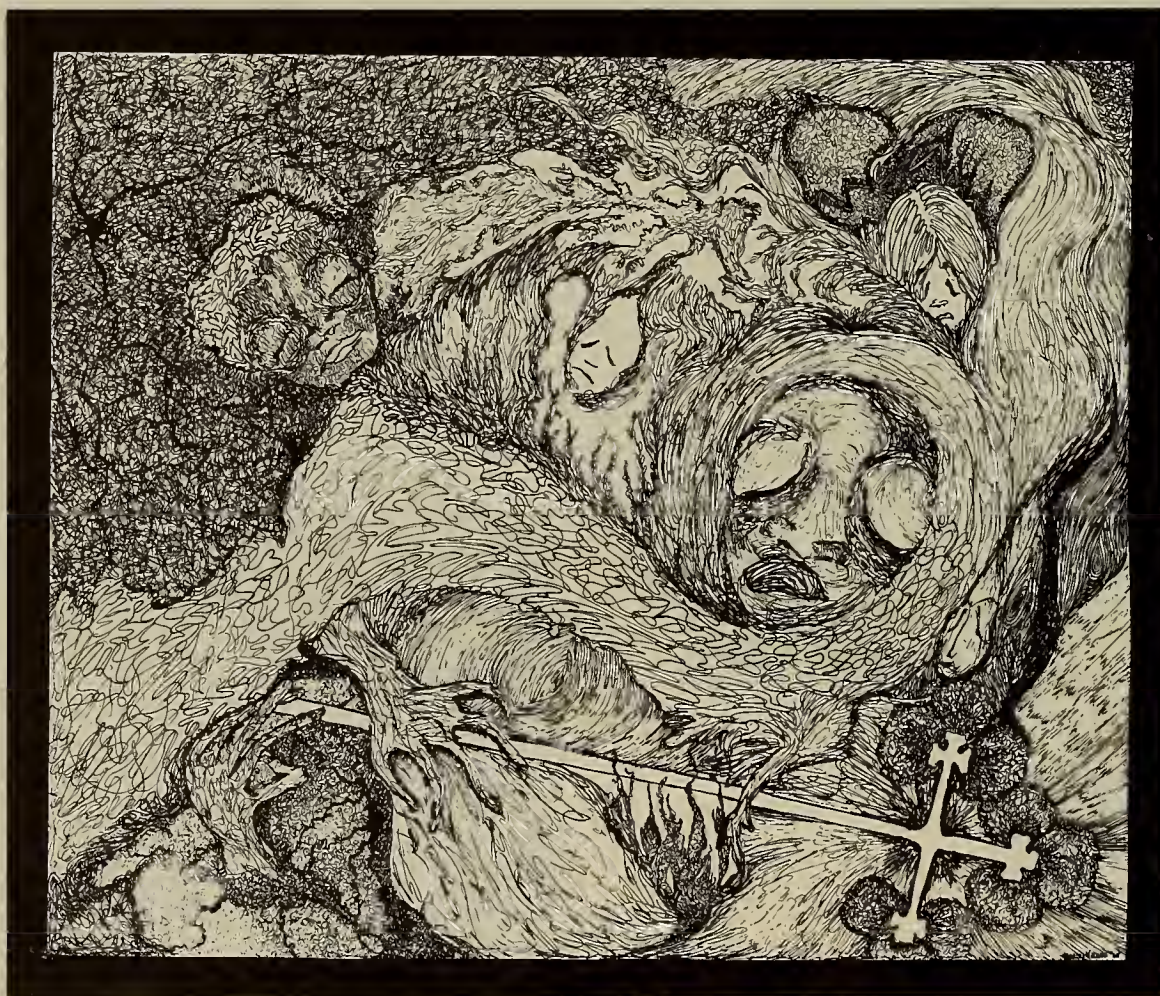
Son Coeur
Le voyage éternel commence
Dans la fosse de l'obscurité
La nuit ces sirènes envahissent
Ses yeux lustrés,
— Pour résumer
On ne doit jamais oublier
Ce qui a commencé par un destin.
— Aidez les vieillards!

ALIDA McILVAIN '69

Once Ivory Infant

The infant fell from the ivory placenta
Into the bamboo spikes of the awaiting terror
And lurked in the blood and shattering screams
Of the vicious darkness of East Fifty-ninth.
The pain and suffering of the sordid crevices
Swallowed him with trenchant, ensanguined jaws.
He cried pitifully and his bones were dragged along
The jagged mortar streets strewn with
Broken glass and human spit.
The frail little body badgered and
Thrown from one cage to the next
Never seeing the light of the morning
Or the first flakes that fall
On damp old newspapers people have
Carelessly stuffed in smelly
And gorged tin cans.
He was cold and wet and musty
Lying in the cigarette butt laden gutter.
The ivory placenta had lost him forever and
He may never return to
The human warmth and smoothness of it again.

PAMELA BELL '69



Perched on the Palm of Boredom . . .

Perched on the palm of boredom
Where life is a meaningless game,
They come in flocks of ravaging hawks
Seeking victims to tame.

Timed and judged by their conquests
of passionate, impulsive lives,
Their worlds are ruptured—void of truth
Yet each one denies.

They offer each other comfort
Through false methods and lies
And deny that they are hungry
For fruitful, meaningful lives.

LYNNE TATIAN '69

Old Friends

Whatever happens to old friends?
Some go away . . .
But where?

Still, they remain forever,
Not in my presence but in my mind.
I often relive moments of
 sitting, talking, comparing,
 and asking, "Why?" . . .
Times that have all gone . . .
But where?

Now there is only wonder,
A restlessness, a slight pain,
And silence . . .

NANCY DEWEY '70

In The Eating Place

Alone I stand
With my back to the ones
Who are there
Reaching out for
Something that I know not.
Like a drunk
I sing and play
With the words of
Insanity, fear and hate
leaping from me like a blazing sword
to hurt and paralyze.
In the eating place
long lines of people
come before me
taking all of my mind
leaving but just
an empty dish.
I starve and decay
and die.

DANIA DOREMUS '69

Violence

My rights, my rights!
Me
I can get them only one
way:
Fight and protest.
Fools give in and let it pass
by . . .
Give me what I deserve.
It's unfair, unjust, un . . . good?
You want it too—
Come with me
We shall go forward together
if it takes all day.

LOUISA REPPUCCI '71



Space Odyssey

Oh, Virgin Mind,
Shake off your sins.
Ugliness has bound them to thee.

Space your virtues and boundaries . . .

A dream of fanaticisms
Unrealistically portrayed through
the spectrums of time.

Foresee the light of death . . .

Feel the ill wind!

The mind now captured rests
within itself.

ANN HEMINGWAY '69



City #13

The world of minds
Its passion, its pulse
Of empty coats, ten cent cigars, and
Street fed pigeons.
Thin soled shoes
Of old men with their cheap quarts of
Wine, and young men with their empty
Laughter, their scattered verse.

Of street lights and light heads the
Patrolman nipping in the alley and the
Little girl from the Salvation Army
Singing in the gutter.

Of German sports cars and Italian food,
Their friends many and their depressions few,
And tears that fall to form the
Rust on this, our suicide ring.

Of our lovers and our haters and those
Not yet known going out to the dark,
Freed of thought, to gather plastic flowers.

WENDY MARTIN '69

You will probably never know
How much I respect and honor
Your shining essence . . .
You possess something that cannot be expressed in words
A beautiful, flowering life
In which you blanket yourself
And the one you love in sweetness
You know what you are living for
And find meaning and happiness
In each fleeting prism of time
You are kind and gentle
But most important and lovely
You know and live truth
To yourself and others
No matter the cost
You see the collapse in lives
And try to cement the
Broken fragments back together
But you want them to realize
That they must mend themselves
And find meaning for their own lives
For it will have no significance
If the seeker doesn't
Accept the knowledge that is
Being so unselfishly proffered
By you, Truth.

TRUTH

PAMELA BELL '69



The Weary Days

Soiled were the hands that worked each day in cotton fields;
Weary were the feet that trod the ground;
Thin were the figures that plucked from stem to stem,
As the sun burned down on their brows.

Loud were the shouts of the ruthless masters;
Proud were the tones in their voices;
The whip was their symbol and power their glory,
As the sun burned down on their brows.

The workers all sang of freedom;
The masters shouted "work" in refrain;
And on they worked in the heat of the day,
As the sun burned down on their brows.

KITTY WICK '70

The Drapes

Is this the right door?
Yes, I'm sure. Come on.
Ooooh! What a nice room.
We go this way, I think.
The drapes are beautiful.
Daddy's on the third floor. Come on, Ma.
I think purple adds a lot to a room, don't you?
Ma, if you don't hurry, visiting hours will be over.
I'd like some drapes like this for the living room, I think.
Why are you just standing there, Ma? Let's go.
Yes, I think these would go very nicely in our living room.

TRUDA BLOOM '69

Lily White

She's inside the washing machine
On the spin cycle after wash-dry
Flashing colors so fast from
The box of detergent crystals.
Clean and white
Virginity pure
She emerges—crashing
From the Westinghouse.

PAMELA BELL '69

Flashback

As the fog rolled across the moor
I could hear the sound of a closing car door.

I was fleeing for my life.
I knew I should have hidden the knife.

I was but shouldn't have been running.
A cliff came closer and I found myself jumping.

I was and shouldn't have been flying!

ANNE LORING '71



He

is something so closely far away
the light of a star shining from eons
last year's rain hit today
my pen so weak and thoughtless
tracing . . .
rearranging in rhythmic patterns of time
i choose one moment and
dry cry . . .
so he makes another, i watch
we pass . . .
greens leave and browns fell yesterday
it sunrained, my losses came and
He gained?
wearily i reach and heavily He falls
a child of innocence
the oneness walls . . .
purplepink smile, my lifetime road
i dove but
He missed the catch . . .
again i love and
we fail

SUE AUBIN '71

Dear Past,

How well I have known your every breath and moved with your every step. In all the years I have known you I have often looked back in despair for advice. You must know me better than I. Now as I glance back at you I remember the days I have loved—What was so often future and now is past—I have dreaded losing it all. Things I have loved have moved, yet I can still look to you in remembrance of loving. Remember, Past, when we walked through the woods and we lost our minds searching for acorns to whistle with? And, Past, the beaches we have known, the sands that have known our warm feet so well? All I have ever known has been you—your windy years, your dancing moods, and your sunshine-warm. I am so much aware of your distance now, but even more of some unknown future of which you will be a part . . .

KRISTEN LAPE '70

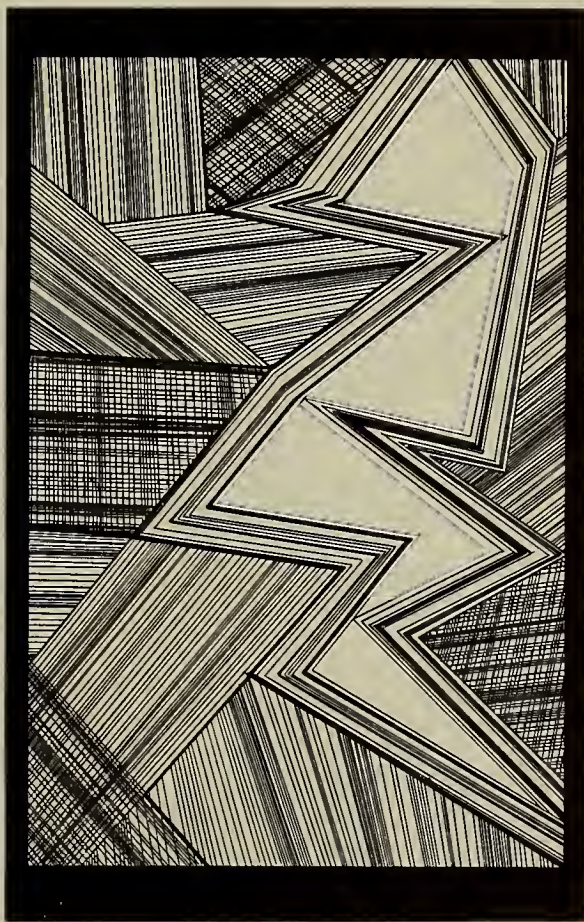




Willie

Hey, my yellow-skinned friend
from across the sea,
You pacified the perplexities
that disillusioned me,
While inspecting your liberty
which I so admire
And your endless motion
which I so desire.
So my absentee friend,
Willie Wong,
Keep straight, kid, for it is
I who am wrong.

TONI POLLAK '69



Almost

Jane entered the dingy railroad station and ran quickly down the long winding stairway which led to the tracks. She tore past many curious faces, approached her track, and groaned as she saw the train steadily drawing away down the dim track. Helplessness crept over her. Presently she heard rhythmic panting beside her. She spun around and there stood a boy who stared longingly in the direction of the now-missing train. Jane meekly asked if his destination was anywhere near hers. The lean, dark boy merely grunted and continued to stare in the same direction.

It would soon be evening and Jane could not help feeling guilty about her stupidity. Wearily she turned and reentered the station. She heard the boy shuffle

along behind her. Both slowly moved to a nearby bench where they sat sullen, subdued by frustration. Finally they spoke, briefly mentioning their families and schools. Jane chatted easily; the boy said little.

After a dreary two hours, another train bound for the same areas came rumbling up to the station. Their arms brushed as they hurried toward the track. The ride was a stuffy yet quite pleasant one. Jane continued to be the conversationalist while the boy stared out the large, grubby window. Jane finally gave up talking and decided to examine her companion. He was attractive, but he had that lost look which she knew often marked her own face. "Does he lead the confused and troubled life I do? Does he know what he wants for his future?" These were the questions that cluttered her mind. She then looked away, and as she did she could see, in the window reflection, his head turn toward her, and she almost felt his penetrating look. She turned her head and their eyes met. Slow smiles began to lift the corners of their mouths. At this moment the train rolled into Oakville and Jane took her bag in hand.

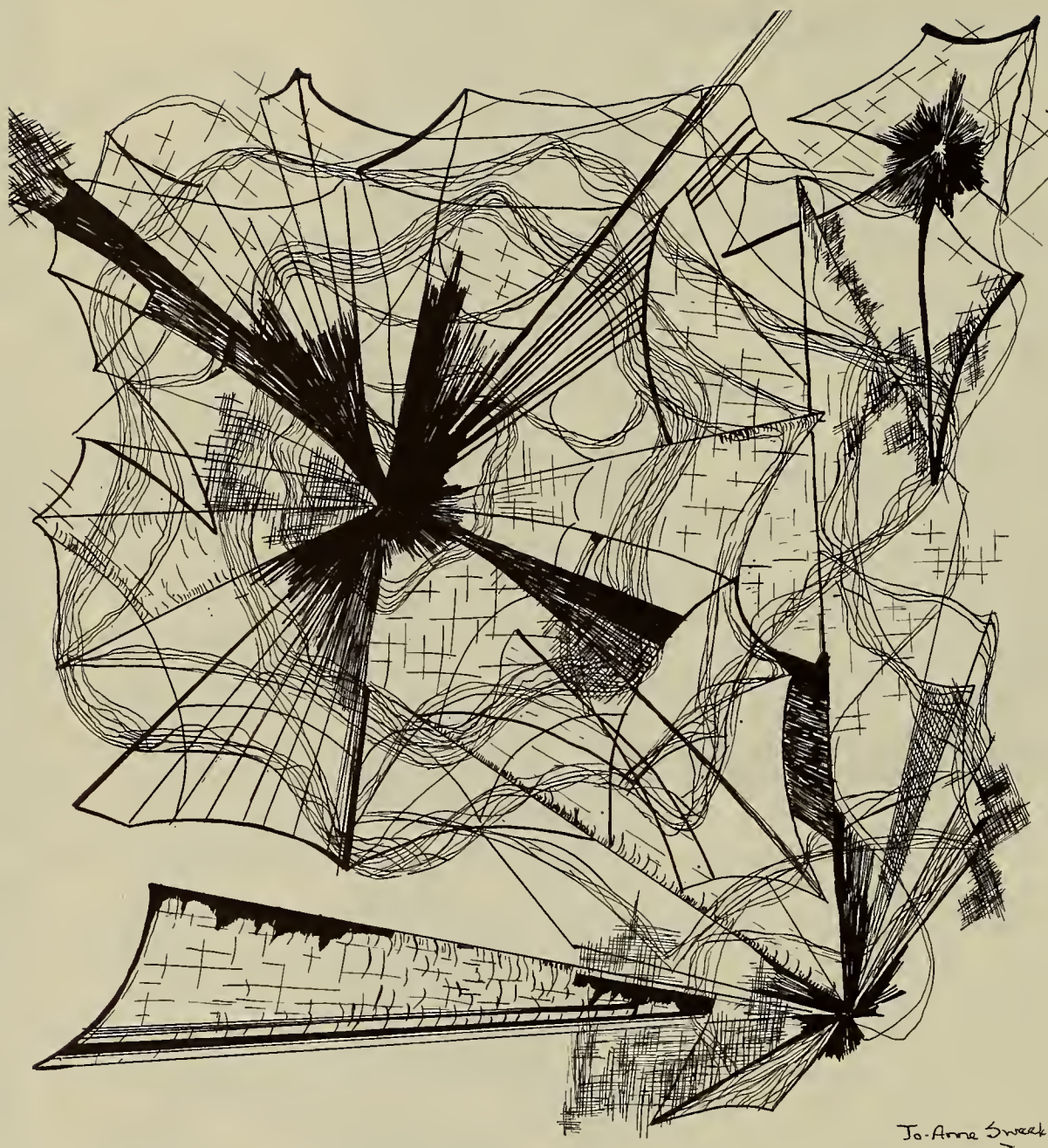
"You live here?" mumbled the boy.

"Yes," said Jane. "Don't you?"

"Nope, next town."

Their eyes met once more and then the train came to a dead halt. Jane slowly descended the steps. Soon she was shivering in the cold blanket of night. The train moved on down the dark track.

ELAINE SOHIER '70



Once Again

If only everybody could be up at that early hour when the sun comes up so gracefully, with its red and orange colors. How breath-taking it is since nobody has awakened and the animals are just beginning to stir. How peaceful and calm. The dew is still creeping through the grass like a spider in his shining web. All the night creatures are just settling down to take their turn in sleeping.

Suddenly the big yellow sun is making its way across the sky. Children are coming out to play. The dew is gone and the green grass is blowing in the wind. Once again a new day has been born.

SUSAN TORREY '71

Moods

Slinking slippery strays
Deluge of foggy foam
Smoky fumes
Untuned lanterns
Relight the gloom
for sidewalk drifters.

ALIDA McILVAIN '69

Departure

When we touch, so little time there is to be shared, that our few words often do tend to be strong and real. Strong, for within the time that we shall next meet, there must be a remembrance of strength in our touching. Finding it time to part, you gently brushed my silent face, and I, bearing a promise, smiled goodbye. I reached for you, still grasping for the strength of words to open unto you my thoughts. And so we both felt our needs . . . departure once more had revealed them. If we had never known this sense of loss what would we have missed? More than one could measure. Both of us sharing yet not . . . both of us touching, yet not . . .
merely building in pieces . . .

KRISTEN LAPE '70

When I Was Ten

When I was ten and I ran through new
falling snow and though it was infinite
there was a goal.

When I was ten the sun was mine
and I smiled feeling its warmth . . .

When I was ten I walked in summer
puddles to feel the rain dripping from
my hair into my face.

When I was ten I breathed the air
to breathe and I was alive.

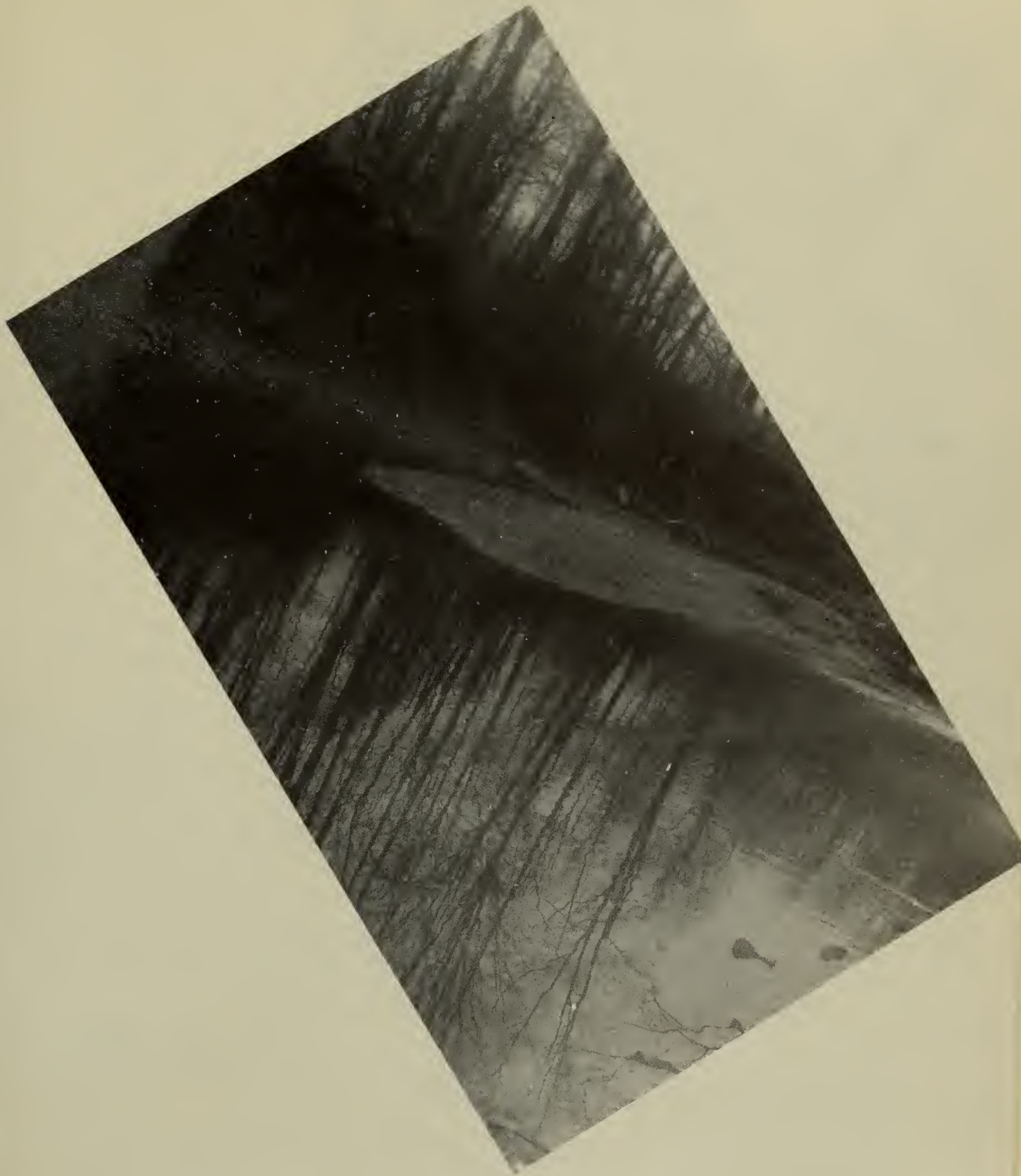
When I was ten the daffodils were
yellow in spring and grass was green.

The world was new and young and
so was I.

Today I feel so old
like mold.

SUE AUBIN '71







A Poem

Rich webbed images of your enchanting tongue
sift a vague dream into the cavities of my hungry mellow eyes.
I visualize a temperamental eternal solitude in spirit so human,
as much so as truth allows; yearning
seeking the restoration of nature
buried far beneath the infectious soil in protection
against escape and recognition of its hidden existence.

As you see a suppressed horizon at your feet,
ecstatic shadows like that of the memory of time,
race, overlapping along my wall embodied in moss
and floods of naked sky in massive colors, drop
as a reflection of what you don't know.

Fumbling in delight in the buoyant island of your mind
permitting infatuation of illusion in your provided
purified, disclosed sanitary play-yard.

Aimlessly wandering . . .
the sedate tune from the landrover long traveled, passed,
complacent in a frame of tranquility in your sub-conscience;
each sequence passing in waves as interludes of the coma.

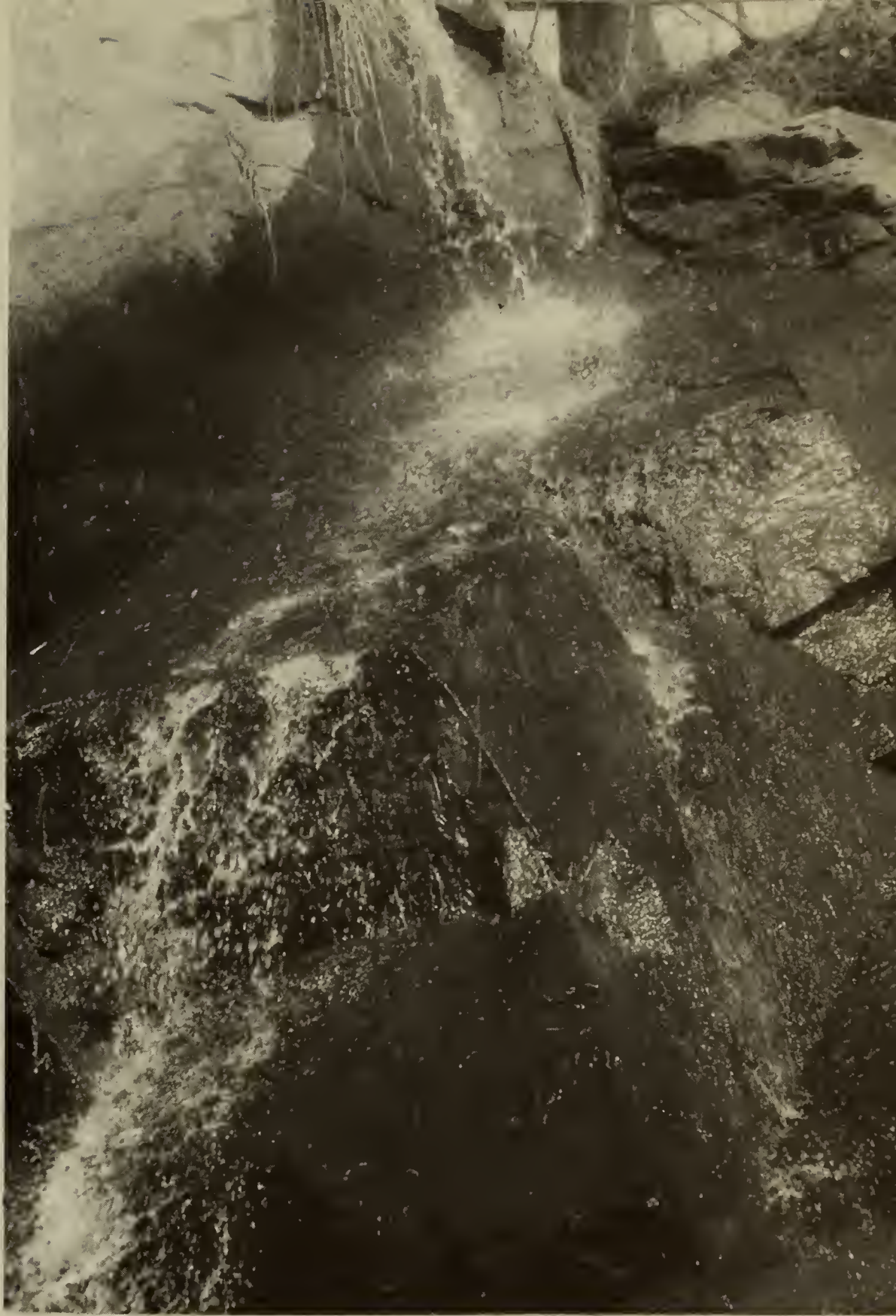
(continued)



Imprinting distorted footprints on cracked, sun-drenched rock
in the midst of barren entanglement—rotted bark
and soggy lifeless leaves.

Ingrown is an occasional mushroom in the hollow canyon of an unrooted wood,
similar to man's persisting ideals which also lack the balance
that responds in coordination with common survival.





Fountains of spray, untouched by civilization
silhouettes in the paralyzing breeze
falling repeatedly together into an exploiting pool
to protect itself, as does man in civilization as a trap.

(continued)



The foamed velvet filtered soot
embedded in the inane crevices, is suctioned into the gravitating soil.



The timeless hours drift with eternity
as interrelated past and future dissolve into recurring motionless recreation.

(continued)



The stick in your hand is released into the small body of discolored sea.
Disfigured reflections in striped colors and amoeba shapes
inevitably deplete memories of submitting yourself to
subordinate constraints of nature . . .
The facetious realism has destroyed the sentiment.

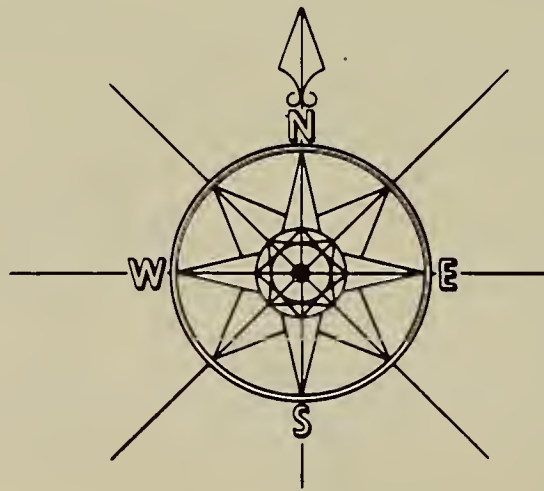
Cry, yes: then bellow into laughter,
sure one!
Thrust your content mind into the maze of curiosity and change;
to be carried out to sea.

'Tis more adequate to pretend you are what you haven't quite reached.
Once reached
you no longer have the feeling of what you were striving to become.

LISA STRASBURG '69



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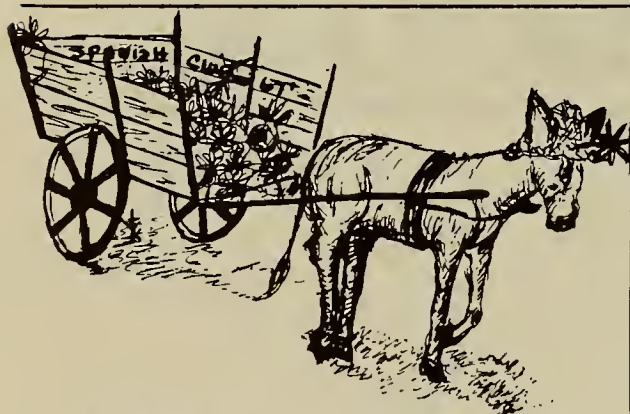
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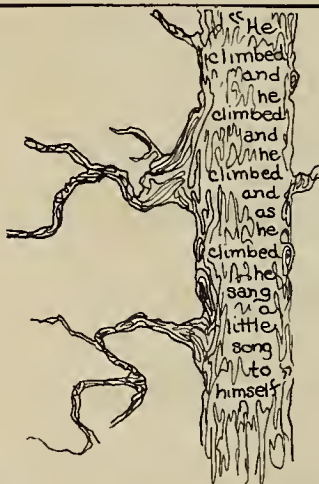
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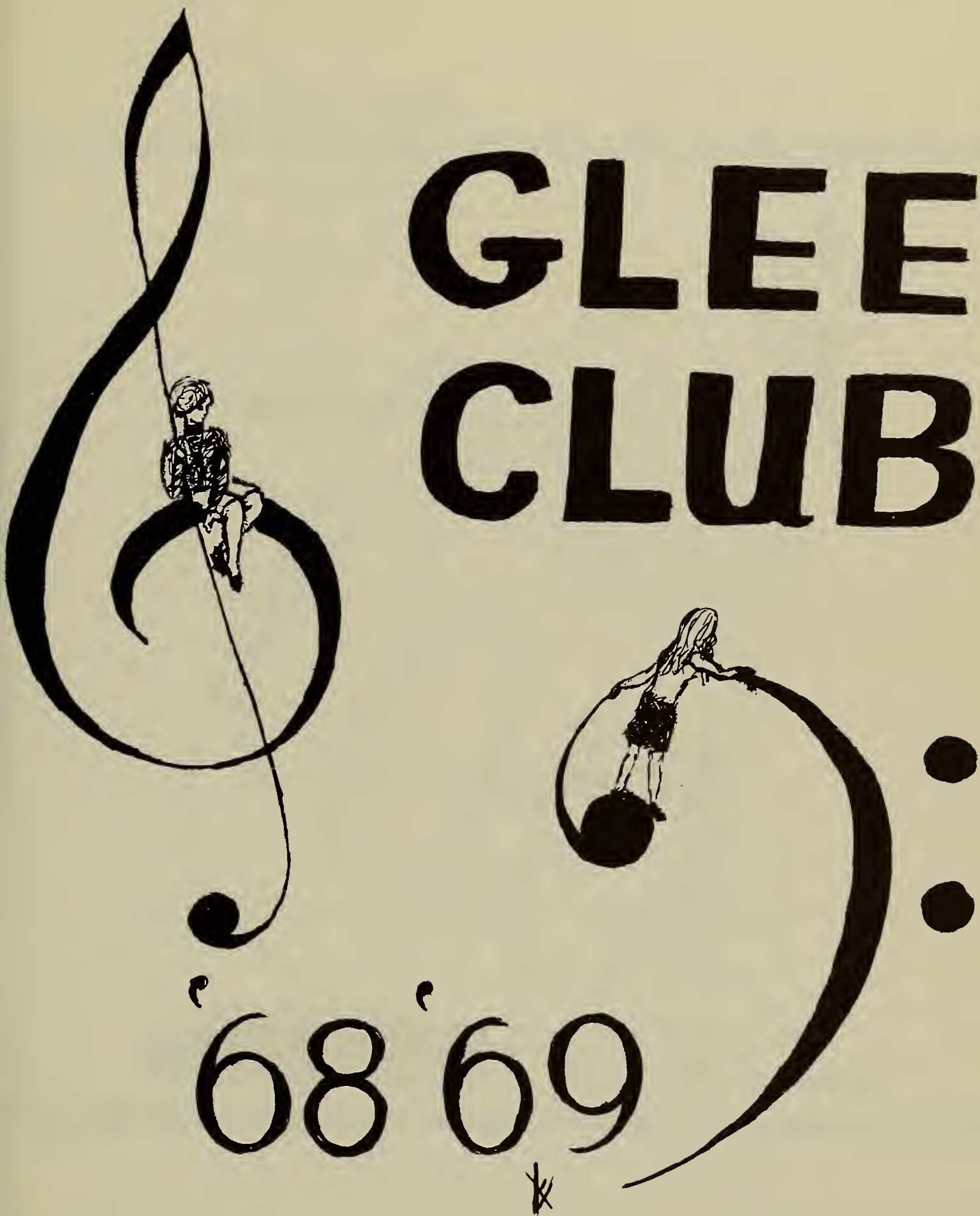


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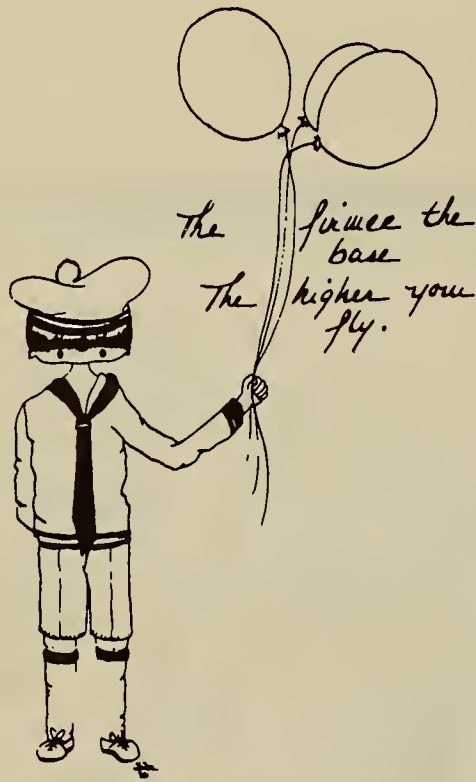
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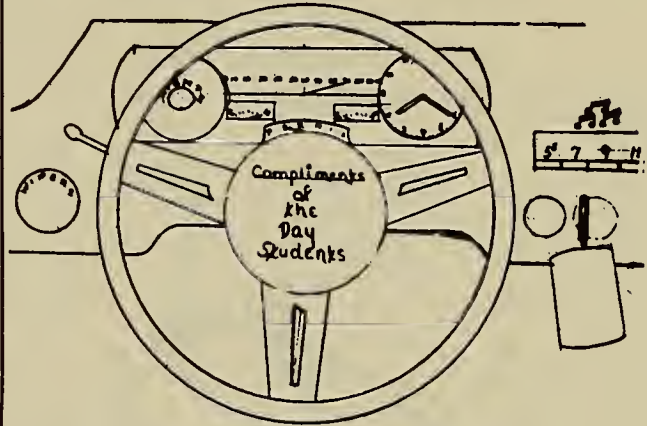
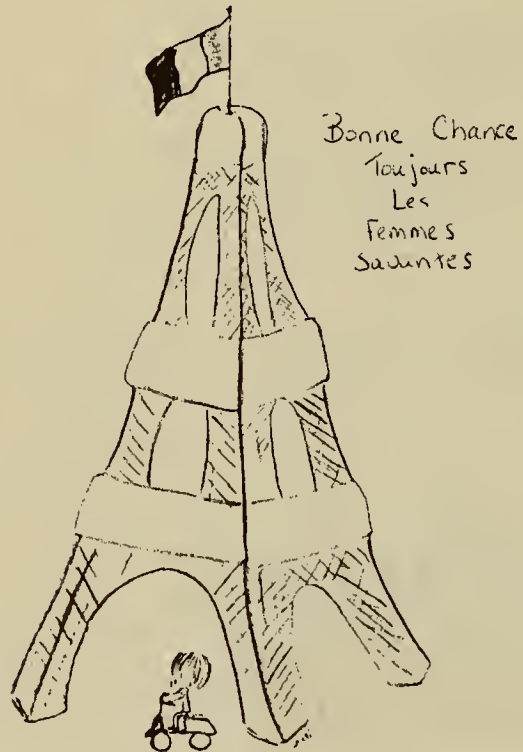
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29 Brattle Street, Harvard Square

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W. J. HOARE

Wholesale and Retail
FRESH FISH, OYSTERS, CLAMS, LOBSTERS, ETC.

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PUTNAM & SON

207 MARKET ST.

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THE LOWELL FRUIT CO.

Compliments of



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the cleaner who cares*

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Food for the Hungry

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TOWN HOUSE MOTOR INN

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are a specialty . . .
not just a sideline"*

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opposite the P.O.

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EDWARD KELLY Co.
Industrial and Commercial
SHEET METAL WORKERS

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— Designer and Maker of Fine Jewelry —

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Liberty 2-3117

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BOSTON 8, MASS.

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Club

WOOD-ABBOTT CO.

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Diamond Merchants and Jewelers

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434 CENTRAL ST. LOWELL, MASS.

TEL. 452-1519

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The Junior Class

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Parkway Prescription Pharmacy

JAMES J. QUEENAN, *Reg. Ph.*

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The Senior Class

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Errico Studio

- PHOTOGRAPHERS -

286 BROADWAY, WINTER HILL

SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS 02145

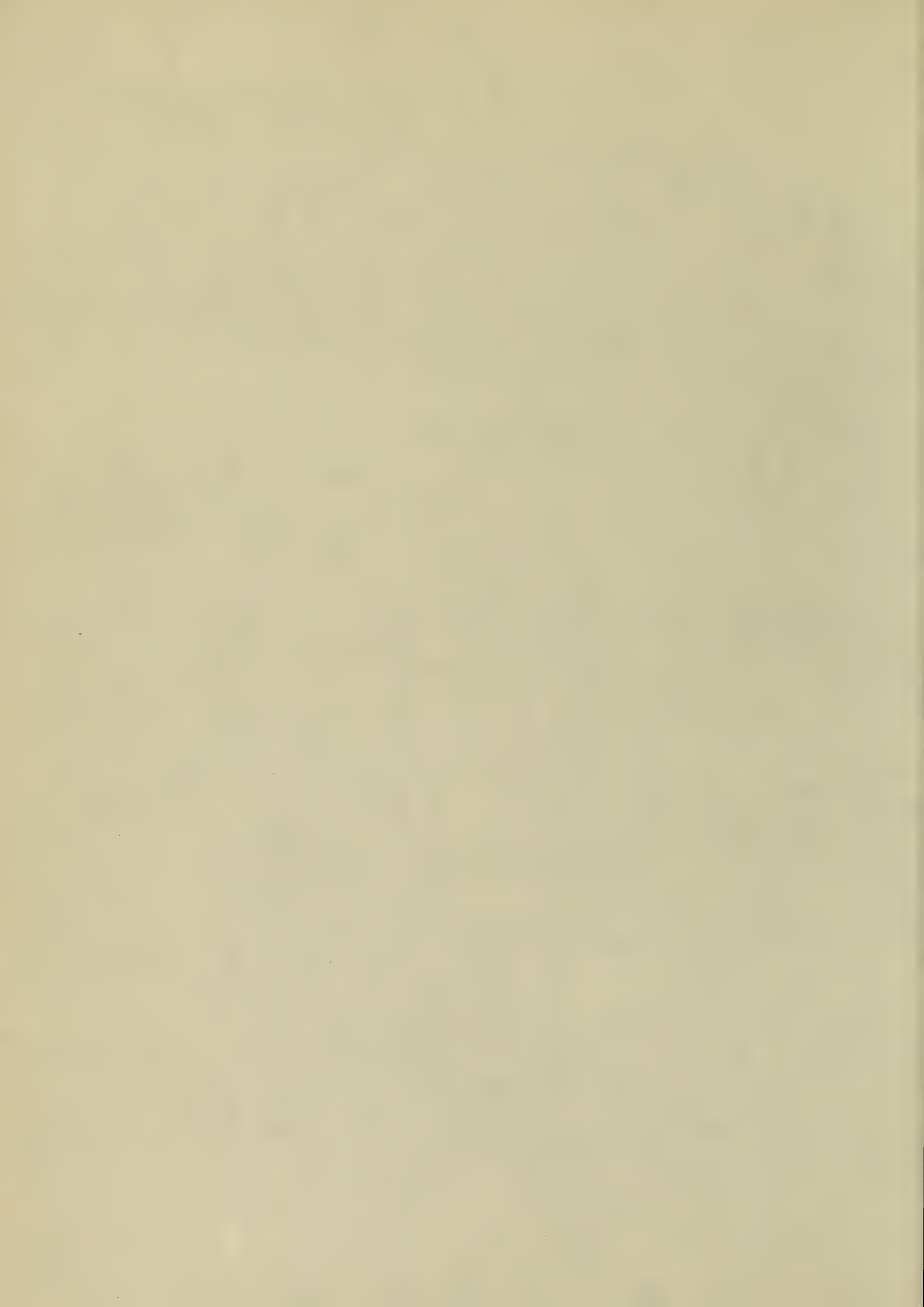
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A Friend



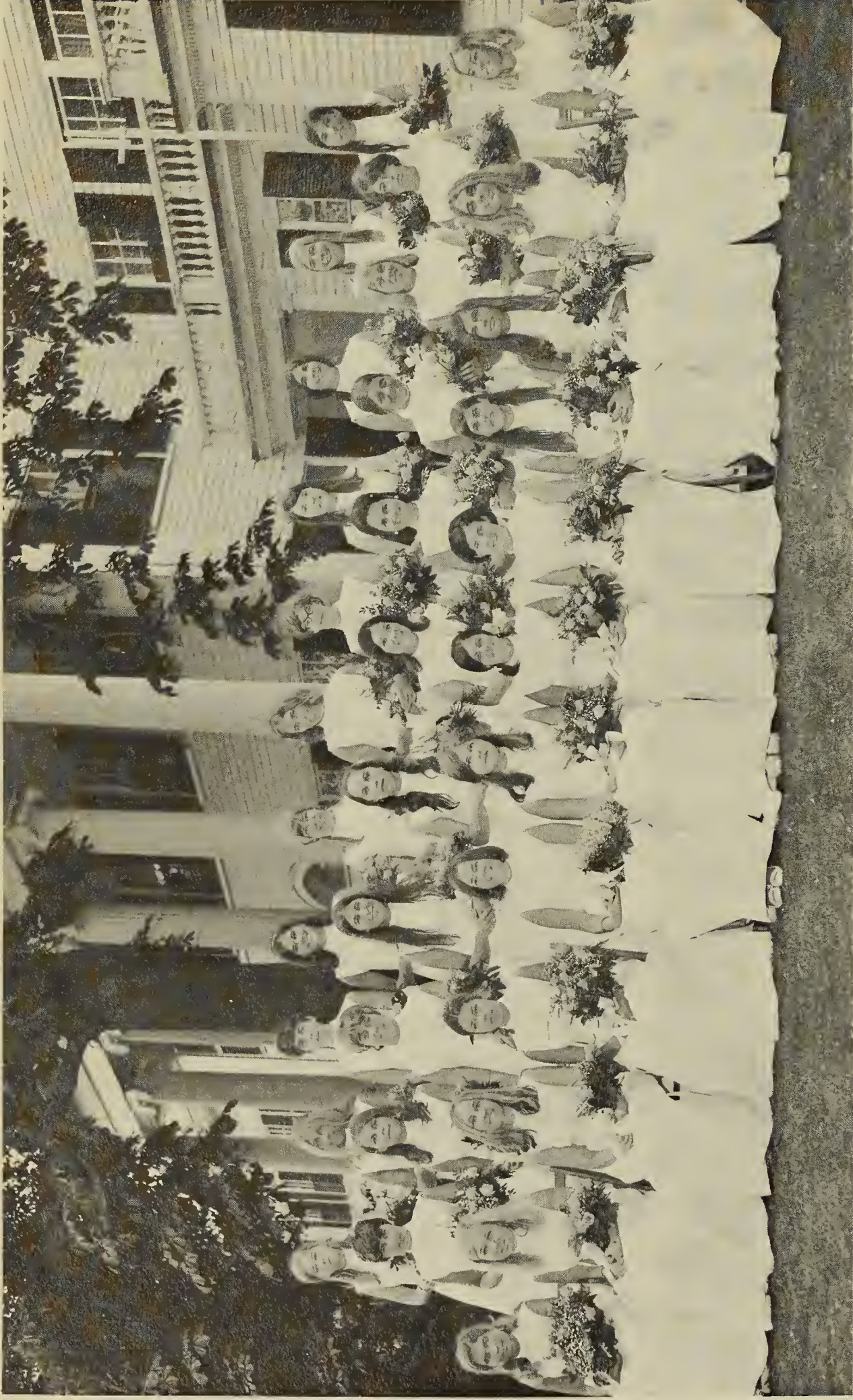








Splinters
Rogers Hall School
Lowell, Massachusetts



CLASS OF 1969

First Row: Deborah Zinn, Susan Ellington, Elizabeth Holihan, Robin LaFoley, Anne Washburn, Cynthia Brox (Vice-President), Elizabeth Hall (President), Suzanne Johnson, Jane Seller, Linda Juszczak, Jennifer Foster, Johanna Tighe.

Second Row: Susan Brown, Wendy Martin, Amelia Rowe, Marilyn Keast, Toni Pollak, Deborah Pletscher, Lynne Tatian, Betsy Nauss, Nicola Plimpton, Marion Eddy

Third Row: Ann Hemingway, Pamela Bell, Truda Bloom, Alida McIlvain, Christina Lefferts, Jan Laundon, Dania Doremus, Karen Anderson, Estela Alvarez, Susan Spring, Elizabeth Strasburg

SPLINTERS

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ELIZABETH HALL

ELIZABETH HOLIHAN
LISA STRASBURG

LYNNE TATIAN

Business Board

Manager—KAREN ANDERSON

CYNTHIA BROX
SUZANNE JOHNSON
LINDA JUSZCZAK

MARION EDDY
AMELIA ROWE
ANNE WASHBURN

Art

Editor—BETSY NAUSS

Staff

DANIA DOREMUS

MARILYN KEAST

Informal Photographers

TRUDA BLOOM

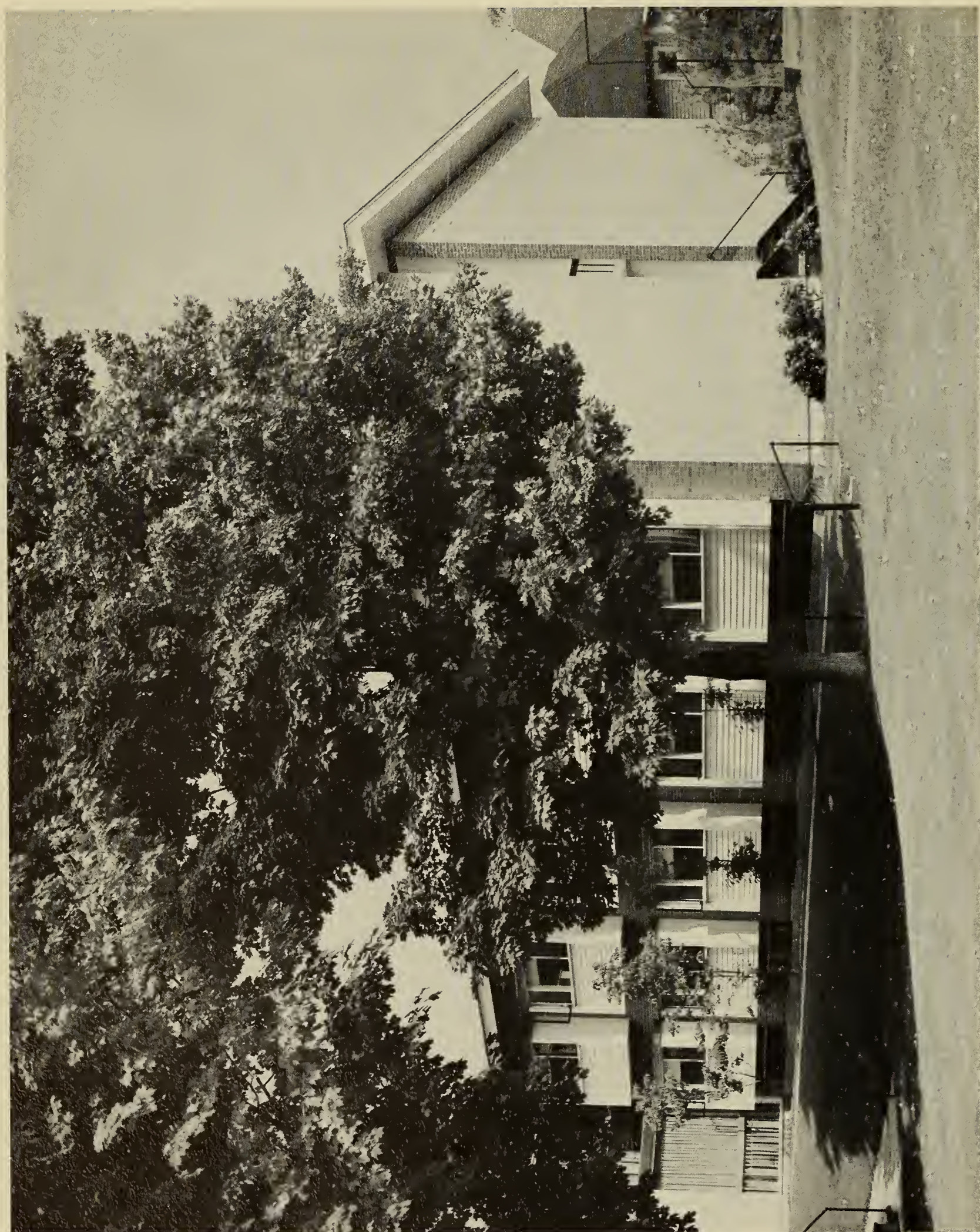
ESTELA ALVAREZ

Faculty Literary Advisor

MRS. DOROTHY A. WORSHAM

Faculty Art Advisor

MRS. DOROTHY I. PERLOFF



EDITORIAL

Wisdom grows as man steps from secure knowledge into the insecure unknown. The ultimate act of faith then is proved when man is able to face the unexplored region, defending with his wisdom and pursuing with his reason. The struggle for intelligent faith is guided only by his wisdom, and thus are discovered points of value in the midst of vast confusion. Once the fact of the impossibility of absolute certainty is realized the way of wisdom becomes the recognition of degrees of probability.

Within wisdom is found the clarity for living. Clearmindedness, reverence and rationality are the furnishings of reason. The ambition for man to live in a more perfect and harmonious society can be achieved only through truth and wisdom. Materialistic wealth often represses this ambition, yet if used reasonably this wealth may become an addition of privilege and an advantage for further enlightenment.

The mind of man must be fed knowledge as must his heart absorb the gifts of knowledge: sensitivity and hope for everlasting life. Through structured education and experience, the mind is able to capture infinite ideals and probabilities, while it deciphers a clearer vision of the meaning of life. In broadening his mind man must improve his methods of inquiry in order to perceive the difference between what is and what is desired. Thus man's heart and mind must work together as an entity to establish the whole conception of truth.

When man's need for wisdom surpasses that of bodily desire, then he is ready to step forward into another area of our small worlds to help to widen the horizon of those who see and to seek to open the minds of the blind to life's richness and wisdom . . .



MISS HILDRED RAMSAY
HEADMISTRESS OF ROGERS HALL

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

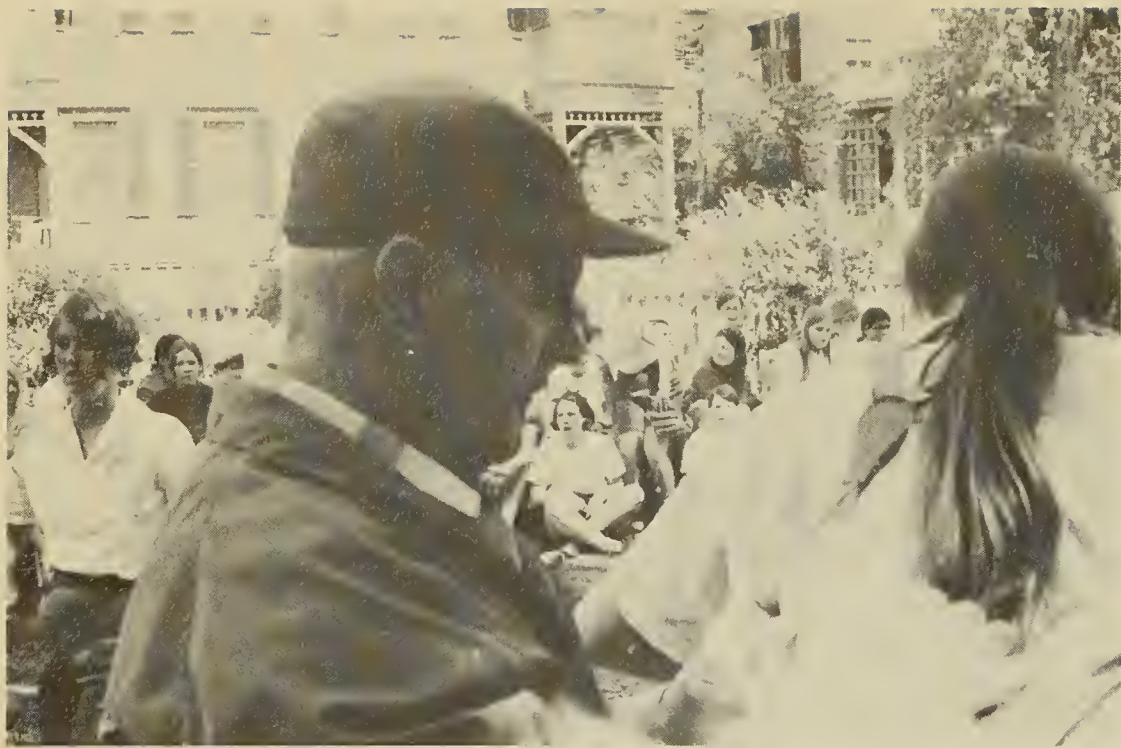
Only a year ago, at this very time, we mourned the tragic death of another Kennedy, Robert. In his eulogy for his brother, Senator Ted Kennedy said that he hoped his brother would be remembered as a "good and decent man who saw wrong and tried to right it." This is also my hope for the class of '69—that you will become good and decent women who will see wrong and try to right it in a good and decent way.



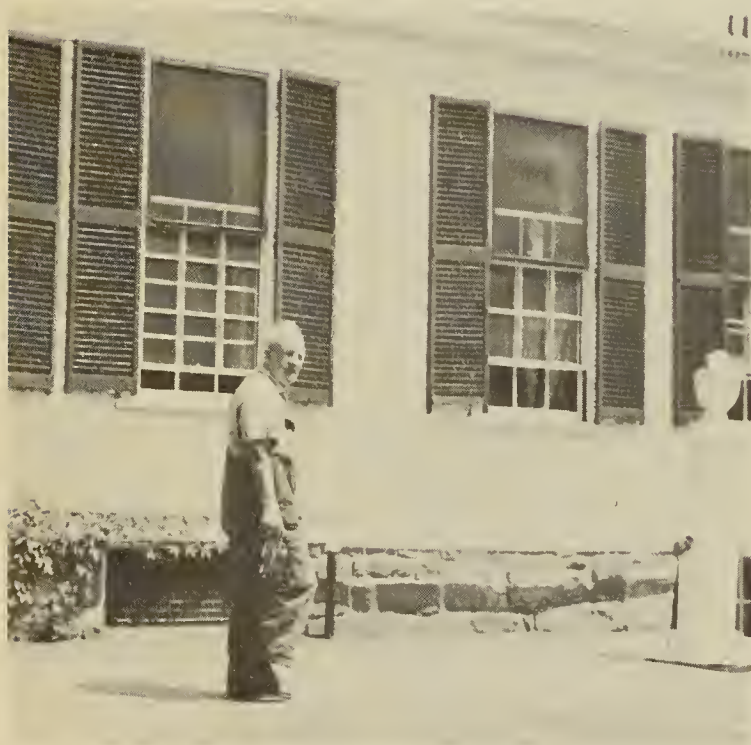
MRS. LOUISE WHITTEN STATEN

DEDICATION

Mrs. Staten, in our daily trips to the office to ask both petty and important details, you have always had an answer for us. You have impressed upon us the significance of details. Through your witty comments you have influenced us with good judgement as well as good taste. Though our world may "not be the way it used to be," we hope you will remember us as kindly as we will remember you.



WILLIAM "BILL" SIGMAN

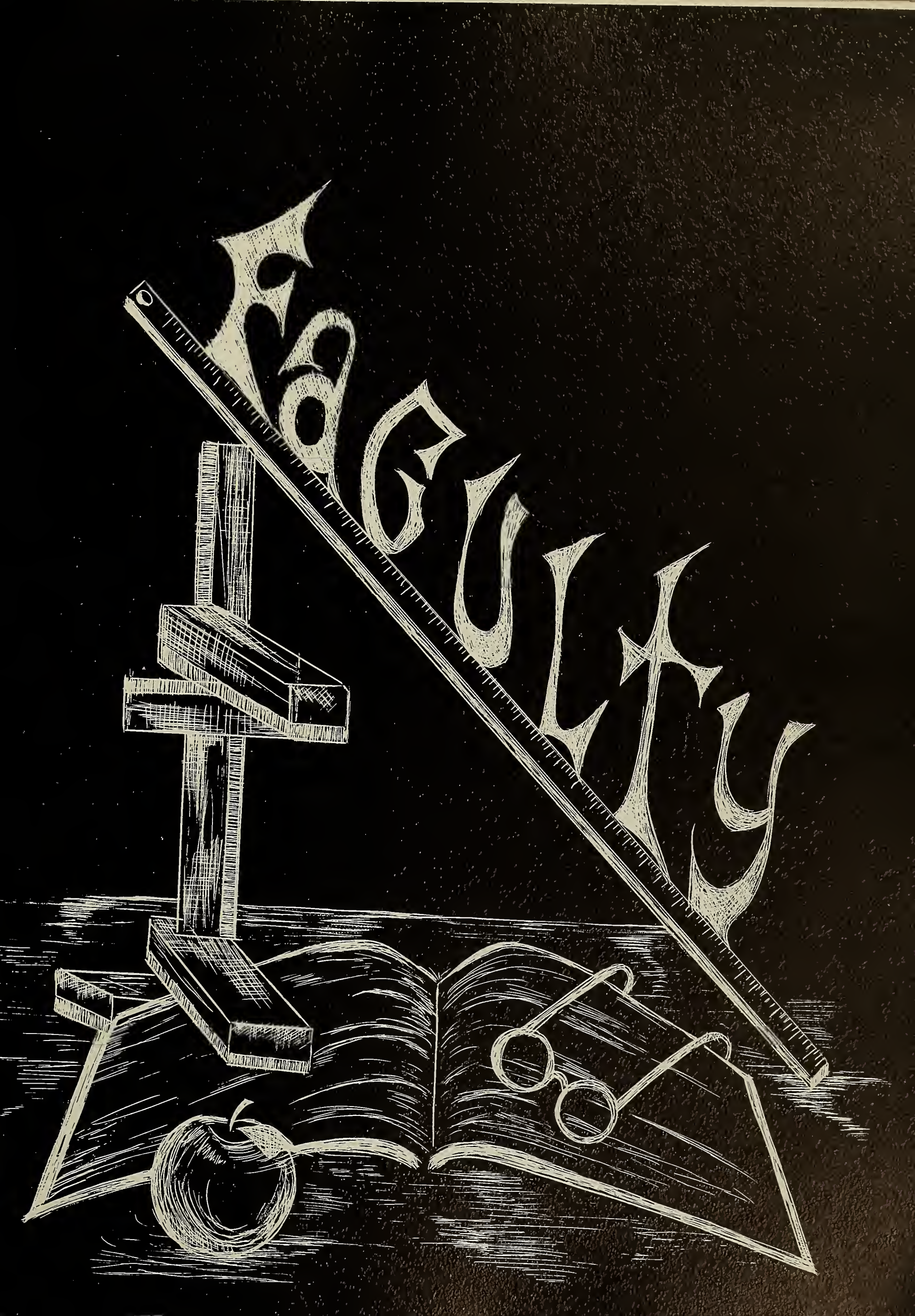


IN APPRECIATION

Bill, you have always been there to help us when we needed assistance—be it chauffeuring, refereeing, doing errands, working around the grounds and on dances, collecting ads for *Splinters* and, of course, conducting the festivities at Singing Beach. We could not mention all that you have done in the past years through your ceaseless toiling. We will never forget your delightful stories and wonderful heart.

Our purpose is to cultivate in the largest possible number of our future citizens an appreciation of both the responsibilities and the benefits which come to them because they are Americans and are free.

—JAMES BRYANT CONANT





MISS KATHLEEN DAY
ACADEMIC SECRETARY, HISTORY

MRS. PATRICIA MALONE
MATHEMATICS

MISS SUSAN BAMFORD
ENGLISH

MISS DOROTHY LeBUTT
PIANO, MUSIC APPRECIATION
AND GLEE CLUB

MISS DOROTHY PHELPS
LATIN, FRENCH AND
ANCIENT HISTORY

MISS DORIS ALEXANDER
MATHEMATICS



Mrs. M. SARGENT
HOUSEMOTHER

Mrs. B. CROSBIE
DIETICIAN

Mrs. A. JONES
HOUSEMOTHER



Mrs. LOUISE STATEN
SECRETARY

Mrs. DORIS PHINNEY
FINANCIAL SECRETARY





MRS. PAMELA HOFFER
FRENCH

MRS. JUDITH SADOWSKI
BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY,
GENERAL SCIENCE

MISS CAROL BOWES
PHYSICAL EDUCATION
AND PHYSIOLOGY

MRS. DOROTHY PERLOFF
ART AND HISTORY OF ART

MRS. DOROTHY A. WORSHAM
ENGLISH AND DRAMATICS





MRS. FRANCES JONES
ALUMNAE SECRETARY

MISS MARY JOHANNA PERKINS
HISTORY AND CURRENT EVENTS

MISS ANNE DORLAND PULLING
SPANISH

MRS. BARBARA BREWER
NURSE

MRS. NINA LATOUR
SHORTHAND AND TYPING

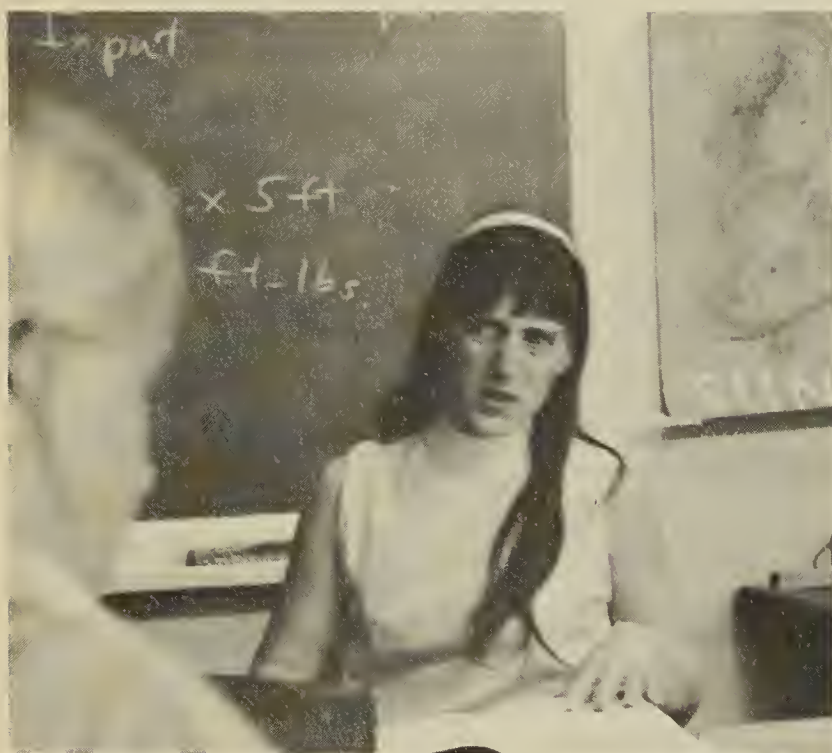




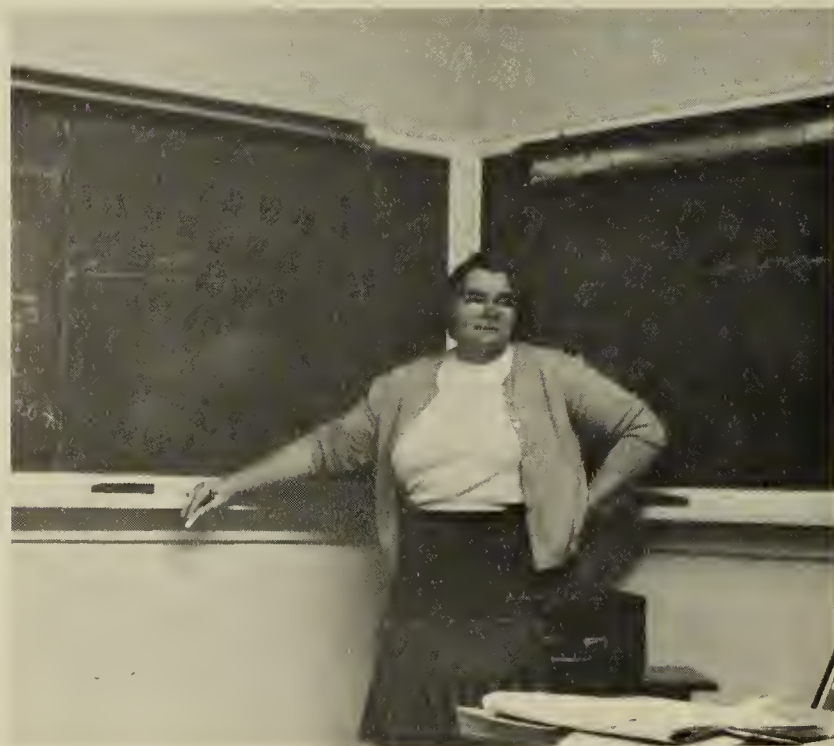
Bruno's lunch, what else?



*Oh, for a one-way ticket
to New Hampshire . . .*



Oh! How awful!



Now is that being a good citizen?



I'm certainly a winner



Just wait till you get to college



Wouldn't Caesar be mad for me?



It certainly is mucho friol!



Who says I'm the official chaperone?



Now, girls, when I was on the team at Smith . . .

In dreams begin responsibilities.

—DELMORE SCHWARTZ



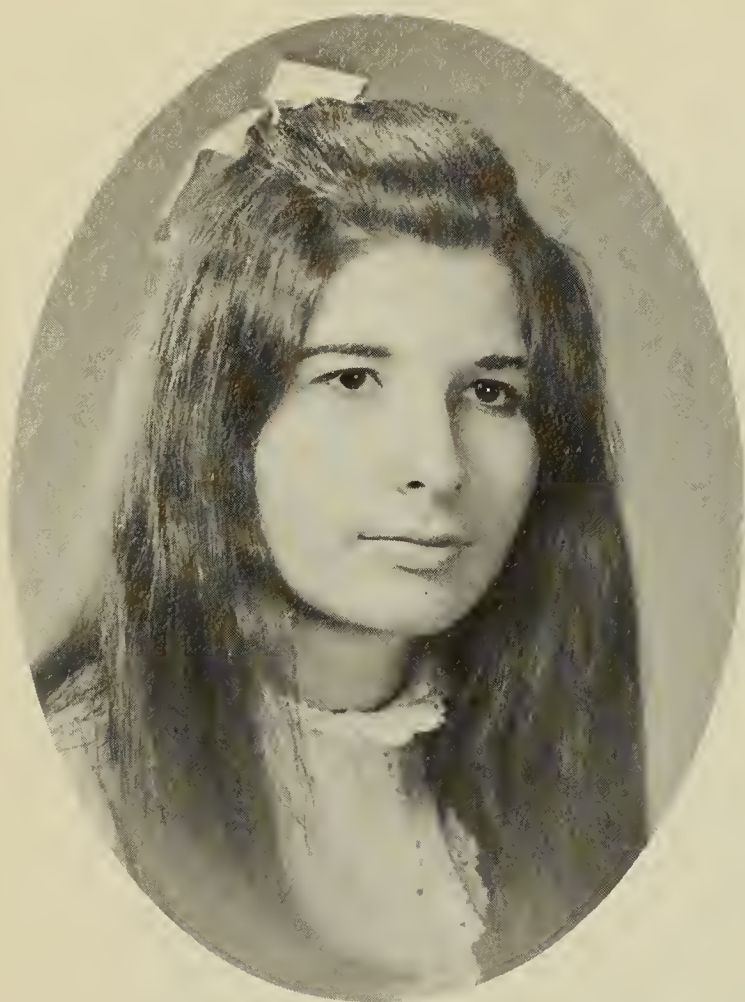
The years that the class of 1969 have spent at Rogers Hall have given us a foundation of relative stability. As we face the present trend of student unrest, we feel that this foundation has prepared us to commence with strength. We have experienced life in a secure and conservative atmosphere, in which we have developed a strong interest in fairness, in truth and in other people. With these qualities, we are ready to continue life with courage and purposefulness.

—BETTY HALL



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Cynthia Brox (Vice-President)
Elizabeth Hall (President)



ESTELA MARIA TERESA ALVAREZ

85-11 Avon Street
Jamaica, New York

ELMIRA COLLEGE

*"And he that bringeth the sun into the heart of the
day, lives in the midst of love . . ."*

KAVA Club
Hockey 3, 4
Volleyball 2, 3, 4 (Captain)
Class Vice-President 3
Proctor 3
Honor Roll 3
Neatness Award 2, 3
Debate Club 4
Spanish Club 1, 2 (Vice-President),
3 (Vice-President), 4 (President)
Splinters Photographer 4
Photography Club 4 (Secretary)
Founder's Day 3
Music Appreciation 2 (Honorable Mention),
4 (Honorable Mention)

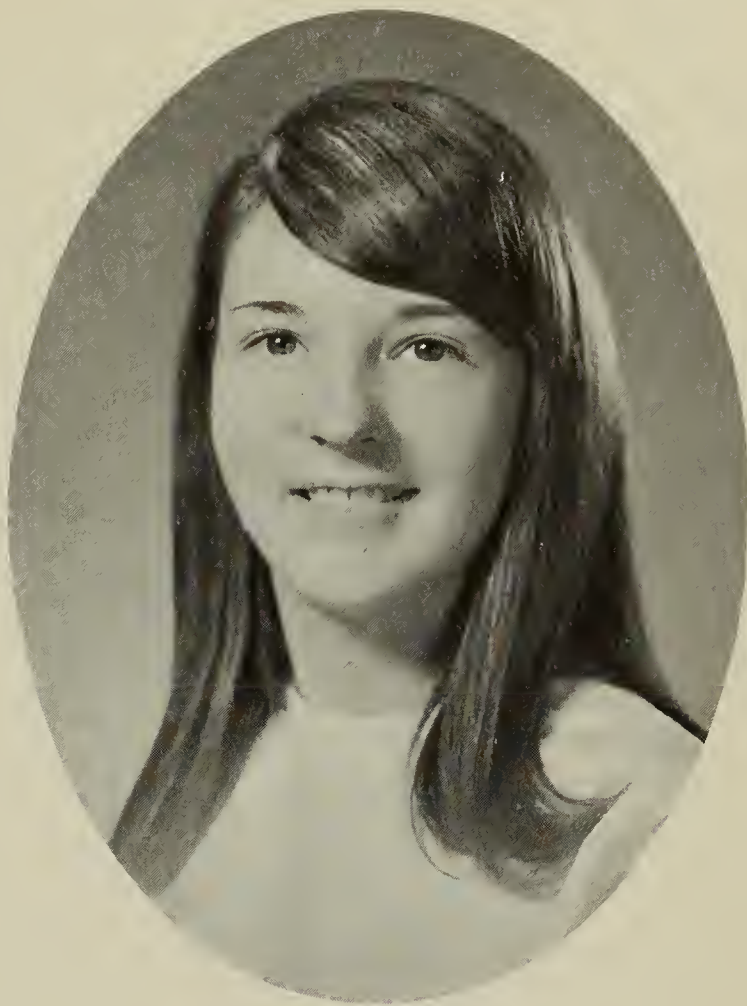
Peace with friends . . . bearing others' af-
flictions . . . parks full of flowers . . .
"Alida, the debil's gonna get you!" . . .
who's the phone for? . . . Wonder where
Craig is . . . Mount Washington? . . .
Cracking feet . . . D'em dry bones! . . .
dead flowers—"they're sooo beautiful!" . . .
any gum? . . . the D.R. way . . . "You're
so undemocratic!" . . . SOMEDAY . . .
morning glory at four A.M. . . . "I just
love her!" . . . a little lost face, Shirley . . .
night owls . . . who's superstitious? . . .
strange study habits . . . "You dirty old
man!" . . . stubborn will! . . . never a good-
bye . . .



KAREN ANDERSON

39 Daniels Street
Lowell, Massachusetts

MUHLENBERG COLLEGE



"Serenity and joyfulness are the sun under which everything thrives."

Bon Marche . . . but did you like it? . . .
well bye . . . tough . . . poor babe . . . cup
of coffee and a piece of pie . . . just
thought I'd drop in . . . devoted day-
student . . . you know . . . chemistry . . .
Anderson and Brox's Luncheonette and
Dragstrip . . . Well, it's been swell . . .



CAE Club

Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4

Current Events 1 (Honorable Mention), 2

Music Appreciation 1 (Honorable Mention), 3

The Columns 2, 3 (Exchange Editor)

Splinters Business Board Manager 4

Dramatics 2 (Honorable Mention), 3,

4 (Honorable Mention)

Dramatics Club 2, 3, 4

French Club 4

Red Cross Senior Life Saving 2

Volleyball 2, 3, 4

Basketball 3, 4 (Captain)

Hockey 2, 3, 4

Softball 3, 4

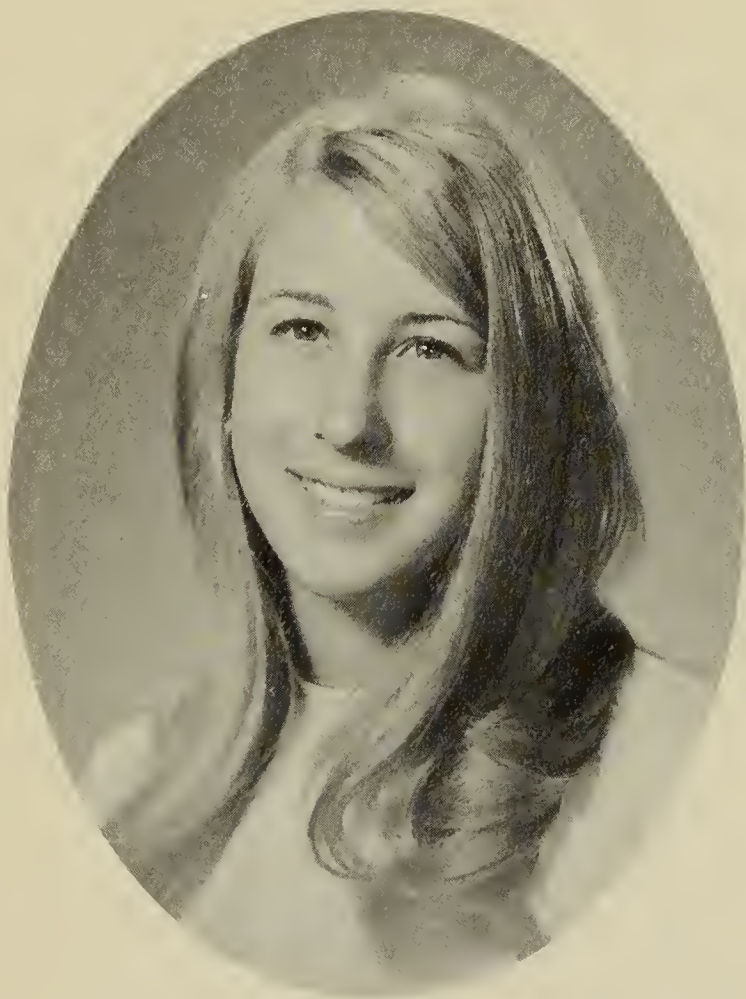
Glee Club 2, 3, 4

Swim Team Manager 4

R. H. Award 4

Music Appreciation Award 4

Underhill Honor 4



PAMELA VIRGINIA BELL

83 Beacon Street
Marblehead, Massachusetts

"Liberty of thought is the life of the soul."

Petite...baby chickens...light footed...
dig it . . . bread . . . Anna . . . medical
weekends . . . if only she knew how to
ski . . . backs . . . posture award for the
straightest girl . . . playing in the ghetto
. . . Mama Berdalini . . . U.V.M. . . . ski-
doo artist . . .

KAVA Club
Ski Club
The Columns 2, 3 (Editor)
Photography Club 3
Dramatics 1, 2, 3, 4
Dramatics Club 2, 3 (Vice-President), 4
World Affairs Council 4 (Secretary)
Water Ballet 1
French Club 2, 3, 4
Founder's Day 3
Splinters Literary Board 4
Hockey 4



TRUDA ANNE BLOOM

27 Dewey Street
Lawrence, Massachusetts

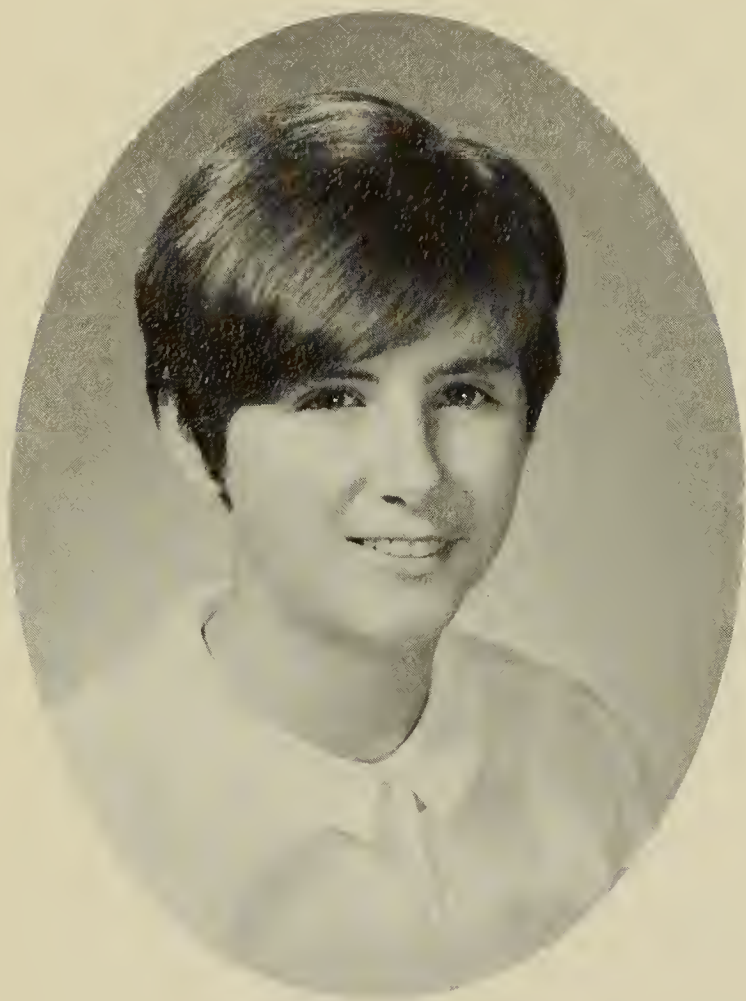
BOSTON UNIVERSITY

BLOOM ROOM . . . psychodrama trauma
. . . oh, those goldy locks . . . I CAN'T
explain it! . . . group discussion . . . calam-
ity, chaos and confusion . . . Cycorbit
exploitation . . . Cats, Cats, and more Cats
. . . freedom will NEVER come . . . of
course, I'll know my lines . . . my look of
innocence gets me places . . .



*"A man without ceremony has need of great merit
in its place."*

KAVA Club
Photography Club 3, 4 (Vice-President)
Splinters Photographer 4
Dramatics 3 (Honorable Mention), 4
Volleyball 3, 4
Dramatics Club 3, 4
French Club 4
Dramatics Award 4



SUSAN WILSON BROWN

The Knolls
Williamstown, Massachusetts

MOUNT VERNON JUNIOR COLLEGE

*"It is worthier of man to rise in laughter above life
than to bewail in it."*

The gym . . . to the woods! . . . Lefferts
and Spring . . . second floor—end room
. . . Oh, Brownie! . . . Wellesley . . . Janie
. . . any more bubble gum? . . . unsuspect-
ing innocence . . . but watch Steve Mc-
Queen! . . . in the windmills of your mind.

CAE Club
Spanish Club
Hockey (2nd team) 3, 4
Volleyball (2nd team) 3, 4
Basketball (2nd team) 3, 4
Softball 2, 3
World Affairs Council (Treasurer)
Music Appreciation 4 (Honorable Mention)



CYNTHIA ANNE BROX

192 North Lowell Street
Methuen, Massachusetts

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE

VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS

Mother of Pearl . . . party time . . . chocolate milk and cake . . . GTO . . . another college acceptance . . . apples . . . Charlie . . . I'm a lovely child . . . moose . . . I'm so beautiful . . . prom hopper . . . Brox's Taxi Service . . . 2:20 visits . . . Keith Academy forever . . . split? . . . solid . . . quee-ah . . .



"A jest, a laughing word, often decides the highest matters."

CAE Club

Music Appreciation Award 2

Library Committee 3

World Affairs Council 4 (President)

Dramatics 1, 2, 3 4 (Honorable Mention)

Dramatics Club 3, 4

Splinters Business Board 4

French Club 4

Hockey Manager 4



"Diligence is the mother of good luck."

DANIA SWIFT DOREMUS

South Road
Harwinton, Connecticut

BOURNEMOUTH COLLEGE

PRESIDENT OF KAVA CLUB

No, no, that's the OsInominota! . . . Listen, honey bunch! . . . wake me up . . . harmonica . . . she's the INFURIORATING type . . . Hey Sam! . . . Don't be a wise guy! . . . Kite Days . . . I DON'T BELIEVE WE'RE DOING THIS . . . Don't SCARE me! . . . confused . . . all-year hayfever . . . tact . . . whirlpool of thoughts . . . Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle . . . floor chambermaid . . .

KAVA Club
Dramatics Club 2, 3, 4 (President)
Dramatics 2, 3, 4 (Honorable Mention)
Founder's Day 3
Hockey 4 (Second Team)
Water Ballet 4
Splinters Art Board 4
Spanish Club 4
World Affairs Council 4
Debate Club 3
Honorary R. H. Award 4



MARION EDDY

20 Edbert Drive
New Britain, Connecticut

KATHERINE GIBBS

Merry . . . Nurse Marion . . . this sweater's
for . . . the Vineyard . . . oh NOOO! . . .
"How does this look?" . . . Hay, Morlan
Midgets won again! . . . all right, LADIES,
this is how it's going to be! . . . floppy hats
. . . bathroom reentrances . . . 5 A.M. and
STILL typing? . . . I'm not KIDDING . . .
Another project? . . . Someday maybe . . .
Madame Librarian . . .



*"Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not
away an hour."*

CAE Club

Dramatics 2 (Honorable Mention), 3, 4

Dramatics Club 2, 3 (Vice-President), 4

Glee Club 2, 3 (Vice-President), 4

R. H. Negatives 3, 4 (Leader)

Music Appreciation 2 (Honorable Mention),
4 (Honorable Mention)

Student Council 4

Founders Day 3

Volleyball 4 (2nd team)

Hockey 3 (2nd team), 4

Basketball 3, 4 (2nd team)

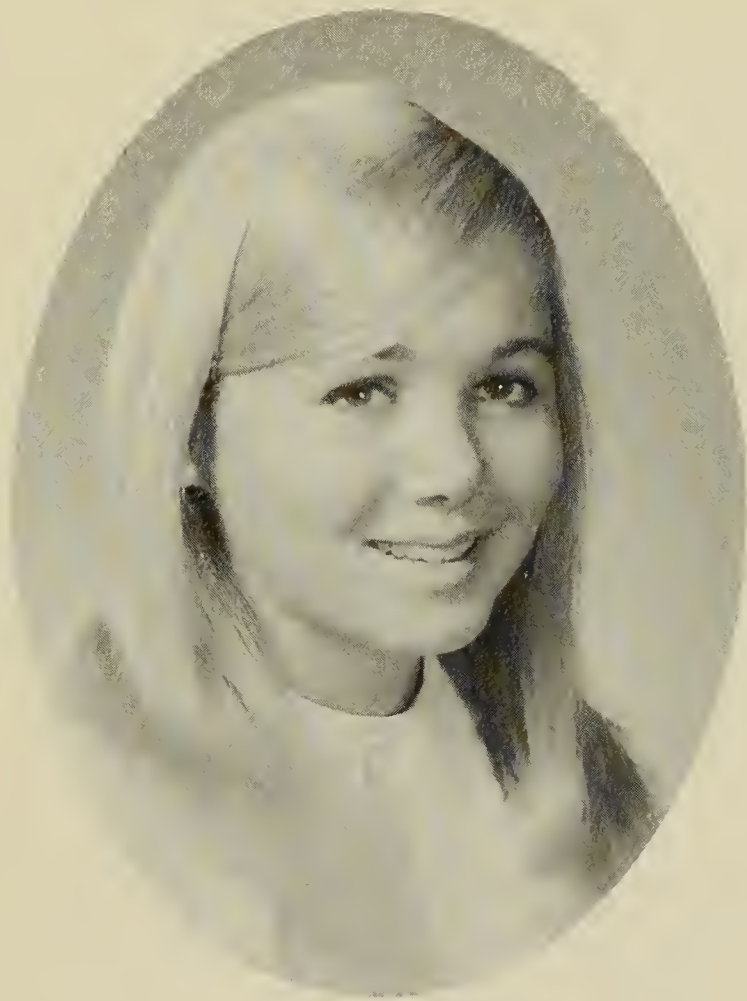
Softball 3, 4

Honor Roll 3

Class President 3

Splinters Business Board 4

Senior Luncheon Literary Board 3



SUSAN WILLIAMS ELLINGTON

424 Ocampo Drive
Pacific Palisades, California

CAZENOVIA COLLEGE

"Nothing can bring you peace but yourself."

It's about that time . . . Malibu . . . The Hotel . . . Bosstown-yeh! . . . My "GOOD" friend, Wayne . . . hit me again . . . food? Where? . . . I'm sooo fat . . . How am I supposed to know where L.A. is? . . . just a follower . . . in the closet.

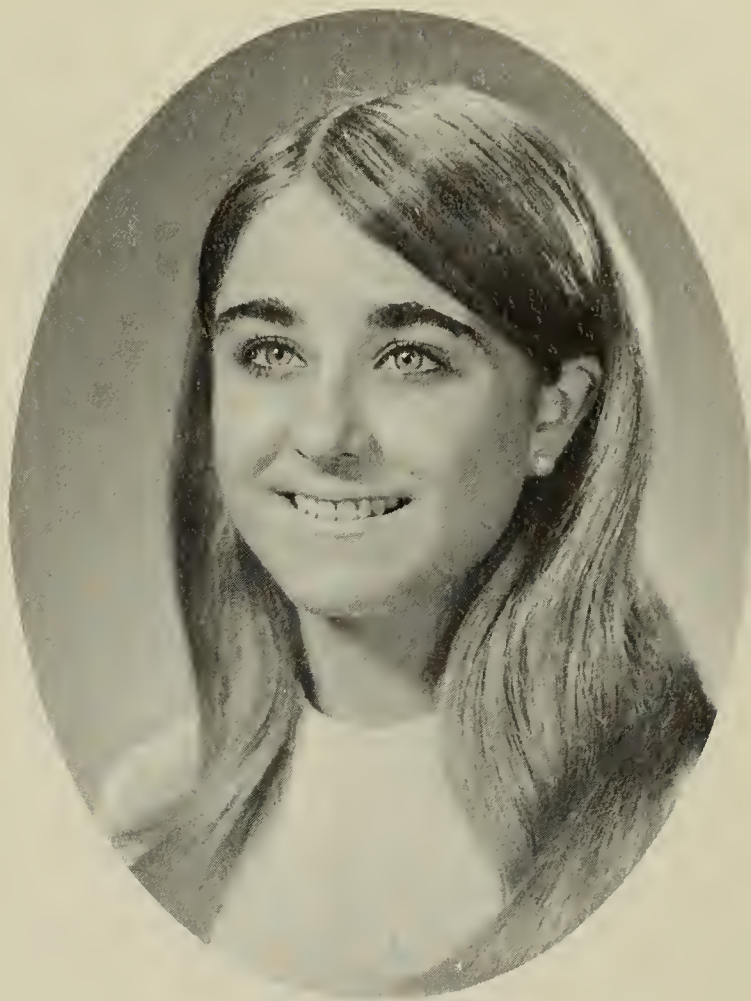
KAVA Club
Spanish Club 3, 4 (Vice-President)
Cheerleader 1, 2, 3, 4
Volleyball 3 (2nd team Captain), 4
Basketball 4 (2nd team)
Ski Club 4
Field Hockey 3, 4 (2nd team)
Father's Day Committee 1
Music Appreciation 4 (Honorable Mention)
R. H. Award 4
Parsons Honor 4



JENNIFER MARIE FOSTER

80 State Street
Ellsworth, Maine

WHEATON COLLEGE



"Obey that impulse"

"Just follow the bouncing body!" . . .
You're in WOVE Foster, and you know it
. . . the in crowd . . . Bubble gum, anyone?
. . . Jimmy, Danny AND Wayne Baby
. . . Forget it. I'm going to bed! . . . and I
hope this bed lasts through the year, Tash!
. . . Confucious say . . . Bowdoin . . .
only ? more days! . . . and never forget the
Spring of '68!



CAE Club
French Club 4
Ski Club 3
Proctor 4
Cheerleading 3, 4
Breakfast Club 4 (Vice-President)
Honor Roll 3, 4
The Columns 3
CAE Nominating Committee 3
Glee Club 3, 4
Commencement Play 3
Volleyball Manager 4



"Wish not so much to live long, as to live well."

KAVA Club
 Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4
 Swimming Team 3
 Water Ballet 4
 Red Cross Junior Life Saving 2
 Neatness Award 3
Splinters Literary Board 4
The Columns Co-Editor 3
 Class President 1, 4
 Senior Luncheon Literary Committee 3
 Proctor 3
 Dramatics 2, 3 (Honorable Mention), 4
 Dramatics Club 2, 3, 4
 Debate Club 3, 4
 Ski Club 1, 2
 Glee Club 2, 3, 4
 Photography Club 4
 Honor Roll 4
 Helen Hill Award 4
 Dramatics Award 4

ELIZABETH MORRISON HALL

345 Nahant Road
 Nahant, Massachusetts

SPRINGFIELD COLLEGE

PRESIDENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS

Hi, Love! . . . Give me a "B" . . . Florida . . . another hoppy prom? . . . "Beautiful" . . . won't you play a simple melody . . . "I didn't know she polished apples, let alone eat them!" . . . I don't care, everybody's going crazy . . . ad-libber . . . nannynoo-noo . . . spontaneous inventions! the abominable brain . . . SURE . . . why not? frustrated? Never! . . . sleep? OR study . . . everyday is a new day . . . keep smiling! yeah . . . unique . . . Tilton? WHERE! . . . Laughing is good for the digestion . . . Lobster Mobster . . .



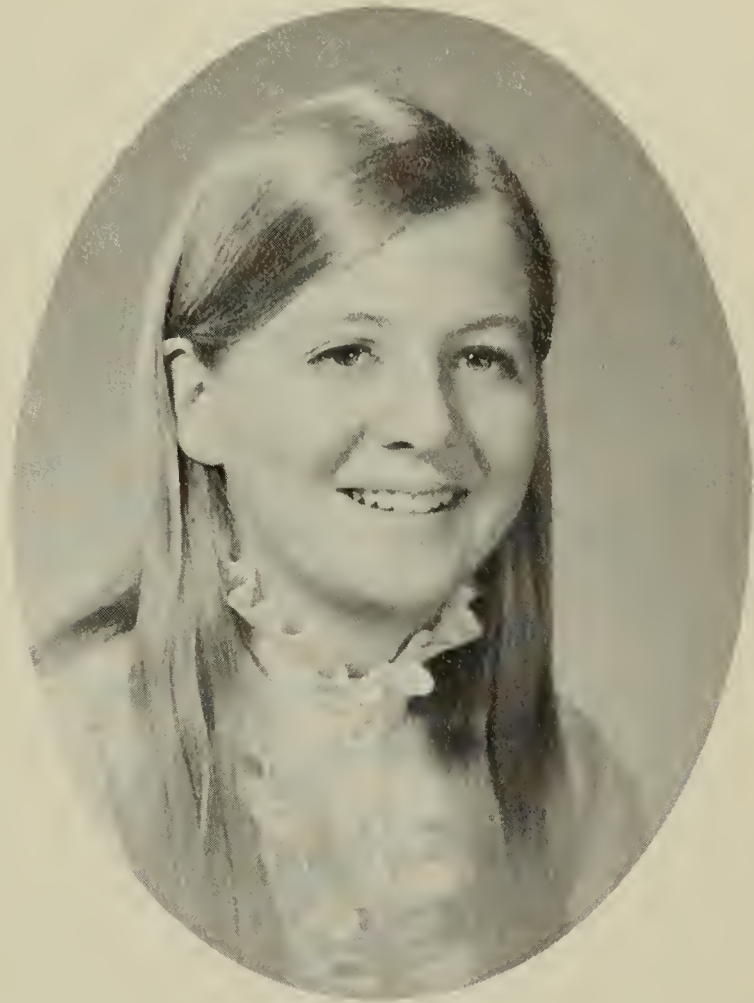
ANN TROWBRIDGE HEMINGWAY

81 Glenbrook Drive
Cheshire, Connecticut

BRADFORD JUNIOR COLLEGE

VICE-PRESIDENT OF KAVA CLUB

Sophia Peruzi . . . LIQUEFY! . . . Bru . . .
we were sitting on Ginger Baker's lap . . .
feed me, I'm hungry . . . Gestapo . . .
tomato fight with Mighty Mal . . .
RAUNCHY . . . Perrelli is the one . . .
Crackerjacks of Lowell . . . Pink Chablis
. . . Ah, one, two this is our gig . . . the
grass is greener in New Haven . . . we got
stuck up in the closet and couldn't get
down . . . soulfully yours . . .



*"And forget not that the earth delights to feel your
bare feet and the winds long to play with your
hair."*



KAVA Club

Photography Club 3, 4

The Columns 2, 3 (Photography Editor)

Music Appreciation 3 (Honorable Mention),
4 (Honorable Mention)

Glee Club 2, 3, 4

Dramatics 2, 3, 4 (Honorable Mention)

Dramatics Club 3, 4

Softball 2, 3, 4

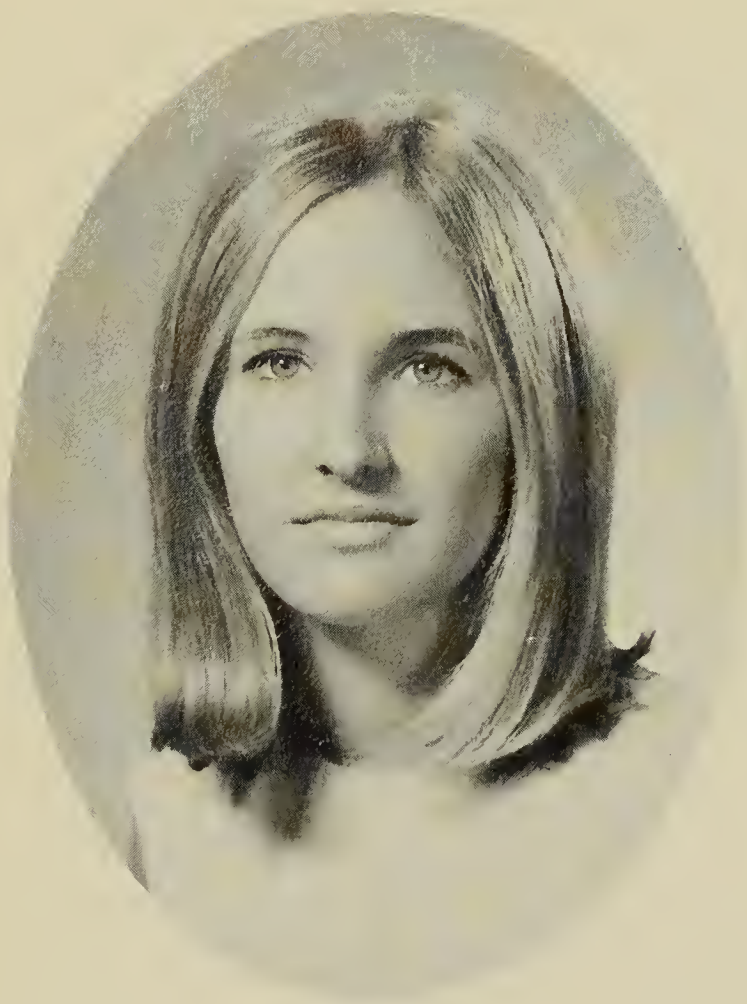
Hockey 2, 3, 4

Basketball 3, 4

Octet 4

Founder's Day

R. H. Award 4



"Live, love and be happy."

ELIZABETH WINSOR HOLIHAN

68 Salem Street
Andover, Massachusetts

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

Souped-up VW . . . Souped-up kid . . .
Monday is my day OFF! . . . WILDCAT
U.S.A. . . . P.A. . . . local taxi . . but I've
gained 15 lbs. . . . I don't believe this class!
. . . Frost and Tip . . . far away . . . for
independence . . .

CAE Club
French Club 4
Splinters Literary Board 4
Tutoring 4
Stage Manager 3



SUZANNE JOHNSON

Dingleton Road
Greenwich, Connecticut

INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

VICE-PRESIDENT OF CAE CLUB

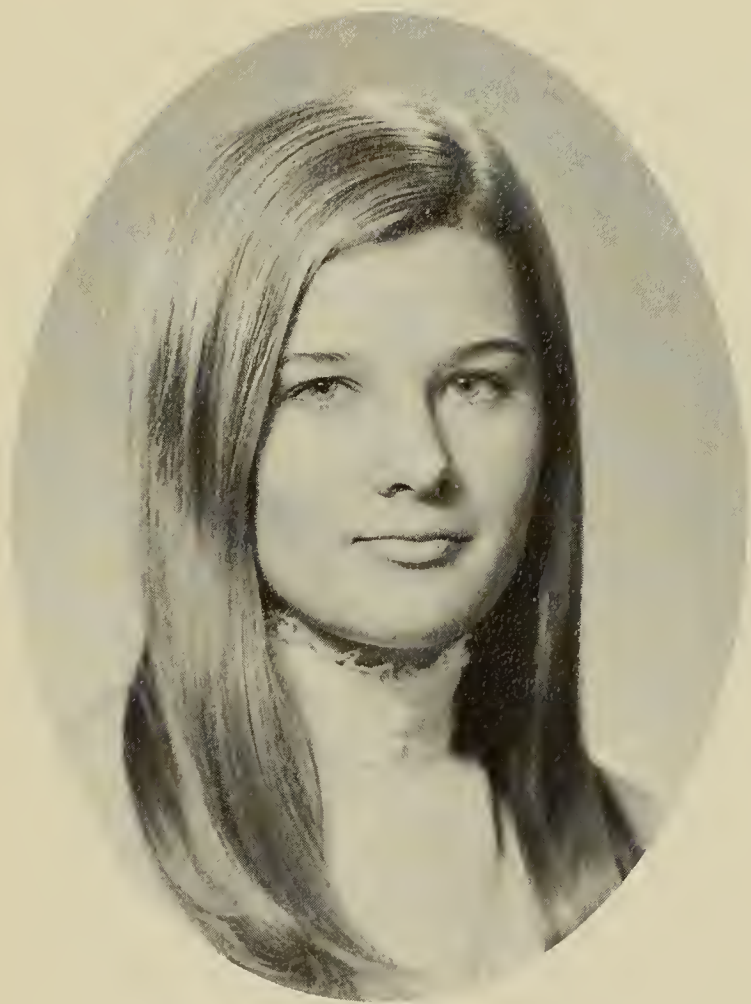


You bet your sweet bippy . . . Pappagallo girl . . . Mrs. Brewer, would you believe I'm sick again . . . well, girls . . . Johnskunk, please get off the floor . . . Maryland Andover . . . Drooper . . . Also Charlie . . . Boston sprees . . . you name it and I've got it . . . Florida Freckles . . . forever spraying . . . "Sun Country" . . .

"I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving."



CAE Club
Class President 2
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Octet 4
Photography Club 3, 4 (President)
Dramatics 2
Dramatics Club 4
Splinters Business Board 4
Founder's Day 3
Ski Club 3, 4
Volleyball 3
Basketball 4 (Captain)
Cheerleader 3, 4
Hockey 3 (Captain), 4
Softball 3, 4
R. H. Award 3, 4



"Strong and content, I travel the open road."

LINDA JOY JUSZCZAK

c/o Aramco
Box #1516
Dhahran, Saudi Arabia

SKIDMORE COLLEGE

Silly goose . . . it's all in the book . . . at home . . . where? . . . TRAVEL . . . Oh, JOY . . . Saudi . . . M&M Peanuts . . . neat? . . . What's it like? . . . Catholic boarding school product . . . hates snow . . . splurge . . . I'm a dear little white rose . . . chemistry, maybe . . . acting? . . . but I learned it that way . . .

CAE Club
Honor Roll 3, 4
Dramatics 3, 4 (Honorable Mention)
Dramatics Club 4
French Club 4
Riding Club 4
Water Ballet 4
Splinters Business Board 4
Hockey 4
Volleyball 3, 4
Basketball 3, 4
Softball 3, 4
Cheerleader 3, 4
Founder's Day 3
Photography Club 4
R. H. Award 4
Music Appreciation 4 (Honorable Mention)

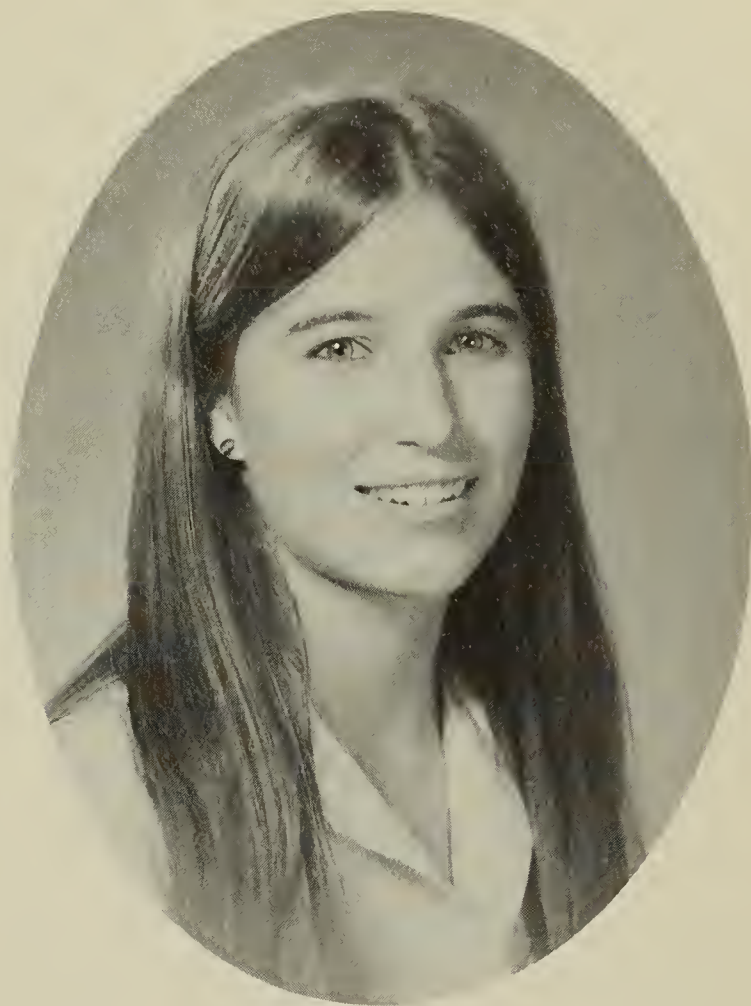


MARILYN ANN KEAST

45 Three Ponds Road
Wayland, Massachusetts

CENTENARY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

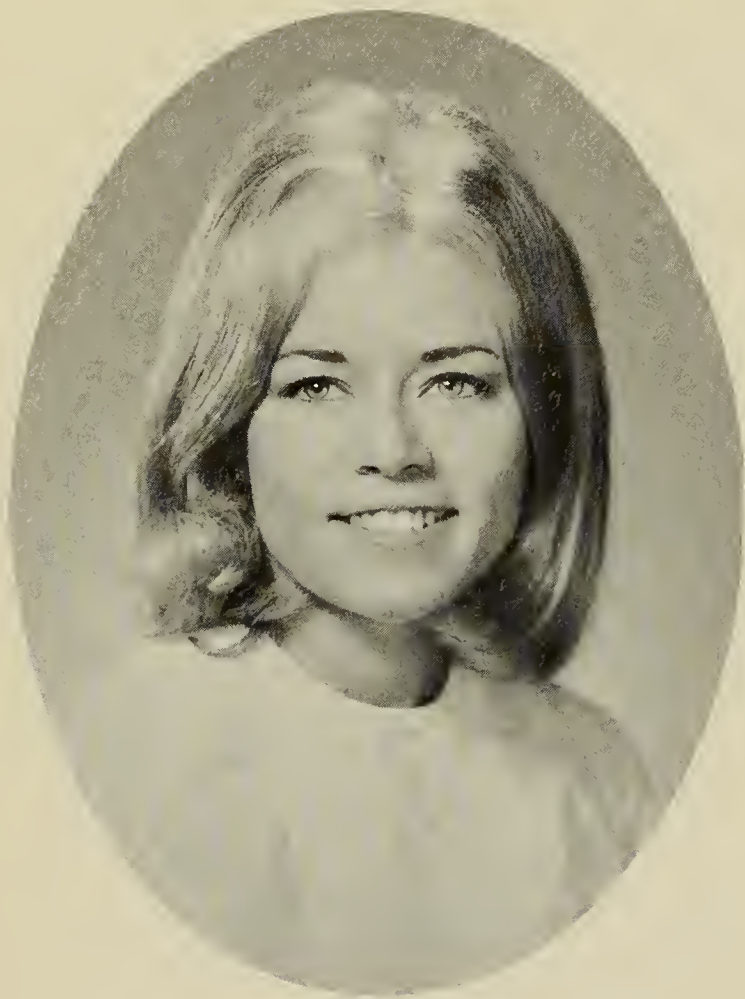
Lizard . . . BUDDY! WHO DO YOU
THINK YOU AH? . . . long weekends
. . . turn off the lights, someone's at the
window . . . get the gun! . . . Excedrine
No. 9 . . . OOOH! Doesn't that make you
mad? . . . Lisa, WHERE ARE YOU? . . .
Had it up to here . . . I'm asleep! . . . Up
to date Rate . . . Doesn't matter how stale
. . . do you wanna know what's for dinner!
. . . bottomless pit . . . Middlesex has the
nicest boys . . .



*"For I am full of matter, the spirit within me
constraineth me."*

KAVA Club
Dramatics 3 (Honorable Mention),
4 (Honorable Mention)
Music Appreciation 3 (Honorable Mention)
Photography Club 3, 4
World Affairs Council 4
Spanish Club 4
Splinters Art Board 4
Hockey 2 (2nd team), 3, 4
Swimming Team 3, 4
Water Ballet 4
Founder's Day 3
Basketball 3 (2nd team), 4 (Captain)
Softball 3, 4
Riding Club, Co-President 4
R. H. Award 3, 4
Senior Luncheon Art Board 3
Breakfast Club 4
Art Club 4 (President)
The Columns Staff 3
Debate Club 4
Art Appreciation 4 (Honorable Mention)
Art Prize 4





ROBIN ANN LaFOLEY

Liberty Square Road
Boxboro, Massachusetts

"The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases."

"Eddie" . . . I got to get out of here! . . . Ed? . . . KIM . . . Greasers in Acton? Never! . . . It's parents' weekend at La-Foley's! or could it be Kim's? . . . Give us a little whistle, Rob . . . Ah, so Robin, Chink . . . El Burro . . . The extra long vacation did me good . . . Mirror, mirror, on the wall who's the the skinniest of them all? . . . smokin' at the local boiler room brought about a smoke out.

KAVA Club
Cheerleading 3
Volleyball 4 (Manager)
Spanish Club 4
Commencement Play 3



JAN LAUNDON

Sachem's Head
Guilford, Connecticut

UNIVERSITY OF PERUGIA

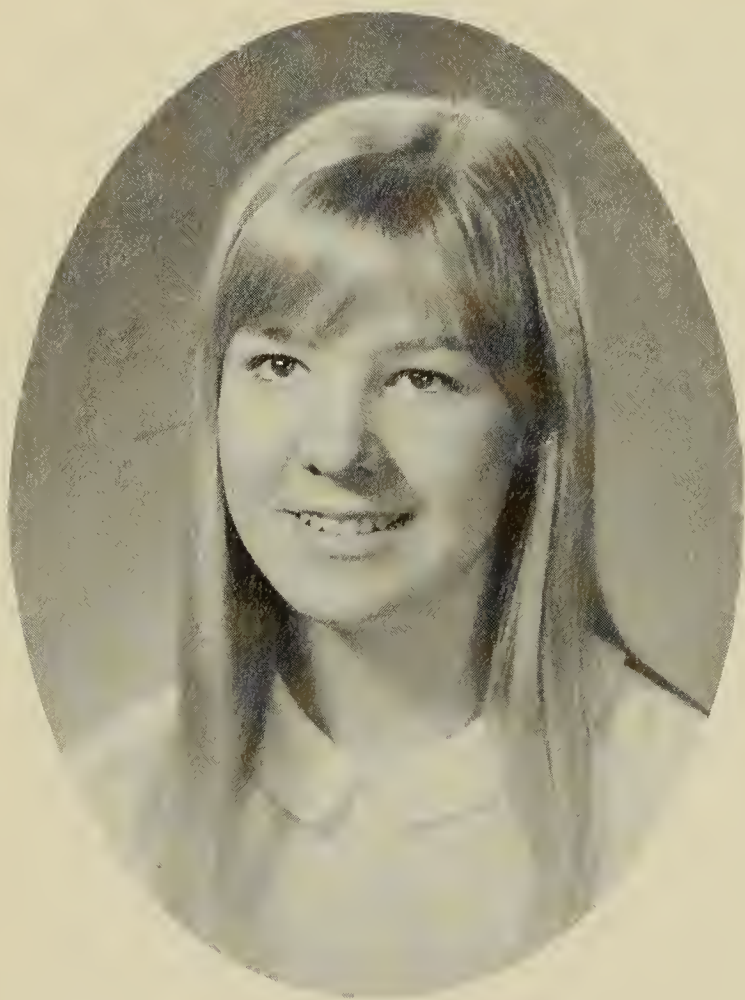


Jannie Bananie . . . diet . . . Vermont . . .
closet junior year . . . oh, WOW! I hate
food . . . lightfooted . . . finally a SISTER!
Boston overnights . . . Nassau . . . can't I
play a girl? . . .

*"Let each become all that he was created capable
of being."*



KAVA Club
French Club 4
Photography Club 4
Riding Club 4 (Co-President)
Hockey 3, 4
Basketball 3, 4
Volleyball 3, 4
Dramatics Club 4
Dramatics 2 (Honorable Mention), 3, 4



CHRISTINA LEFFERTS

292 Washington Boulevard
Springfield, Massachusetts

APPALACHIAN STATE COLLEGE

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

CAE Club
R. H. Award 3, 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Dramatics Club 4
Photography Club 3, 4
Spanish Club 3, 4
Cheerleading 3, 4
CAE Song 4
Junior Life Saving 2
Senior Life Saving 4
Christmas Chorus 4
Water ballet 4
Andover Dance Committee 3
Field Hockey 3, 4
Volleyball 2, 3 (Captain), 4
Basketball 3, 4
Softball 3
Swim Team 3, 4
Tennis 3
Badminton 4
Field Day Team 3
Athletic Award 4

Hey, mush—we're going to Alaska . . . A lost senior ring is depressing . . . I'm so dizzy . . . R. Chamberlain . . . Come in . . . We renamed it the "Smokie" . . . older friends . . .



WENDY MARTIN

72 North Street
Grafton, Massachusetts

COLBY JUNIOR COLLEGE

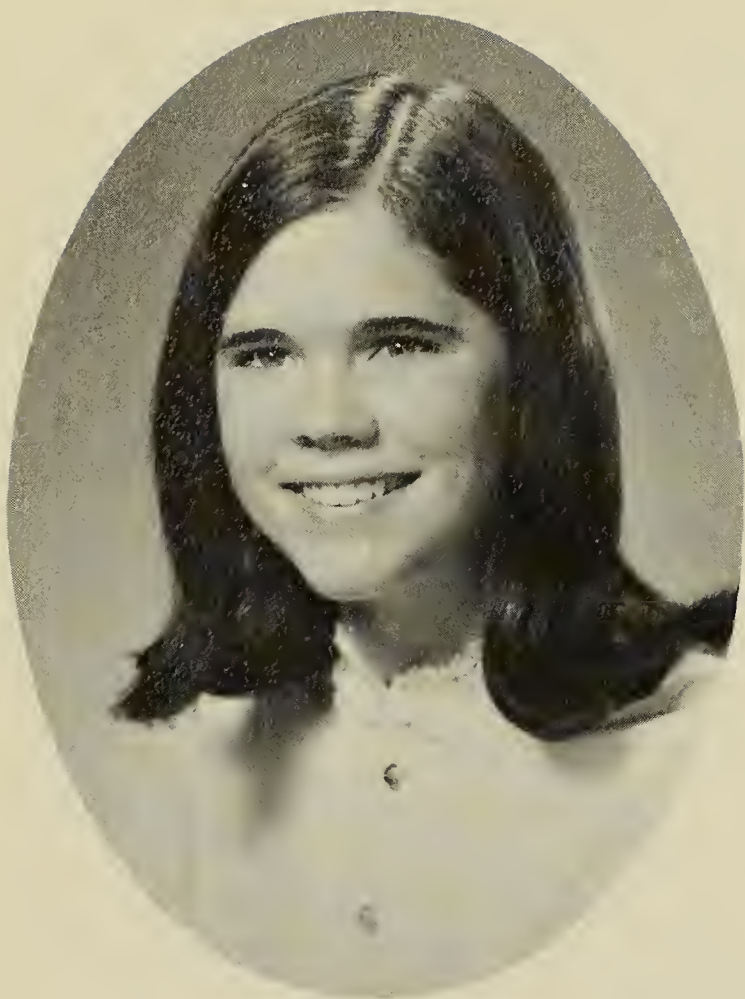


Den . . . THE Mother . . . Newport . . .
be back in a flash . . . my parents love
Jack, too . . . What will I do with two
rings? . . . Grafton accent . . . Janis juice
. . . THE ESCAPE . . . telephone . . .
King of the Swing and the jacked-up
GTO . . .

*"But you, child of space, you relentless in rest, you
shall not be trapped nor tamed."*



KAVA Club
Glee Club 3, 4
Dramatics 3
Dramatics Club 4
Ski Club 3
Founders Day 3
Volleyball 4
Hockey 3, 4
Waterballet 4
Basketball 3, 4
Softball 4



ALIDA BAIRD McILVAIN

1109 Beech Road
Rosemont, Pennsylvania

CONVERSE COLLEGE

EDITOR OF *Splinters*

"Reading makes a full man—Meditation a profound man—Discourse a clear man."

Picklemack . . . hour showers . . . who, me? NEVER! . . . "grin and bear it" . . . It's NOT going to bother me . . . always trying . . . mine is Peanuts' philosophy . . . I'm not a coward: only partly . . . the ITCH . . . got to get that duck . . . determination and pride . . . LEAVE, I'M MEDITATING! . . . why hurry, they'll wait . . . If I were king of the forest . . . Cinifer is coming! . . . silent ecstasy of home . . .

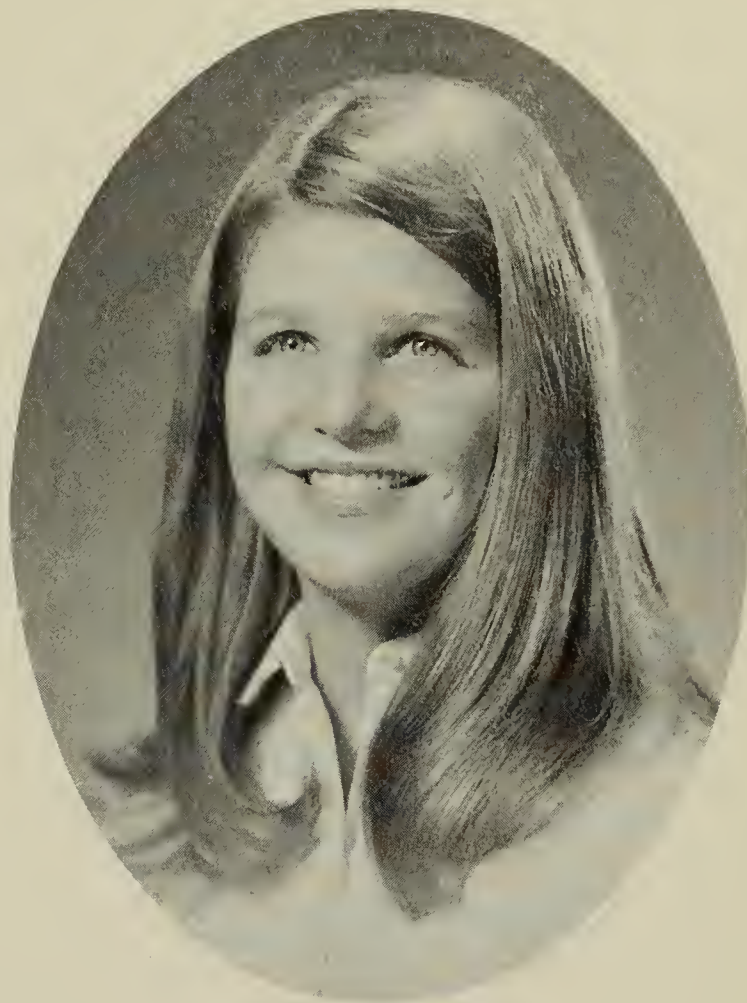
CAE Club
Class Vice-President 2
Glee Club 2, 3
Dramatics Club 4
Octet 3, 4
Photography Club 3, 4
Hockey 2 (Captain), 3, 4
Volleyball 2, 3 (2nd team)
Swimming Team 2
Cheerleader 2, 3, 4
Ski Club 2, 4
Founder's Day 3
Basketball 4
Proctor 3, 4
Senior Luncheon Literary Board 3
R. H. Award 4



BETSY ANNE NAUSS

84 Greenacres Avenue
Scarsdale, New York

CENTENARY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN



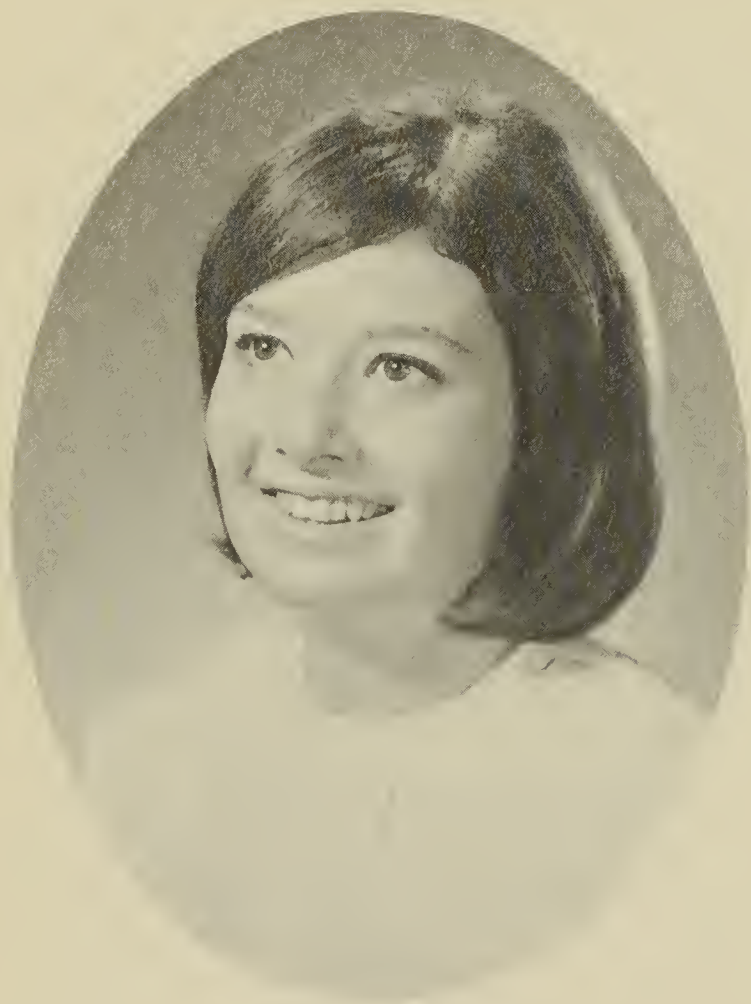
Who me? . . . Sometimes I feel like more
of a burden to you . . . Scarsdale . . . hid-
den key . . . giggles . . . PLEASE . . .
license—when? . . . athletics . . . I will
never take a train again . . . worry wart
. . . hearty milk maid . . .

*"Only for the happy man does the tree of life
flower."*



CAE Club

Splinters Art Editor 4
Art Prize, undergraduate 3
Ski Club 3, 4 (President)
French Club 4
Water Ballet 4
Founder's Day 3
R. H. Award 3, 4
Hockey 3, 4 (Captain)
Volleyball 3, 4
Basketball 3, 4
Softball 3, 4
Swimming team 3, 4
Athletic Award 4 (Honorable Mention)
Art Prize 4
Art Appreciation Award 4
Honor Roll 4



DEBORAH PLETSCHER

1647 Gratiot Street
Saginaw, Michigan

WESTMINSTER CHOIR COLLEGE

PRESIDENT OF CAE CLUB

"A sensitive flower in a garden grew."

Saginaw . . . how long do you think it will be by Christmas? Tilton . . . flat . . . I miss fights with Isabel . . . tonsils . . . Miss Purity is getting corrupted . . . I can't wait to get out of this place . . . CLARK!

CAE Club

The Columns 2, 3

Dramatics 3 (Honorable Mention),
4 (Honorable Mention)

Music Appreciation 3 (Honorable Mention),
4 (Honorable Mention)

Glee Club 2, 3, 4 (President)

Student Council 3

Octet 4

Cheerleader 2, 3 (Head), 4

Basketball 2

Ski Club 3

Founder's Day 3

Red Cross 2

Water Ballet 3, 4

Volleyball 3, 4

Debate Club 3, 4

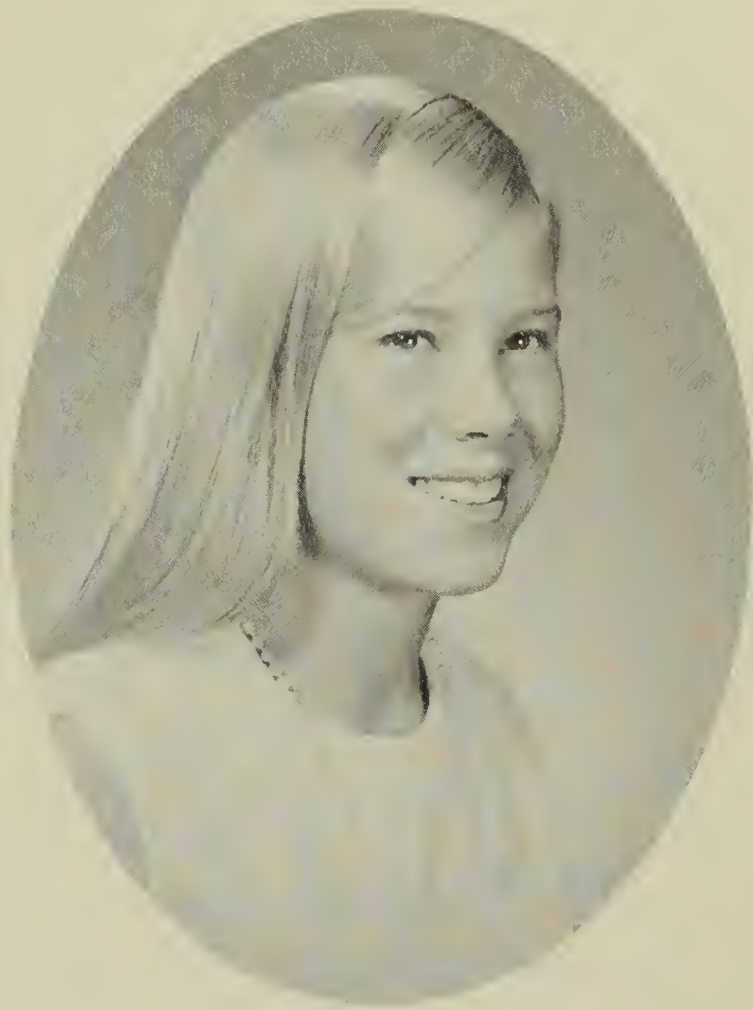
French Club 4



NICOLA TOWNSEND PLIMPTON

Old Sudbury Road
Lincoln, Massachusetts

COLBY JUNIOR COLLEGE



Nicky and Niki . . . Stratton ski trips . . .
Vermont for the nth time . . . I sit in the
back and croak in the morning . . . four
years is enough . . . beautiful hair . . . cot-
tage cheese and ketchup? . . . Lowell to
Lincoln in 15 minutes? . . . three-day
weekends . . .

*"When love came first to the earth, the spring
spread rosebuds to receive him."*



CAE Club

President of Day Students 4

Student Council 4

R. H. Award 3

Proctor 4

Spanish Club 3

Hockey 1, 2, 3 (Captain), 4

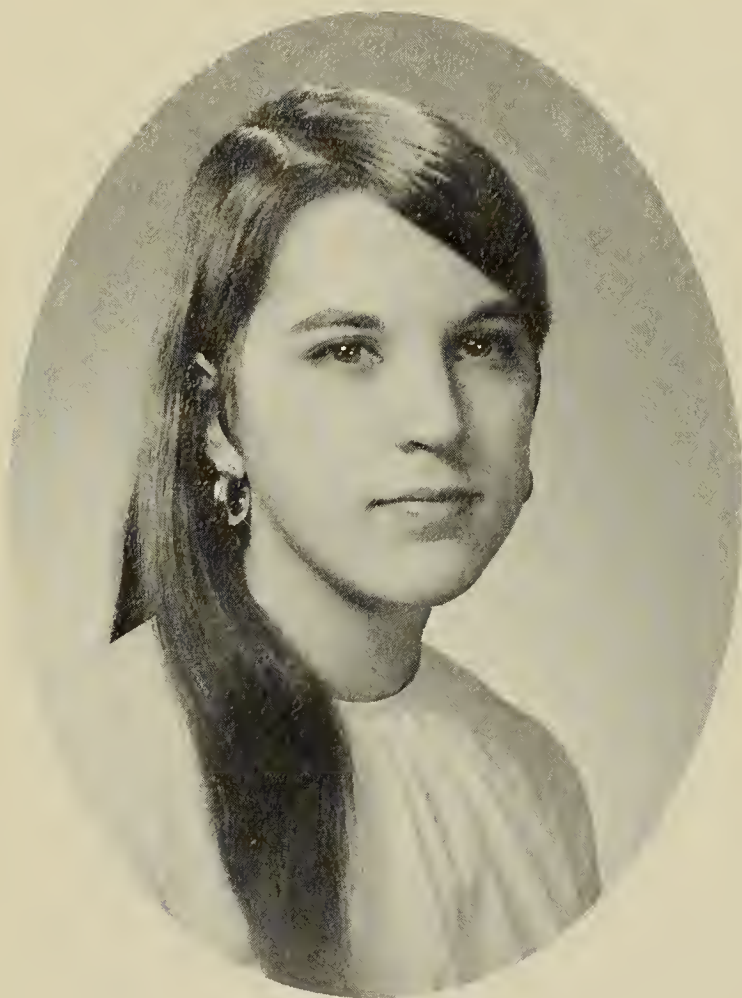
Softball 1 (2nd team), 2, 3, 4

Basketball 1 (2nd team), 2, 3, 4

Volleyball 1 (2nd team), 2, 3, 4

Tennis 3

Music Appreciation 4 (Honorable Mention)



TONI MARIANNE POLLAK

63 Atlantic Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

PRESIDENT OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL

"It's the spirit which we bring to the fight that decides the issue. It is morale that wins the victory."

The flying nun . . . Oh, Say! . . . big Momma . . . Italian . . . Steve . . . Bucknell . . . Suburbia . . . fire hydrants . . . Bostonian day leaves . . . Stinkah . . . Swish, swish . . . What camera? . . . only seventeen . . . Robes by Dior . . . Friar Tuck . . . Tonette . . . hesitant visiting . . .

CAE Club
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4
Student Council 3, 4 (President)
Neatness Award 1, 2, 3
Dramatics 2, 3 (Honorable Mention),
4 (Honorable Mention)
Debate Club 3, 4
Basketball 3, 4
Volleyball 3, 4
Photography Club 4
Softball 2, 3
Hockey 2, 3, 4
R. H. Award 3, 4
Spanish Club 3, 4



AMELIA MARJORIE ROWE

1418 Rose Virginia Road
Reading, Pennsylvania

ENDICOTT JUNIOR COLLEGE

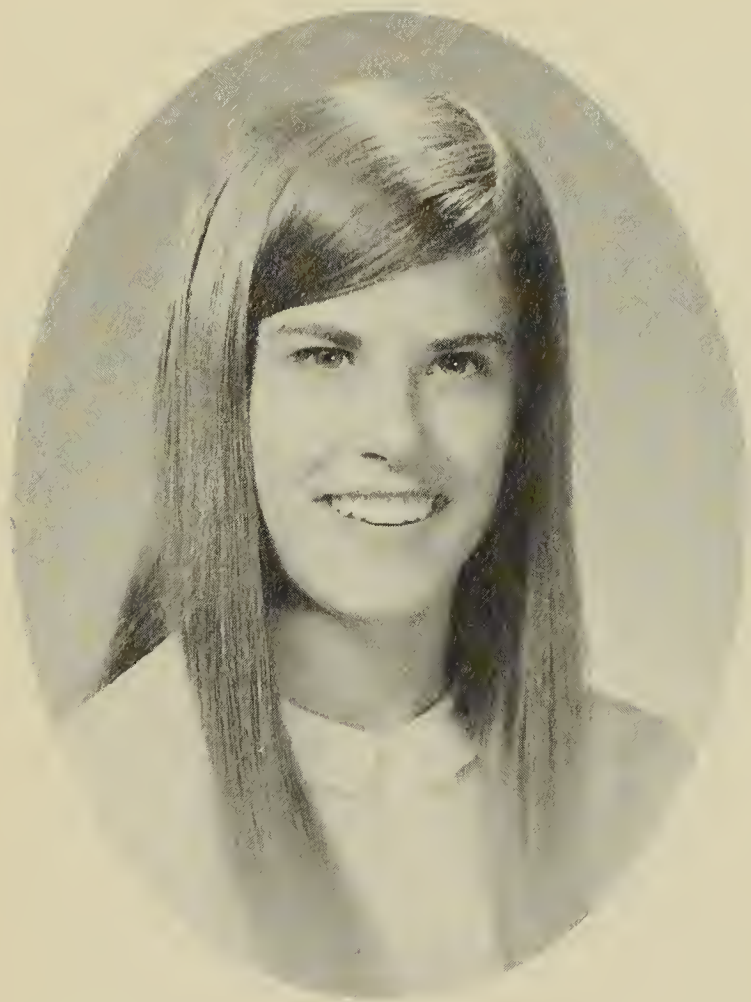


Crow . . . I've got wrinkles under me . . .
Bowdoin . . . bikini . . . witch laugh . . .
Pardon me! I'm sick . . . ask me if I care
. . . Toni, the doorknob . . . it's reversible
. . . Mark Eden Course did it . . . Oh, it's
freezing, Worsham! . . . Don't be so dumb,
Ann, you know it's all in the book . . .

*"We know nothing of tomorrow; our business is to
be good and happy today."*



KAVA Club
Glee Club 3, 4
Octet 3, 4
Splinters Business Board 4
Dramatics 3, 4 (Honorable Mention)
Dramatics Club 4
Volleyball 4
Hockey 4
Swimming 3
Spanish Club 4
Photography Club 4



JANE WELLS SELLER

789 Colrain Road
Greenfield, Massachusetts

VERNON COURT JUNIOR COLLEGE

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

Zeller . . . I'd like to see Jane ZELLER
right after this please . . . Geoff . . . the
Cape . . . Green Camaro . . . Dad's old
Army jacket . . . Pork Chops and mashed
potatoes . . . When am I goin' to wash my
hair? . . . Envied hair . . . to where there
is a small hotel called Pine Manor!

CAE Club
Hockey 3, 4
Basketball 4
Volleyball 3, 4
Softball 2, 3, 4
Breakfast Club 4 (President)

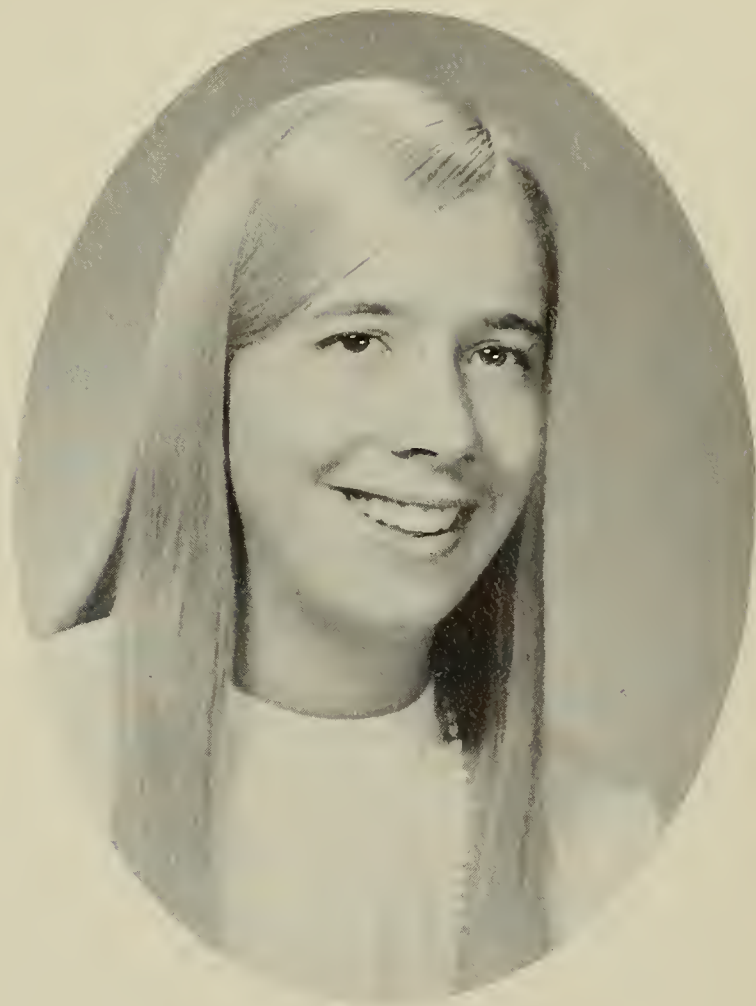


SUSAN KRUEGER SPRING

4 Elm Street
Concord, Massachusetts

CENTENARY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

It's been a rough road . . . Tufts . . . Scot-
tie honey . . . Bermuda—Where else? . . .
But, I couldn't get the homework . . .
Yelps from the back of the room . . . just
forget it . . . Ce N'est pas JUSTE!!! . . .
A terror on the tennis courts . . . independ-
ent . . . friendly to newcomers . . . Cool it!
. . . beautiful clothes . . . Lefferrrts . . . I
just don't believe it . . . Tuesday's lab
day . . .



"A fool may talk but a wise man speaks."



CAE Club

R. H. Award 3, 4

Music Appreciation 3 (Honorable Mention)

Softball 1, 2, 3, 4

Basketball 2 (2nd team), 3, 4

Hockey 3, 4 (2nd team)

Volleyball 2 (2nd team), 3, 4

Tennis 2, 3, 4

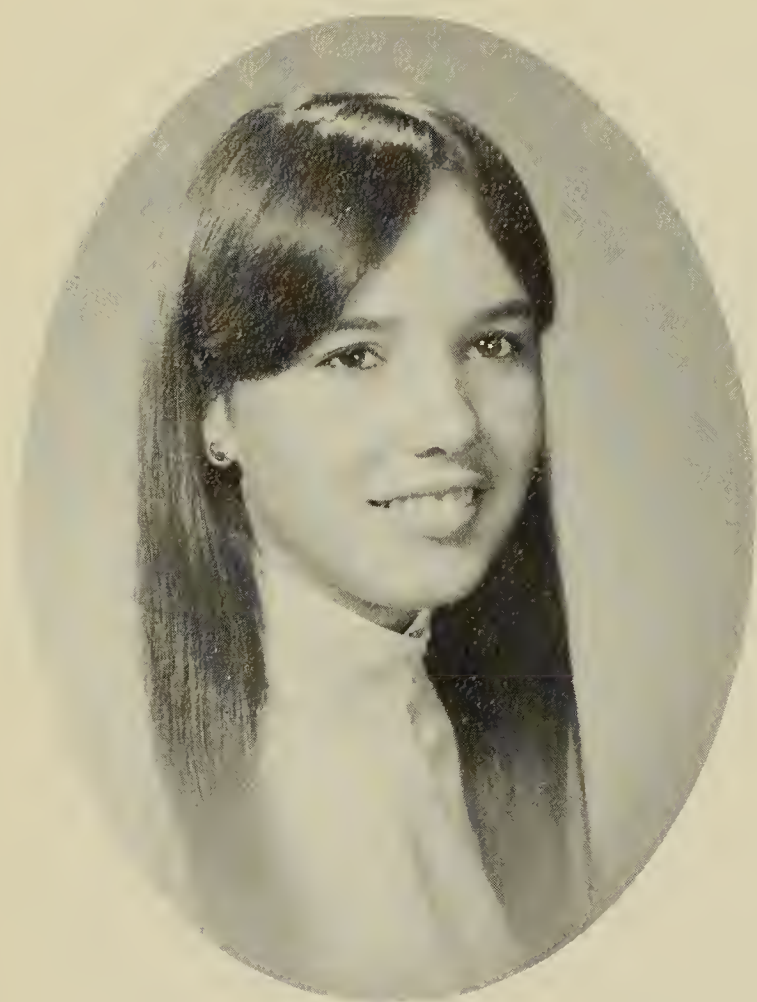
French Club 4

Founder's Day Team 3

Cheerleading 1, 2

Badminton Award 4

Tennis Award 4



ELISABETH LOCKRIDGE STRASBURG

6671 MacArthur Boulevard
Washington, D. C.

THE FRIENDS WORLD COLLEGE

"... all these forms and faces in a thousand relationships to each other, all helping each other, loving, hating and destroying each other and become newly born ... a passionate, painful example of all that is transitory."

Mr. Gregory? . . . Wine and Roses . . .
Indian Feet . . . into a world of the sub-
conscious . . . *I Ching* . . . Psychiatric
Ward—10 . . . elephants have right of
way! . . . jingling pockets . . . loaded laun-
dry bags . . . implements of destruction!
. . . night flights . . . later or never . . .
"Complicated? Only slightly confused" . . .
two o'clock vibes . . . "soft as a baby's bot-
tom" . . . the object of life . . . "even more
than that" . . . a touch of tenderness in the
mind's eye . . . shy but sly—yet the beauty
of innocence . . . precious moments . . .
and human relations . . .

KAVA Club
Hockey 3, 4
Basketball 3, 4 (Manager)
Volleyball 3
Softball 2, 3, 4 (Captain)
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Octet 3, 4
Art Club 4
Riding Club 4
Photography Club 4
Dramatics Club 4
Splinters Literary Board 4
Literary Prize 3 (Undergrad)
Senior Luncheon Literary Board 3
Lowell Mental Health Center Worker 4
Founder's Day 3
Stage Manager 4
Katherine Whitten MacGay Literary Prize 4



STELLA LYNNE TATIAN

57 Lexington Avenue
Bradford, Massachusetts

WHEELLOCK COLLEGE



"No one conquers who doesn't fight."

Really, Miss Perkins! . . . kindergarten teacher . . . chatty . . . full of fun . . . never a silent moment for Tash . . . B.C.—Beware, I'm on my way . . . will somebody please call me *Lynne* . . . future barroom pianist . . . a pair of skis, please, and 50 ft. of packed powder . . . Whatever happened to Tiny (Tim)? . . . Hugh, you can't come in . . .



KAVA Club

Splinters Literary Board 4

Proctor 4

Current Events 2 (Honorable Mention), 3 (Prize)

Tutoring 4

Senior Luncheon Committee Literary Board 4

Debate Club 3, 4 (Vice-President)

Hockey 4 (Manager)

Commencement Play 2, 3, 4

Dramatics 3, 4 (Honorable Mention)

Latin Club 3

Spanish Club 4

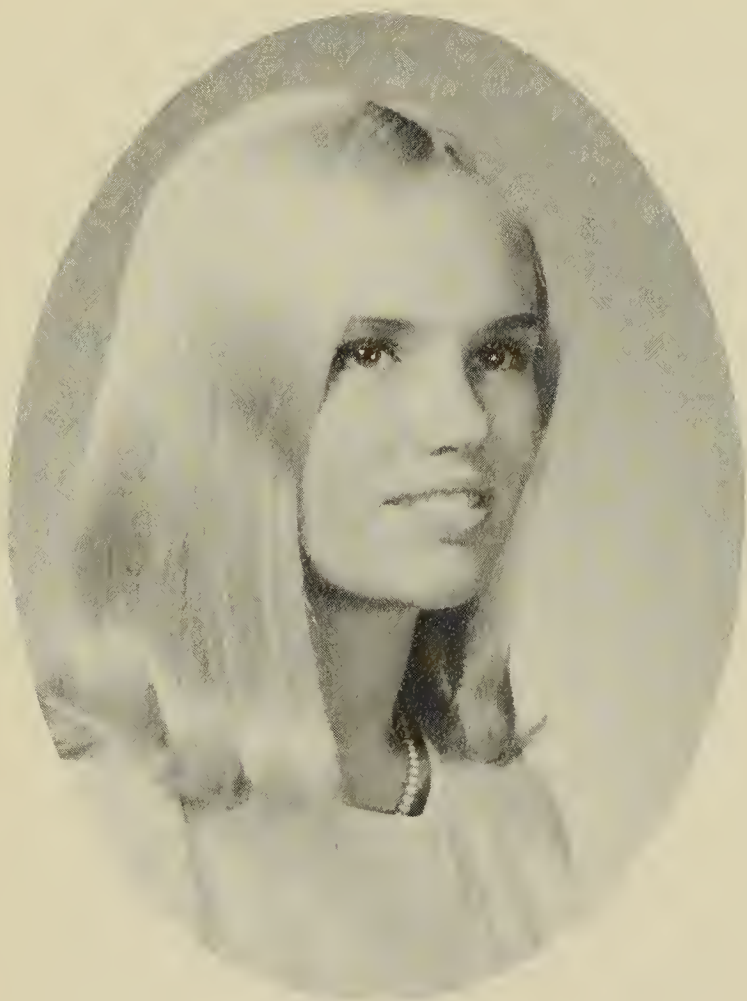
Ski Club 2, 3

Field Day Team 3

Tilton Dance Committee 4

Christmas Chorus 2, 3, 4

World Affairs Council 4



JOHANNA BUCKLAND TIGHE

23 Holyrood Avenue
Lowell, Massachusetts

LOWELL STATE COLLEGE

"Compassion, the fairest associate of the heart."

J.B.T. . . . Engravings of Peter never to be forgotten . . . U. Mass. baby . . . Oh, sure! . . . Whippoorwill is where it's at . . . Races to the Pot . . . friendly . . . entering the Derby? Behind the couch, again? . . . frustrating History classes . . . future biologist . . . Tootsie pops for all . . .

KAVA Club
Hockey 1, 2, 3, 4 (1st team)
French Club 2, 3 (Vice-President), 4 (President)
Volleyball 1, 2, 3, 4 (1st team)
Spanish Club 4
Dramatics 3, 4



ANNE PARKER WASHBURN

Red Stone Hill
Plainville, Connecticut

CENTENARY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN



TOWEL DAY . . . goggles . . . Confucious says . . . food saver . . . "Don't Walk Away, Rene" . . . A funny thing happened while I was working in the hospital . . . I'm not Johnson! . . . the four-thirty run . . .

*"He has achieved success who has lived well,
laughed often and loved much."*



KAVA Club
Proctor 3
Student Council 4
Splinters Business Board 4
Dramatics 4
Latin Club 3 (President), 4
French Club 4
World Affairs Council (Vice-President) 4
Cheerleader 2, 3 (Captain), 4
Volleyball 4
Softball 3
Hockey 3, 4
Basketball 3, 4
Founder's Day 3
Photography Club 4



DEBORAH ANN ZINN

Ballwood Road
Old Greenwich, Connecticut

CENTENARY COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

"Victory belongs to the most persevering."

Mini bod . . . Why can't I find just one good one? . . . Rabbit . . . French lovers are the best . . . I'm going crazy . . . Which Rogers? . . . Homework, that's all we ever get . . . Antigua . . .

CAE Club
Class Vice-President 1
Music Appreciation 1 (Honorable Mention), 2, 3
Current Events 2 (Honorable Mention)
Tutoring 3
Tilton Dance Committee 2, 4
Andover Dance Committee 2, 3
Swim Team 3, 4
French Club 4
Father's Day Committee 3, 4
Proctor 2, 3, 4
Christmas Play 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4
Music Appreciation Award 4
Neatness Award 4



SENIOR SONG — 1969

Undergrads we are singing to you
Thinking how sad it will be when we leave
To go our way without your being there.

Candles, memories always to share
Day after day the work's made us aware
Of our friendship and what it does mean to us.

We've wandered through the days
And we have had so many talks and laughs between us;
But now we must go along and bear the tears
That we know should turn to laughs.
June third is so very close;
Let us smile and wipe the tears
For we'll meet again someday.

Goodbye dear undergrads
Goodbye dear undergrads

—EDDY AND HALL

CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER

- 18 THE OPENING OF THE SCHOOL YEAR
Getting into the groove again.
21 SINGING BEACH
Business and pleasure do mix.

OCTOBER

- 5 EXETER DANCE
Roll call never sounded better.
11 SENIORS TO SEE HELEN HAYES IN *The Showoff*
ANDOVER CELEBRITY SERIES — Tom Paxton
14 SENIOR PICTURES
Images of untouched(?) innocence.
16 HISTORICAL TRIPS
A fascinating visit with our heritage.
18 QUEEN'S GUARDS — BOSTON GARDEN
Valuable lessons for the riding club
26 PSAT'S
A stinging realization that the road to college ain't that easy.
27 SENIORS — CHARLES PLAYHOUSE
Odets' Awake and Sing
INITIATION
Darwinian Philosophy — Survival of the fittest???
SENIOR SISTER CEREMONY
And one by one the room became lighted with smiles.

NOVEMBER

- 1 SECOND TEAM HOCKEY — CAE
2 PARENT'S DAY
FIRST TEAM HOCKEY — CAE
5 BOSTON SYMPHONY
15 FRENCH CLUB DINNER
C'etait tres bon, yum, yum.
17 PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT AT ABBOT
Staring in awe at the works of Dorothea Lang.
23 FALL PLAYS
ART GALLERY TRIP
24 SENIORS — CHARLES PLAYHOUSE
THE BACCHAE
Happiness is going to see a play after you've read the book.
Modern version of Dionysus Legend.
26 STUDENT-FACULTY VOLLEYBALL GAME
One way to breach the generation gap.
27 THANKSGIVING VACATION
Silent prayers of thanks to the Pilgrims.

DECEMBER

- 6 ANDOVER CELEBRITY SERIES
7 SAT'S FOR SENIORS
Ugh!
ANDOVER CONCERT AND DANCE
A welcome relief after a long day — Medley of "Windy," "Second-Hand Rose," "A Man and a Woman" . . .

CALENDAR

- 10 BOSTON SYMPHONY
13 FRESHMEN AND SOPHOMORES
Our Town - PRODUCED BY ARLINGTON FRIENDS OF THE
DRAMA.
14 SENIORS — LOEB DRAMA CENTER, HARVARD UNIVERSITY
GOLDSMITH'S *She Stoops to Conquer*
Comedy and Satire a-plenty
17 CHRISTMAS BANQUET
CHRISTMAS PLAY — *A Fabulous Tale*
With a sober thought to start off the new year.
18 CHRISTMAS VACATION
Everyone blinded by facial radiance

JANUARY

- 7 RETURN FROM VACATION
The show must go on . . .
15 SECOND TEAM VOLLEYBALL — CAE
17 FIRST TEAM VOLLEYBALL — CAE
18 ANDOVER DANCE — SOPHOMORES AND JUNIORS
Weird manifestations of the mind
20-24 REVIEW WEEK
27-30 EXAMS
Lots of knowledge, a little know-how and a teeny bit o' bull!
30 LONG WEEKEND
At last!!

FEBRUARY

- 7 SENIORS—*Rozencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*
An introduction to *Hamlet*
14 ANDOVER CELEBRITY SERIES
15 GLEE CLUB AT LAWRENCE ACADEMY
Expression through song
21 SKI CLUB DINNER
An occasion to celebrate the skiers delight; a winter with snow plus,
plus, plus . . .
22 GLEE CLUB AND TILTON SCHOOL
"A song will outlive all sermons in the memory."
23 ICE CAPADES
Tintinnabulating on the ice.
28 JUNIOR DINNER

MARCH

- 1 JUNIORS — SAT'S
DANCE AT ST. PAUL'S
Strain the brain in the afternoon, bend the mind at night.
8 BAKER'S DOZEN AND BROOKS SCHOOL DANCE HERE
Yale and Brooks, not bad for one night.
13 SPRING PLAYS
14 SPRING VACATION
"Awake! The morning shines, and the fresh field calls us . . ."

CALENDAR

APRIL

- 1 RETURN FROM SPRING VACATION
Spring fever running rampant.
- 8 SECOND TEAM BASKETBALL – KAVA
- 9 FIRST TEAM BASKETBALL – KAVA
- 16 GREAT BOOKS DISCUSSION WITH EIGHT R.H. SENIORS
AND EIGHT BROOKS SENIORS
Co-educational thinking on Camus' *The Stranger*.
- 19 FATHER'S DAY
Like father, like daughter.
- 29 SCIENCE MUSEUM TRIP

MAY

- 3 JUNIORS – ACTS
FOUNDER'S DAY
A long awaited time to see old friends.
- 7 TEA FOR SPLINTERS STAFF AT MRS. WORSHAM'S
The social event of the year.
- 8 BOSTON POPS – SENIORS
- 9 AMERICAN HISTORY CLASS TO SUPERIOR COURT
- 16-19 SPRING DANCE
"Midnight shout and revelry tipsy dance and jollity."
- 20 NORTH SHORE MUSIC TENT – *The Taming of the Shrew*
"Every man, as the saying is, can tame a shrew but he that hath her."
- 23 SHOWING OF SENIOR PROJECT – SLIDETAPE OF *Go Tell It*
On The Mountain by James Baldwin.
SOFTBALL GAME –
SWIMMING MEET –
- 19-22 REVIEW WEEK
The calm before the storm.
- 26-29 EXAMS
The Storm!!!
- 30 SPELLING BEE
SENIOR SISTER NIGHT
SENIORS AT MISS RAMSAY'S HOUSE
- 31 SINGING BEACH
Where, oh where are the grand ole seniors?

JUNE

- 1 BACCALAUREATE SERMON
"A word to the wise is sufficient."
MUSICALE
- 2 SENIOR LUNCHEON
CLASS DAY EXERCISES
COMMENCEMENT PLAY – *Mrs. McThing* by MARY CHASE
- 3 RECEPTION FOR SENIOR CLASS
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES



*Don't hit a man when he's down,
Miss Perkins!*



I have such an expressive face.



I'm Lovable

PROPHECY

Twenty-five years have passed incredibly fast and the class of '69 has now reunited in a beautiful old castle tucked away in Italy where Jan Laundon is living with her husband and eight charming bambinos. Jan still hasn't mastered the Italian language but is doing a fantastic job running the castle in the medieval tradition. The class has been transported to Italy by our famous socialite party girl, Cindy Brox, in an enormous chartered blimp. She is in charge of greeting all her former classmates along with Betty Hall. They are both busy serving Cindy's renowned brownies and chocolate milk. Betty certainly has followed through with her perfect services back home; she is the new enthusiastic director of studies for Moody School and is an avid symphony goer. Along with contributing her APPLE-POLISHED food and decorations to all good causes, she plans to open her own elegant fashion shop within the next year. With what little free time she finds, she is found HOPPING down to Key Biscayne.

It is a grape stomping party and everyone is found enjoying herself immensely in the great tub of grapes. Fortunately Linda Juszczak, who is now one of the world's leading sandal importers has shown up, having spent days traipsing across the desert on her camel, with sandals for everyone's tired feet. Her delay was due to her picking up scattered rubber bits from the last war.

We notice a splash from the moat and see Marion Eddy trying to swim back to Martha's Vineyard having realized she forgot her knitting needles. Meanwhile we are browsing through her latest publication of *Notes of a Native Vineyardite* that has now hit the height of the Best Seller List. The reunion is a most festive occasion and nearly everyone here is in fine health except for Amelia Rowe who has recently had a knee operation and is depressed because she can't get in and stamp on the grapes with her crutches. Amelia, freezing as usual, is wrapped in a blanket even though she has on her thermal underwear. She has finally achieved her Ph.D. in Chemistry and is at Bowdoin teaching by the logical theory that "everything is all in the book."

Toni Pollak is standing by having returned from Boston Society and heading the Convent of the SDS. She has made an effective Mother Superior in spreading the good word and still saving people



You'd never know I'm a mobster!



That's the beginning of the end.



Kick the habit!

PROPHECY

from raids. She and Steve have bought out the Commodore Ballroom, since they have had so much invested in it through the years. It is now a thriving success.

Wendy Martin got an old romance, Dicky, KING OF THE SWING, to rev her up in his jacked up GTO via Vermont to the party; although she overslept, she made connections to the blimp successfully. She and Dennis have made a fortune with their new DENNY-GRIP products.

Tatian was chosen to speak at this high occasion and had proven herself a fine character in having enlarged her vocabulary to an UNBELIEVABLE capacity. She will also provide music — a drum duet with her faithful lover, Hugh. Tatian has taken over the advertising for Ernie Boch selling CREAM PUFFS.

LaFoley has taken off from Bergdorf's on a fund raising tour as honorary chairman of the American Cancer Society. Robin is still single as she hasn't yet decided between Kim and Eddie.

Jody Tighe has taken charge of Whippoorwill and if she ever stops HORSING AROUND, she may BREAK IN her green husband, Peter, to her overpopulated chicken farm.

Estela Alvarez sends greetings with flowers and she regrets missing the occasion. Last word from Stella concerned her "Up With Communism" march in the Dominican Republic, lest democracy move in while she is away. She is vice-director of the Foster Parent Program and has attached an envelope to the flowers asking for fat contributions . . . to help support her cause.

Totally void of U. S. MALE, Debbie Zinn has acquired a fluency in the French tongue, and is enjoying Le Paris Date-a-Mate Computer Program. It seems to have slipped out that Debbie is working as a top-notch underground spy for the SECRET police and is extremely advantageous to the Spy World.

Via TWA, Ellington arrives late with the newest blond hair coloring. Apparently she had trouble figuring how to get off the L.A. freeway . . . A pick-up truck had to push her to the airport. Seller is planning a three o'clock walk to the store for old times sake . . . with Brown. Gulley Queen Jane now has acquired a PERMANENT tent to protect her from cold winter days.

Debi Pletscher has become chief director of Carol's Muscle Building Course in Saginaw, and runs a thrift shop clearing house for lost and found articles in her spare time. Her many years at Westminster seem to have contributed to her development, and she is now giving concerts at the Newport Folk Festival.

Lefferts has apparently decided that athletics was not her true vocation because she is here to model Christian Dior's latest creation. She is now running a mountain camp in Appalachia; she has invited us all to attend her health spa to rehabilitate our sagging corpses.

Marilyn Keast felt as pressured into this burdensome European voyage as she did the last. TIP-toeing through the tulips by way of Government Center (where her father still works), she was married as planned in Trinity Church and had her little long-haired Tippias baptized there. She plans to give free tours of Boston.

Jeff Foster bops out of the tub of grapes to show everyone her gold medal for her book "Synchronized Bubblegum Chewing for Advanced Chewers." Now that she has bought out Double Bubble and Swell, she has become a champion.

Ann Yodel Hemingway is here having just won a prize for her unique rock collection in the ghettos. She is now composing her second symphony under the pen name of Sophia Peruzzi and she has brought along pictures of her and Augie Perrelli playing stepball. She has also brought along her band with Ginger Baker and Bru, to contribute to the entertainment.

Plimpton is here with Nick. She is running a farm in Vermont with a picturesque mountain in the back. Jody Tighe and Niki had a double wedding as planned.

Sue Johnson is a Miami socialite and is often seen escorted by Rudi Geinrich. She owns a branch of Pappagallo and offers a discount to those of us who would like to stock up on shoes. Or was that Washburn?

Anne Washburn has been swimming in the tubs with her three inch goggles on, but occasionally surfaces to remind those residents of the second floor MacGay freakhouse that it's towel day. She has finally found a worthwhile occasion to wear her glamorous white heels since graduation twenty-five years ago.

PROPHECY

Betsy Nauss is here with full confidence having come directly from her one man art show. She seems to have had trouble making connections with the blimp for her motor bike in Bermuda had broken down and she had lost the key. Juszczak is trying to persuade Betsy to join the Barnum and Bailey production to exhibit her talents of hand-walking.

Of course, Spring has flashed in from the HEAD set of Concord with frolicking noises that attract wide attention, which reminds Foster to tell late arriver Ellington of the dramatic episode that occurred on the blimp. Spring was restless and stomped up to the pilot to complain about the "Bye, Bye Birdie" movie. At her return, having accomplished nothing, she found that Wendy had taken her window seat. In a rage of jealousy she grabbed Wendy's new fraternity pin, that Wendy just happened to be showing off, and was so fumed with HOT AIR that she rose to the top of the blimp, where she remained suspended and sulking for the remainder of the trip. We were all in a tizzy when we noticed that Spring had begun to jab holes in the blimp with her stolen pin and that we were slowly descending into the Mediterranean. But alas, relief was quick to come when Marion whipped out some adhesive tape from her First Aid Kit. Pam Bell ran to the rescue next and proceeded to scale the side of the blimp in her SPACED snow boots to patch the holes Spring was still poking, not realizing that she was multiplying the troubles. After taking the pin, Pam remained afloat to stand guard over Spring to prevent further attacks.

Karen Anderson's prediction that we would arrive in TIPSY-top shape, safe and sound on the castle roof was quite accurate, despite our frantic doubts because of the incredible changing altitudes. Karen is now working in research for the Muhlenburg Museum. She is here today keeping a record of the varying colossal events of the day. These are to be added to the RH Archives.

Dania Doremus has now been voted No. 1 citizen of her class for her complete knowledge of the PROBLEMS of Democracy. Miss Perkins would be so pleased if she knew. Dania decided that school in England was not her BAG and now has joined the circus as a lion tamer. As a side line, she opened a boarding house and has an extremely progressive vegetable garden. She tells everybody to come down and see her sometime.

Truda Bloom is travelling from Boston where she is madly directing at the Charles Playhouse. She grew panicky in fear that the blimp would not land safely and made a dramatic exit from it, landing her Bloom Photo Research Parachute in a clump of treetops where she is still stranded. Her playful classmates are using her as their grape-throwing target. She is, however, assured of rescue of one sort or another.

A telegram to Seller from Brown has just arrived, sending regrets about their walk to the store . . . but, Brown can't make it back from her post as Spanish interpreter for Castro in Cuba as a result of another hijacked flight caused this time by a tobacco plantation owner.

Holihan is a ski bum out West. She sent a letter by way of specially trained carrier pigeon from her tree house at the top of Aspen, informing us that we would have to do without her this round. We didn't REALLY expect her since it's Monday. She tells us that a few years ago she achieved her goal as lead role in a P. A. production.

Unsuspected Alida McIlvain is flouncing around the castle today, accompanied by Cinnifer II, disguised as her real self. She, Pam Bell, and Lisa Strasburg are creating a seance in the throne room. Alida has long since completed her Charles Schultz philosophy course and has taken over Granny's GOODIE Shoppe along the MAIN line, while on the SIDE line, she is a bovine milkmaid at Montgomery Farm.

Lisa's arrival was by way of Emily, her elephant. She sneaked over the horizon and over the drawbridge with some of her CORE workers as usual bringing up the rear. She is now head of all Peace Corps affairs in tropical Africa. Some of the more festive members are urging Lisa and Truda to take candid shots of this memorable reunion. Truda, however, is still a bit bruised from her morning in the trees.

Pam, after finding her year at Katie Gibbs unharmonious to her intellectual and artistic talents, has become a Groupie, brazening the wilds in her orange "Harry" hearse.

An echoed call is heard from the dungeon where we are informed the wine cellar is located . . . and dust settles as the last of the Class of '69 disappears down the winding staircase . . .

PAM BELL, LISA STRASBERG, AND THE STAFF



Estela Alvarez



Karen Anderson



Pam Bell



Truda Bloom



Sue Brown



Cindy Brox



Dania Doremus



Marion Eddy



Suzy Ellington



Jeff Foster



Betty Hall



Ann Hemingway



Holly Holihan



Sue Johnson



Linda Juszcak



Marilyn Keast



Robin LaFoley



Jan Laundon



Tina Lefferts



Wendy Martin



Alida McIlvain



Betsy Nauss



Debi Pletscher



Niki Plimpton



Toni Pollak



Amelia Rowe



Jane Seller



Susie Spring



Lisa Strasburg



Lynne Tatian



Jodi Tighe



Anne Washburn



Debbie Zinn

CLASS WILL

WE LEAVE:

MISS RAMSAY a suitably scented mailman.

MISS ALEXANDER a computer to solve Devra Kaufman's problems.

MISS BAMFORD peeling up to the altar to the tune of "Run-Around Sue."

MISS BOWES physiologically speaking.

MRS. BREWER the directorship of speech therapy at R.H.

MRS. CROSBIE stripping her gears on the way to the health club.

MISS DAY all of the following equipment for her favorite pastime: a periscope with a left-right directional bar and automatic demerit calculator, a pair of P.F.'s, and a whistle.

MRS. HOFFER a dumb waiter for Bruno.

MRS. A. JONES an exhaust fan.

MRS. F. JONES the Nobel Prize for the "newsiest" newsletter.

MISS LEBUTT a player piano that plays fifteen different movements of her favorite tune, "CHOPSTICKS."

MRS. LATOUR as newly elected head of the C.I.A.

MRS. MALONE a secret passageway to her classroom.

MRS. MILLER a giant cookie jar to keep filled for RH occasions.

MISS PAYNE "uptight!"

MISS PERKINS a "Hot-line" to Washington.

MRS. PERLOFF with a new lease on life.

MISS PHELPS in a gold studded toga.

MRS. PHINNEY supposedly alone in the office to eat her lunch.

MISS PULLING wondering if "it is the limit!"

MRS. SARGENT 6,283 "bottles" that have been "setting" in since Sept.

MRS. SADOWSKI a new date-a-mate.

MRS. STATEN a Harley-Davidson for emergency runs to the railroad station.

MRS. WORSHAM with the "SPRING" of '69!

BILL a combination leather recliner and massage machine to be used Tuesday night, June 3rd.

ROGER a Go-Cart with blades, so he can cut the grass in fourth gear.

CLASS WILL

"AWAKEN WORLD!" we leave ESTELA ALVAREZ having a sinking spell on the doorstep of the Kremlin-en Espanol!
KAREN ANDERSON leaves the *Anderson-Juszczak Papers* to the next happy Chemistry couple.
PAM BELL leaves the walls of MacGay still vibrating with midnight hysteria.
TRUDA BLOOM leaves her room to the Photography Club and her long, straight black hair to the Dramatics Club Wig Box.
SUE BROWN leaves in a puff of smoke.
CINDY BROX leaves on her chocolate cow for the party at Jack's.
DEE DOREMUS leaves dramatically.
MARION EDDY leaves her spike heels to Margy Mink.
SUZY ELLINGTON leaves still wondering where L.A. is.
JEFF FOSTER leaves her escape routes to PAM TIKELLIS.
BETTY HALL leaves her super-charged filing system to the front office.
ANN HEMINGWAY leaves for the Summertime Step-ball Championships in the Ghettoes of New Haven.
HOLLY HOLIHAN leaves on Wednesday since Tuesday is her day OFF!
SUE JOHNSON leaves her medical record to BetteAnn Mack.
LINDA JUSZCZAK leaves gaily singing her Arabian drinking songs off tune . . . but "she learned them that way."
MARILYN KEAST leaves at a gallop to organize LIFE drawing classes at the cemetery.
ROBIN LAFOLEY leaves her impossible dream of becoming a day student to the Junior Class.
JAN LAUNDON leaves with a code book in hand entitled, "How to Respond to Italian Propositions."
TINA LEFFERTS leaves in search of a regulation size gym.
ALIDA McILVAIN leaves for the first time on schedule.
WENDY MARTIN leaves her vast collection of fraternity pins to LISA CATHERINE.
BETSY NAUSS leaves her sunny smile to some gloomy cat.
DEBI PLETSCHER leaves a complete and unabridged volume of complaints to ELLEN PECK.
NIKI PLIMPTON leaves on the first flight to Vermont after her last drag race with Spring.
TONI POLLAK leaves in her friar's robe for the "BIG U." chapel to solve more new problems.
AMELIA ROWE leaves those Bowdoin Beasts for those Tufts Tigers.
JANE SELLER leaves the Syrian bread bakery of greater Lowell sold out!
SUSIE SPRING happily leaves MRS. WORSHAM.
LISA STRASBURG leaves her suitcase rack for other things.
LYNNE TATIAN leaves HUGH WORSHAM a key to the dormitory so he can cease clawing at the screen.
JODY TIGHE leaves at a stiff canter for U-Mass.
ANN WASHBURN leaves, thank heavens, on Towel Day!!
DEBBIE ZINN leaves, ROGER, over and out!!

LYNNE TATIAN AND THE STAFF



Mary Jane brought us together.



Oh, Say!



One more step and I'll shoot.



Here, as usual lies the mouse that roared.



Hello, Young Lovers!



Now just a cotton pickin' minute!

The Three Stages of Taping Go Tell It On The Mountain



Hysteria



Pain



Madness



Herbie, Pleeze, Pleeze, come down from there!



Oh Herbie, you fracture me . . .



But I only said it's Towel day!



Bosom Buddies



Now it's my turn to look out the window



She think's she's a dear little white rose.



Alida's my BEST friend.



Hot Seat!



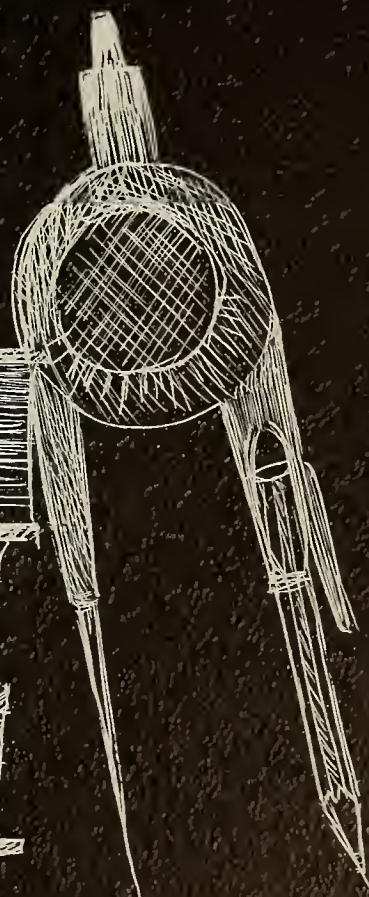
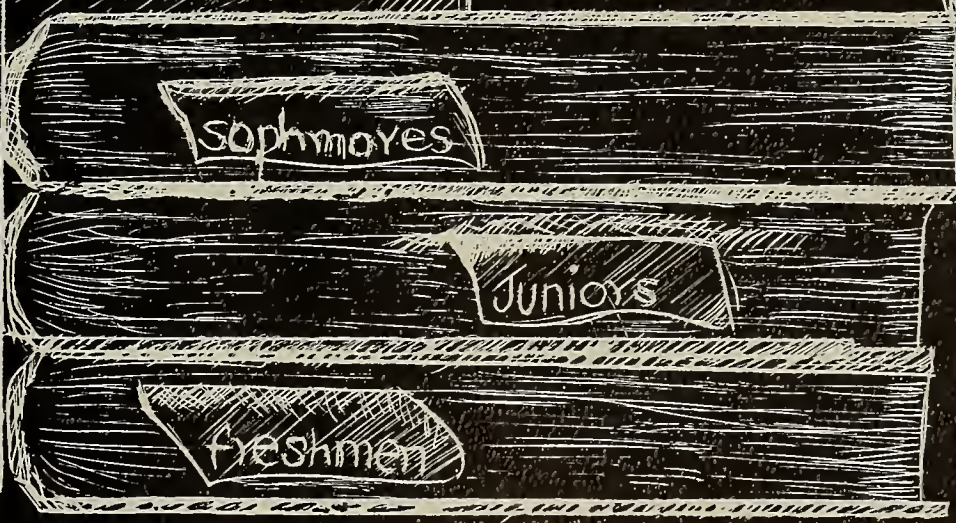
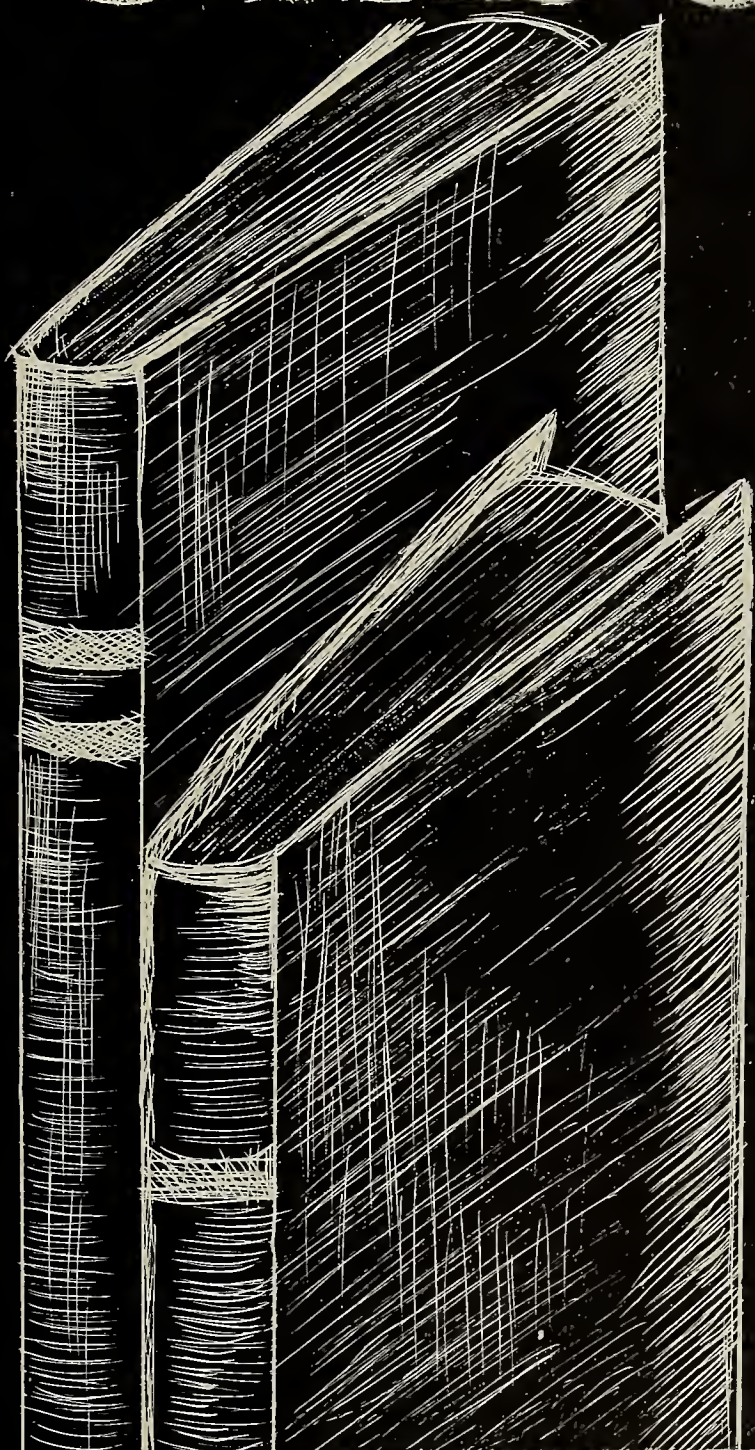
I told my mother my health would be impaired . . .

The love of the young for the young, that is the beginning of life. But the love of the old for the old, that is the beginning of—of things longer.

—J. K. JEROME

Under

Grad





JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS
President Martha Pihl
Vice-President Pamela Tikellis



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS
President Nancy Ingraham
Vice-President Susan Anton

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS
President Susan Whitney
Vice-President Deborah Evans





JUNIOR CLASS

Back Row: Peck, Mellick, Lindsay, Drury, Wick, McCann, Thomas, Hoepfner, Nields, Sohler, Sweet, Slimmon, Laing, Dewey, Vallis, Waterman, Lape, Green.

Front: Copeland, MacMannis, Kaufman, Mink, Grynkrout, Knowles, Phil (President), Tikellis (Vice-President), Hoar, Shipton, Templet.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Kneeling: Williams B., Russell, Chernin G., Catherine, Loring, Saba, Williams E., Bisset.

Standing: Blain, Begg, Winzeler, Sullivan, Chernin B., Anton (Vice-President), Perkins, Mack, Fairbairn, Torrey, Potter, Gray, Hughes, Ingraham (President).



FRESHMAN CLASS

Front: Church, Whitney A., Keck, Evans (Vice-President), Fletcher, Whitney S. (President).

Back: Rowley, Stevens, Seward, Davis.



Let me eat in peace, or else . . .



Next stop - fourth floor



Of course I'm chic . . .



Tea for two



Anytime, anywhere, anyhow . . .



Toujours l'Amour . . .



*Today - an actress,
Yesterday - a ballerina,
Tomorrow . . .*



*If I only had three roommates
like these . . .*



Today is Sweet Charity day



Say that again . . .



Coming back in is the REAL test!



I'm Bee-oo-tiful.



Co-ed next year?!



Of course it isn't catching . . .



Serenity untold



Spring is bustin' out all over



Three blind mice

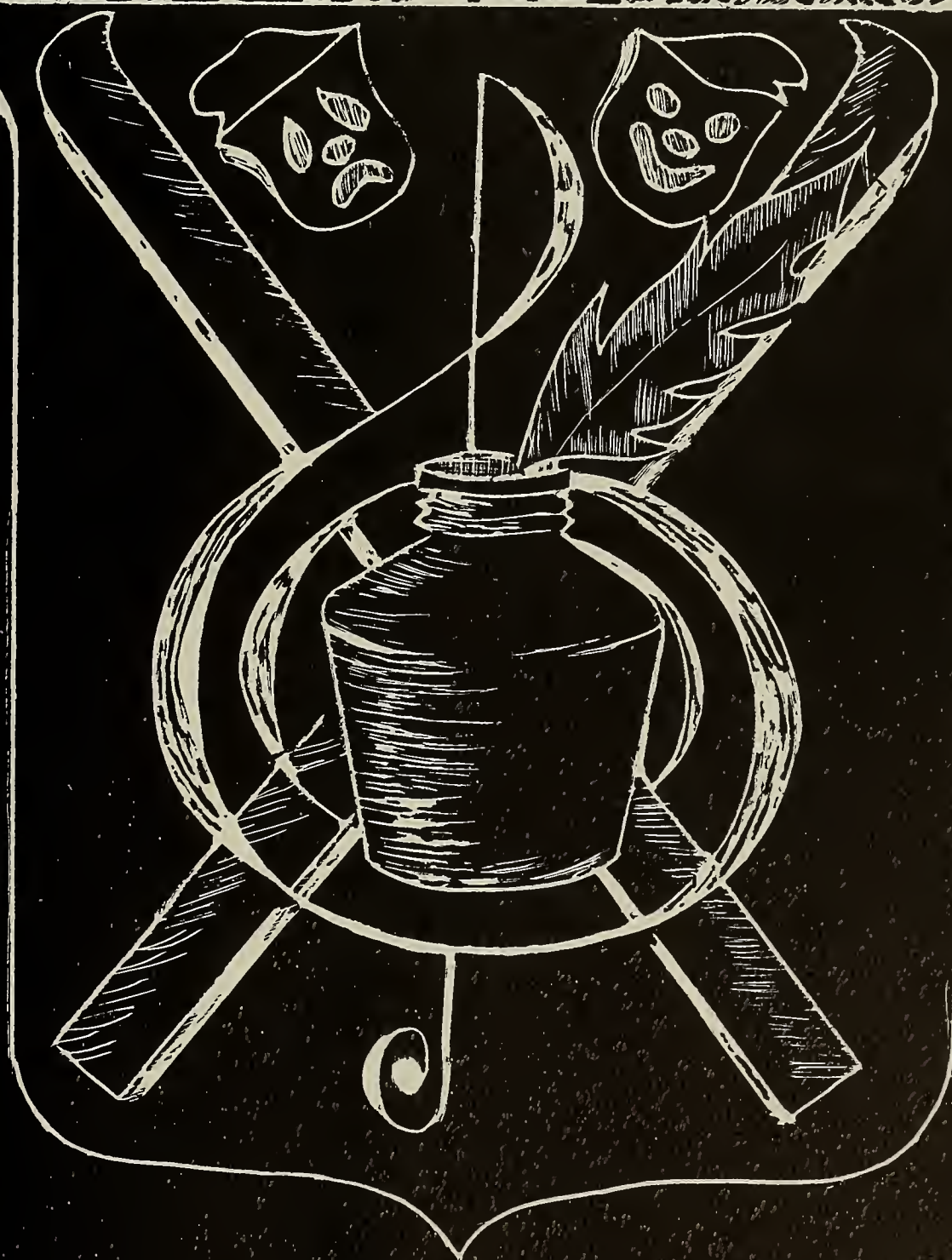


Well, Veruscka made it . . .

The short period of life is long enough for living well and honourably.

—CICERO

Organizations



GOVERNMENT



STUDENT COUNCIL

Seated: Miss Ramsay, Pollak (President), Thomas.

Standing: Eddy, Washburn, Wick, Plimpton.



STUDENT PROCTORS

Seated: Miss Ramsay, Pollak (President), MacMannis.

Standing: Mink, Tatian, Knowles, Fairbairn, Torrey, Tikellis, Laing, Sohler, Johnson, Ingraham, Pihl, McIlvain. *Absent:* Rowe, Zinn.

PUBLICATIONS



SPLINTERS

Front: Juszczak, Hall, Nauss (Art Editor), McIlvain (Editor-in-Chief), Anderson (Business Manager), Doremus.

Second Row: Washburn, Strasburg, Alvarez, Bloom, Keast, Johnson.

Rear: Rowe, Brox, Tatian, Eddy.



THE COLUMNS

Front: Shipton, McCartin, Sweet (Editor), Anton.

Second Row: Young, Saba.

MUSIC



GLEE CLUB

Front: Mink, Shipton, Stewart, Hemingway, McCartin, Knowles, Pihl (Vice-President), Miss LeButt, Pletscher (President), Kaufman, Kacher, Hoar, Zinn, Eddy,
Second Row: Hall, Foster, Sweet, Torrey, Martin, Perkins, Whitney S., Catharine, Peck, Slimmon, Gilbert, Winzeler, Anton, Tatian, Sullivan B.
Third Row: Wick, Rowe, Keast, Ingraham, Pollak, Williams, Chernin, B., Sohler, Keck, Evans, Whitney A., Lefferts, Johnson, Dewey, Quinn, Curry, Potter.

THE GLEE CLUB — 1968-69

The Glee Club of Rogers Hall has always been one of the most active clubs in our school. It is the largest voluntary club and it offers both social and cultural advantages. The Glee Club for the 1968-69 season had a membership of some forty-five girls, who sang both pop tunes and classical music. The club has prospered under the direction of Miss Dorothy A. LeButt.

Our first concert and engagement of the year was held for the entire school in the traditional manner with the Phillips Academy Band of Andover, under the direction of Mr. William Clift. The band itself gave a magnificent performance, but the highlight of the evening was, and has always been, a medley of tunes sung by the combined clubs. This year we sang three recent compositions, including "Second Hand Rose," from the production *Funny Girl*; "A Man and A Woman," from a movie of the same name; and "Windy," by a popular rock group, The Association. A dance followed the concert and music was provided by a rhythm and blues band from Andover.

Our next concert was held some two months later with the Lawrence Academy Glee Club, at Lawrence. Following our short bus ride to Groton, we were escorted to the lounge where we met our dates. Following our nervous introductions we filed into the auditorium for our concert rehearsal under the direction of Mr. Joseph Shepherd. The highlight of the performance was the joint number, "The Road Not Taken," which is a poem by Robert Frost adapted for music by Randall Thompson. Our rehearsal of the number, "Helen of Troy," added a humorous note. The light excerpt from the operetta featured soloists Amelia RICE (alias Rowe) and her partner Bill Rice. Also featured was the performance of the R. H. Octet, better known as the R. H. Negatives. They received undivided attention for their interpretation of an old favorite, "Sentimental Journey" (Ba, Ba, Ba Bum!)

MUSIC

A dance followed the concert and dinner with a Lawrence Academy rock group as entertainment for "dancing" or whatever they call it! The sounds struck a sweet note with the girls and their dates, but sent the faculty members into a soundproof room!

Exactly a week later the R. H. Glee Club were hostesses to the Tilton School Glee Club from Tilton, New Hampshire. The gym was decorated with colored strobe lights and resembled the local discotheque. We were all pleasantly entertained by The R. H. Negatives and The Tiltonaires, who fervently sang us some traditional Bowdoin College drinking songs. Their conductor was Mr. John MacMoran, who had come to R. H. for the first time and truly enjoyed himself, as we all did.

The alumnae of R. H. have always been entertained by the Glee Club on Founder's Day, Elizabeth Rogers' birthday, and this year was no exception. We sang nothing extravagant, but we offered a friendly welcome to the alumnae with "Consider Yourself," from the Broadway production and Academy Award-winning movie, *Oliver*.



R. H. NEGATIVES

Kneeling: Mink, Hemingway, Strasburg, McIlvain.

Standing: Pletscher, Rowe, Eddy (leader), Johnson, Wick.

The Negatives performed very well this year under the able leadership of Marion Eddy. The group has become a great asset at school dances and other affairs, especially with the added attraction of Amelia Rowe and her guitar. The highlight of the year was the appearance of their very fine stereo recording done at the Fassett Studio in Boston and sold to students and friends.





FRENCH CLUB

First Row: Kaufman, Foster, Shipton, Juszczak.

Second Row (seated): Mrs. Hoffer, Holihan, Washburn, Plimpton, Pletscher.

Third Row: Wick (Vice-President), Tighe, (President), Drury, Mellick, Spring, Perkins, Laing.

Fourth Row: Nauss, Zinn, Sohler, Vallis, Brox, Anderson, Bloom, Laundon.



SPANISH CLUB

Back Row: Green, Doremus, Thomas, Lefferts, Copeland, Tikellis, Tatian, Pollak, Rowe, Knowles.

Front Row: Dewey, Alvarez (President), Keast, Ellington, (Vice-President), Plimpton, Pihl.



LATIN CLUB

Front: Laing, Ingraham (Vice-President), Anton (President), Saba, Shipton.

Standing: Tikellis, Potter, Thomas, Pletscher, Washburn, Knowles, Whitney S.

Not present: Miss Phelps, (Advisor).



DEBATE CLUB

Kneeling: Hall, Tikellis (President), Saba.

Standing: Pollak, Tatian (Vice-President), Pletscher, Keast.

Not Present: Whitney A., Kaufman.



SKI CLUB

Kneeling: MacMannis, Laing, Loring, Dewey, Waterman, Bisset, McIlvain, Russell, Blain.

Standing: Shipton, Mellick, Gray, Slimmon, Chernin B., Knowles (Vice-President), Nauss (President), Thomas, Washburn, Johnson, Davis, Chernin G.



RIDING CLUB

Left to Right: Shipton, Hoar, Templet, Sweet, Vallis, Chernin, Pletscher, Perkins, Tighe, Laundon (Co-President), Keast (Co-President), Potter.



PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

Front Row: Hemingway, Sullivan B., Keast, McIlvain, Strasburg.

Second Row: Washburn, Johnson (President), Alvarez, Hoar, Bloom (Vice-President), Juszczak.

Standing: Rowe, Hall, Lefferts, Pollak, Laundon, Torrey, Gray, Thomas, Dewey.





ART CLUB

Standing: Mrs. Perloff (Advisor), Laundon, Keast (President), Doremus, Perkins, Fairbairn, Evans, Seward.

Kneeling: Hughes, Guynkraut, Nauss, McIlvain, Church.



BREAKFAST CLUB

Left to Right: Seller (President), Foster (Vice-President), Nauss, Pollak, Hall, Johnson, Keast, Hemingway.



What a groovy rehearsal!



Ahhhhh, shad-up!



DRAMATICS CLUB

Front: Mrs. Dorothy Worsham (Director).

Front Row: Eddy, Anderson, Keast, Rowe, Tatian, Bloom, Strasburg, McIlvain.

Middle Row: Copeland, Thomas, Lefferts, Martin, Laing, Laundon, Juszczak, Anton, Slimmon, Pletscher.

Last Row: Hall, Johnson, Hemingway, Brox.

Top: Doremus (President), *Not Present:* Bell (Vice-President).



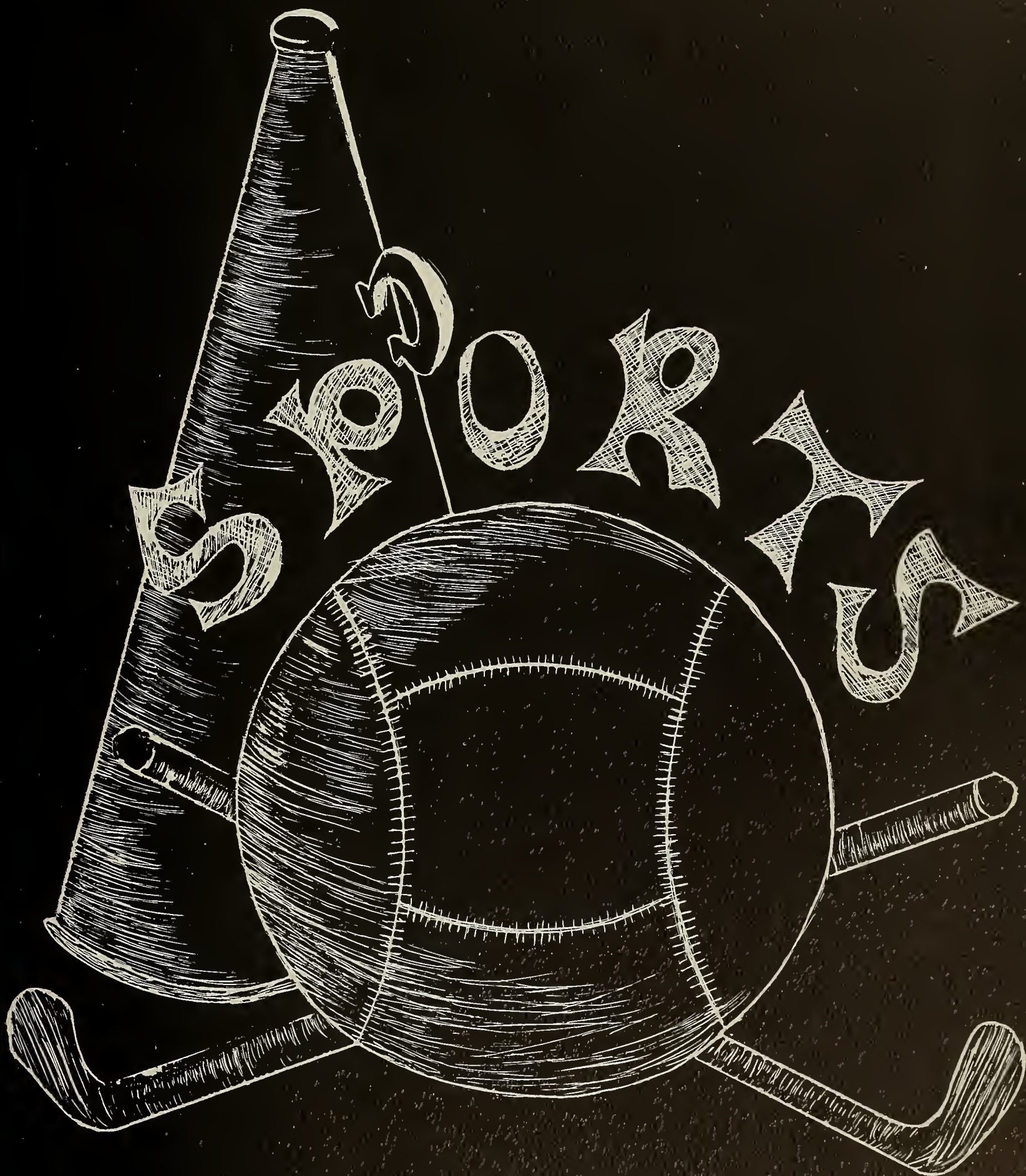
Chu-Chu to you, too.



What a layout!

*Nothing ever succeeds which exhuberant spirits have not
helped to produce . . .*

—NIETZCHE





CAE CLUB

Front: Blain, Mink, Zinn, Plimpton, Foster, Potter, Holihan, Juszcak, Wick, Catharine, Brown, Spring, Reppucci, Laing, Russell, Curry, Chernin G., Gilbert, Eddie, Gray, Hoar, Gadd.

Second Row: Chernin B., Vallis, Seward, Pollak, Perkins, McIlvain, Rowley, Lefferts, Brox, Anderson, Quinn, Winzeler, Anton, Sullivan K., Mack, Hansen, McCann, Hughes, Nauss, Nields, Seller.

Third Row Center: Kaufman, Begg, Church, Slimmon.

Fourth Row Center: Fletcher, Sohler, Whitney S., Whitney A., Peck.



CAE OFFICERS

Deborah Pletscher, President
Suzanne Johnson, Vice-President



KAVA CLUB

First Row: McCartin, Sweet, Keast, MacMannis, Hoepfner, Ellington, Keck, Davis, Stevens, Aubin, Kacher, Dewey, Knowles, Waterman, Shipton, Steward, Rowe, Lindsay, Drury, Pihl, Saba, Tikellis, Tatian.

Second Row - (seated): Laundon, Washburn, Lape, Clark, Bisset.

Third Row - (seated): Martin, Strasburg, Sullivan, E.

Fourth Row: Bell, Templet, Torrey, Alvarez, Ingraham, Copeland, Fairbairn, Evans, Hall, LaFoley, Green, Thomas, Young, Loring, Williams B., Williams E., Bloom, Williams D.



KAVA OFFICERS

Dania Doremus, President
Ann Hemingway, Vice-President

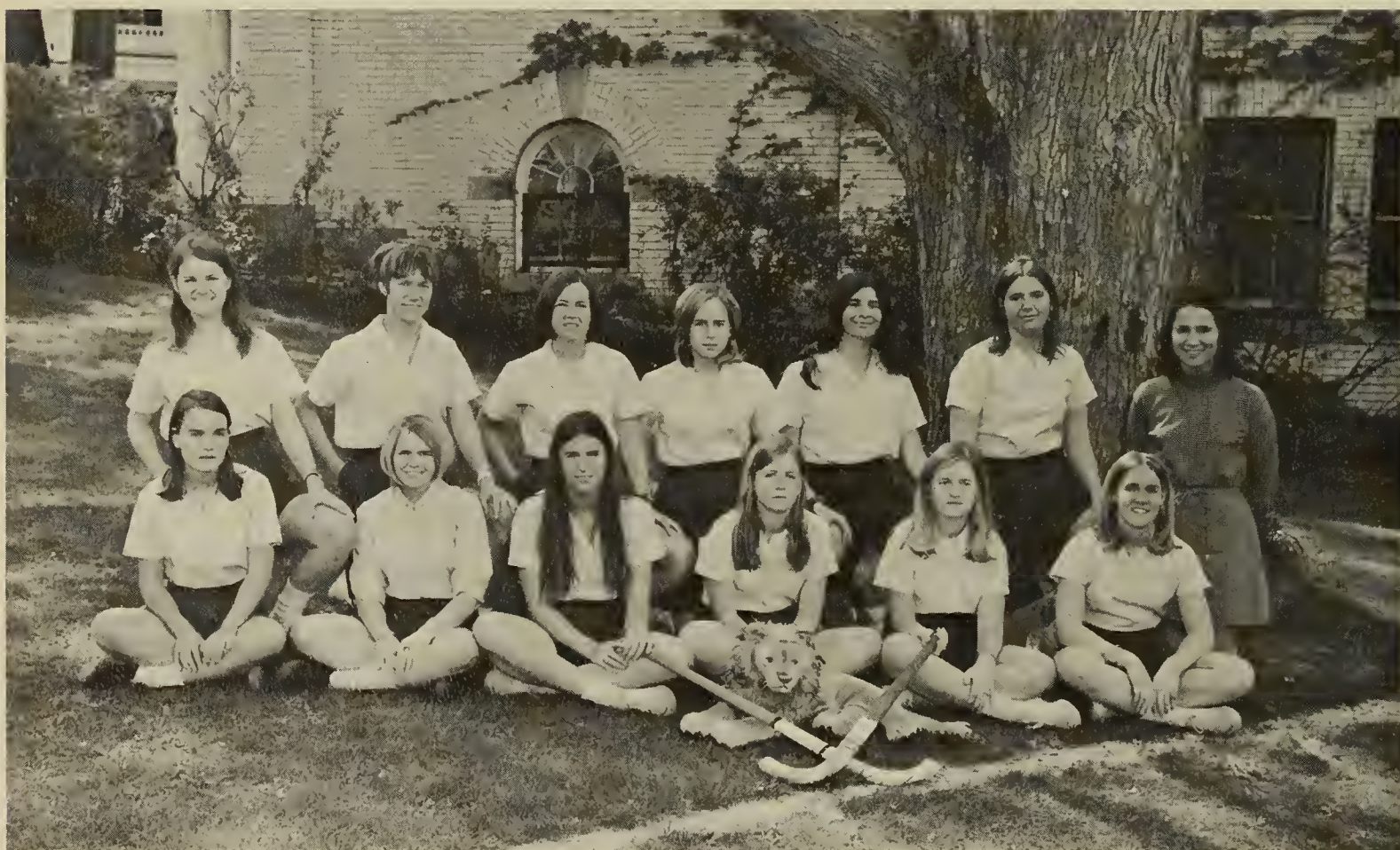
CAE 2 — KAVA I



CAE HOCKEY

Sitting: Eddy, Pollack, Nauss (Captain), Juszczak, Vallis.

Standing: Brox (Manager), Peck, Nields, McIlvain, Slimmon, Plimpton, Johnson.



KAVA HOCKEY

First Row: Loring, Waterman, Keast, Hemingway (Captain), Green, Shipton.

Second Row: Martin, Rowe, Washburn, Knowles, Alvarez, Thomas, Tatian (Mgr.).

HOCKEY



November 4 finally came after much anticipation and preparation for another competition between CAE and KAVA. The hockey game, full of intense cheers and bursting spirit, ended with tears and a CAE victory with the close score of 2-1. Until the first half, both teams held a tying score, each of the goals made by Sue Johnson for CAE and Ellen Green for KAVA.

Finally in the end of the second half, Niki Plimpton rushed up the field and scored CAE's winning goal. The game was followed by a hockey banquet at which Dania Doremus presented Debi Pletscher with the hockey cup and the teams were presented with charms. Everyone was tired and happy after a strenuous day at Rogers Hall.

SECOND TEAMS

CAE

Anderson	Mink
Begg	Potter
Blain	Russell
Brown	Sohier
Hoar	Spring
Laing	Zinn
Mack	

KAVA

Aubin	Lindsay
Bell	Mellick
Dewey	Saba
Doremus	Stewart
Ellington	Strasburg
Hall	Williams, E.
Laundon	





CAE VOLLEYBALL

First Row: Juszczak, Plimpton.

Second Row: Seller, Vallis, Anderson.

Third Row: Foster (Mgr.), Nauss, Spring, Pollak (Capt.), Lefferts, Slimmon.



KAVA VOLLEYBALL

Left to right: LaFoley (Manager), Waterman, Knowles, Ellington, Martin, Alvarez (Capt.), Thomas, Hemingway, Green, Bloom.

VOLLEYBALL



You think you've got troubles!

The volleyball game began the winter season with another tense game. The screams became almost deafening in the gym as each club sang its team song and cheered.

CAE finished the game with another victory of 38 to 23. Betsy Nauss scored eleven of CAE's points and Laura Waterman scored seven points for KAVA. Each team showed great skill and unity throughout the game, as they were backed by the spirit of their clubs.

The season also included a hilarious student-faculty game. The faculty, dressed in midi blouses and bloomers and aided by an equally well decked out cheering squad led by Miss LeButt, played the game with all kinds of innovations. Mrs. Sadowski's modern dance techniques gave an artistic tone to the proceedings, while Mrs. Perloff's arrival in a wheelchair due to a back injury suffered in an intensive practice session lent a touch of pathos. - The final score in favor of the students was unmentionable, but everyone agreed that the faculty were good sports and the game was great fun.

SECOND TEAMS

CAE 31 — KAVA 23

CAE

Begg	McIlvain
Brown	Nields
Curry	Peck
Eddy	Pletscher
Mink	Sohier

KAVA

Copeland	Shipton
Drury	Tatian
Laundon	Tikellis
Pihl	Washburn
Rowe	Young



Is it "rah" you want us to say?



Leaning into it is the secret.



KAVA BASKETBALL

Left to right: Thomas, Keast, Hemingway, Knowles, Green, Loring, Strasburg (Manager).
Absent: MacMannis.



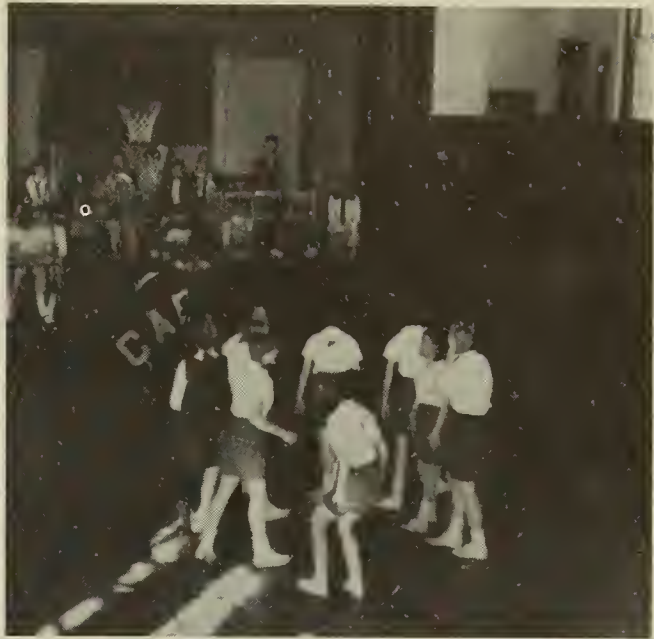
CAE BASKETBALL

Left to right: Laing (Mgr.), Nauss, Spring, Pollak, Anderson (Capt.), Lefferts, Juszczak, Plimpton, MacIlvain.

BASKETBALL

The CAE and KAVA first team began their exciting game at 2:45 Wednesday afternoon, April 9. From the beginning, both teams played with amazing skill. Judy Knowles was KAVA's high scorer with 14 points to support their winning total of 29 points, closely followed by CAE with 28 points, 16 of which were made by Susie Spring.

Each club was filled with fantastic spirit, making this game the most successful this year.



Where, oh where, has the little ball gone?

SECOND TEAMS

CAE 12 — KAVA 15

CAE		KAVA	
Brown	Mink	Ellington	Shipton
Eddy	Seller	Keck	Washburn
Hughes	Vallis	Laundon	Waterman
Johnson	Whitney, A.	Martin	Williams



Just get out of my way!

BASKETBALL BANQUET

Following the basketball game was the banquet which was missed last year due to the celebration of the 75th anniversary of the Rogers Hall School. During dinner, songs were sung to the first teams and Sue Johnson presented Ann Hemingway with the basketball cup. During dessert, both clubs sang their club songs, later to be judged by the faculty for words, tune and spirit. CAE Club's song "Get Me to the Gym on Time" by Sue Johnson and Tina Lefferts won the prize of lollipops.

KAVA Club's song "Three Silver Spoons" by Betty Hall, Dania Doremus, and Marilyn Keast was also very much appreciated.

SOFTBALL

CAE 26 — KAVA 21

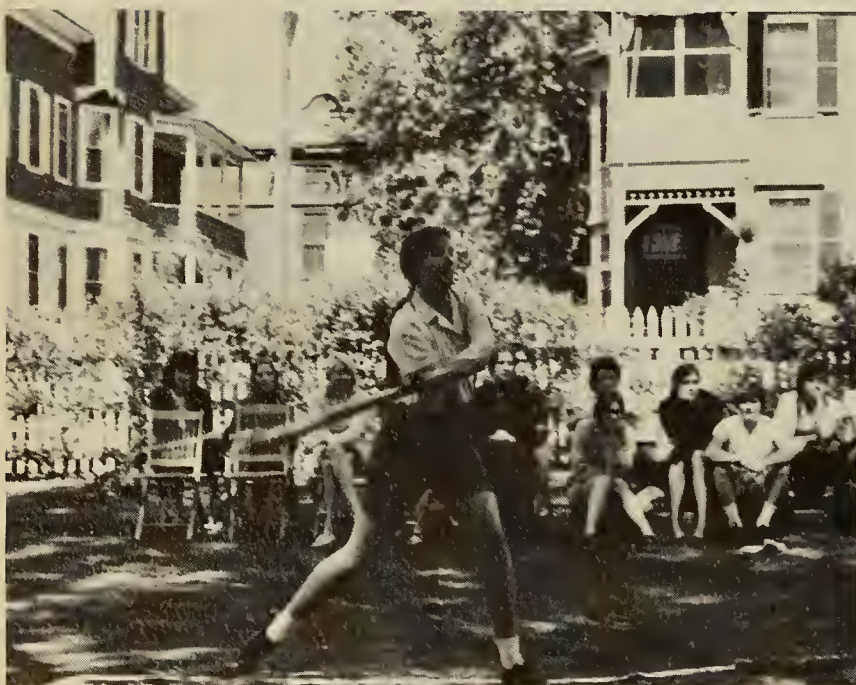


What a view!

The softball game began at 3:00 on May 14. With Bill as our umpire the game had as usual many interesting calls without which Rogers Hall softball would not be the same. Each club was filled with new spirit after the long winter season. The two teams each made exceptional plays and each member played equally well. With the aid of the picket fence, nearly every hit was a homerun. To those watching, any concept of a score was impossible yet CAE finally managed another victory.

SOFTBALL TEAMS

CAE		KAVA	
Anderson	Nields	Bisset	MacMannis
Blain	Plimpton	Copeland	Martin
Brown	Pollak	Dewey	Pihl
Eddy	Seller (Capt.)	Drury	Shipton
Johnson	Slimmon	Ellington	Strasburg (Capt.)
Laing	Spring	Hemingway	Thomas
Lefferts	Vallis	Keast	Waterman
Nauss	McCann (Mgr.)	Knowles	Rowe (Mgr.)



I always TIP them . . .



Strike four!

CHEERLEADERS



CAE CHEERLEADERS

Front Row: Chernin, B., (Mascot), Nauss (Captain), McCann (Mascot).

Second Row: Juszczak, Foster, Curry, Pletscher, Johnson.

Standing: Anton, Vallis, McIlvain, Mack, Peck.



KAVA CHEERLEADERS

Front Row: Fairbairn, Dewey, Phil, Shipton, Templet, Knowles,

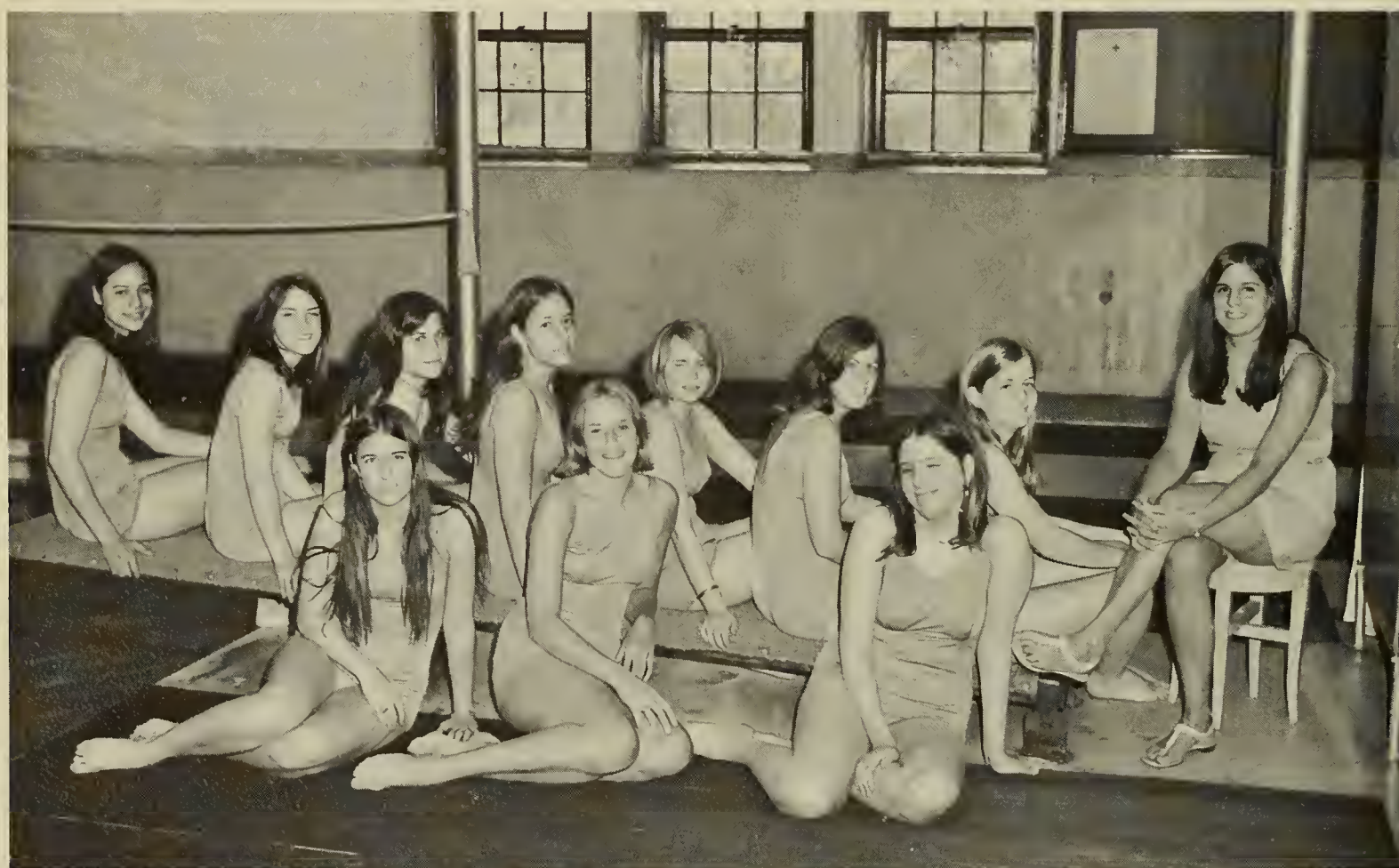
Center: Tikellis, MacMannis.

Rear: Ellington, Sweet (Mascot), Washburn.



CAE SWIM TEAM

Nields, Curry, Nauss, Grynkrut, Wick, Anderson (Manager), Lefferts, Hughes, Slimmon, Juszczak, Zinn.



KAVA SWIM TEAM

First Row: Keast, Evans, Thomas (Captain).

Second Row: Copeland, Pihl, Bisset, Dewey, Waterman, Hall, Hemingway, Tikellis (Manager).

WATER BALLET

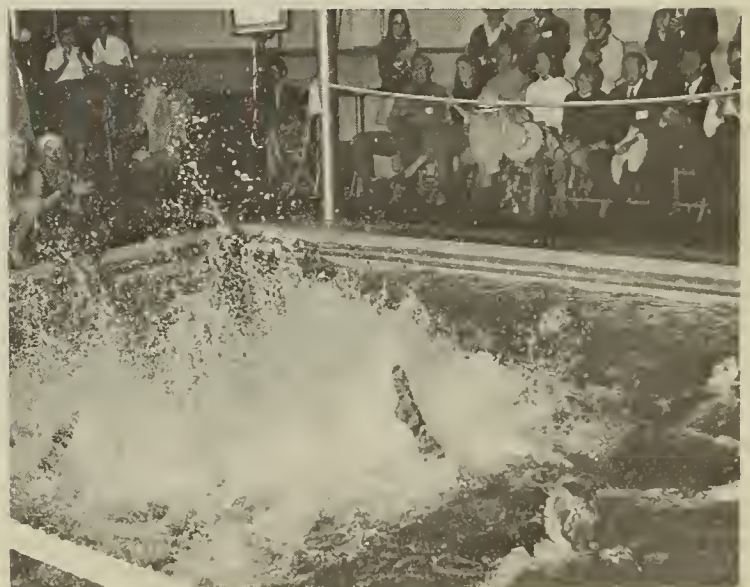


WATER BALLET

Slimmons, Lefferts, Shipton, Martin, Evans, Spring, Thomas, Hoar, Keast, Doremus, Pletscher, Ingraham, Grynkrut, Hall, Juszczak, Nauss.

Standing: Washburn, Anderson (Managers)

This year's water ballet was a delight. The circus theme was carried out with authentic sound effects and bizarre costumes. Bill and Roger labored on the technical problems and managed to construct an effective aerialist wire, on which Linda Juszczak spiraled out into the pool, and a cage big enough for lengthy Debbie Evans to use as her lion's den. Dania Doremus was a hit as the lion tamer who ended up being shoved in the water by her faithless beast. The whole show was such a success on Father-Daughter Day that it was repeated for Founder's Day. Hats off to Miss Bowes and her hardworking crews.



CUP WINNER — SUSAN SPRING (CAE)



CAE BADMINTON

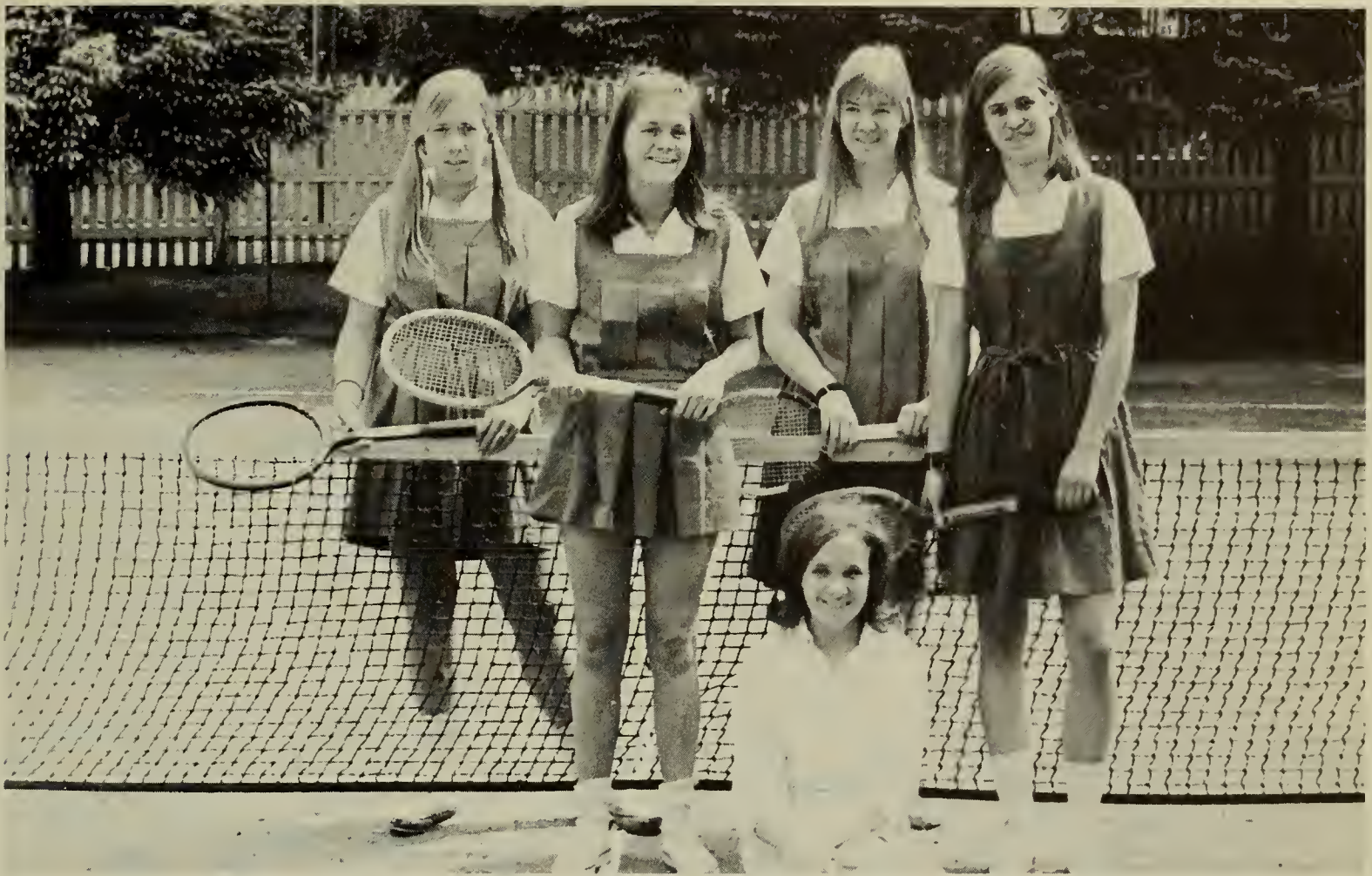
Vallis, Spring, Mink (Manager), Nields, Lefferts.



KAVA BADMINTON

Sitting: Tikellis, Shipton
Kneeling: Pihl, Knowles
Standing: Alvarez (Manager)

CUP WINNER — SUSAN SPRING (CAE)



CAE TENNIS

Seated: Mink (Manager)

Standing: Spring, Laing, Lefferts, Nields.



KAVA TENNIS

Seated: Shipton, Knowles, Laundon.

Standing: MacMannis, Alvarez (Manager).

AT RH WE HAVE . . .



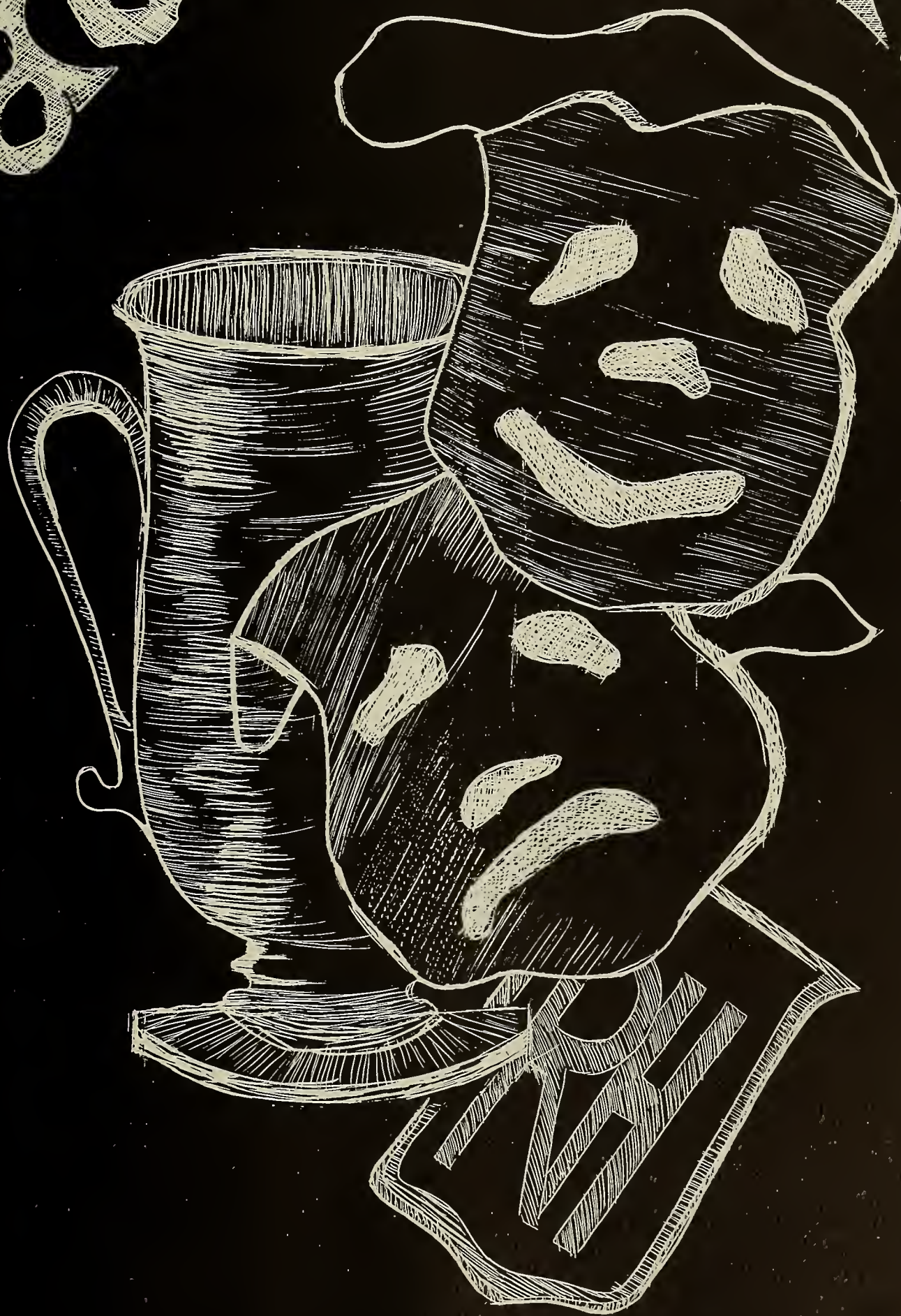
THE SPORTIN' LIFE



*He was never less at leisure
Than when at leisure . . .*

—CICERO

お茶屋



PARENTS' DAY



The weekend began Saturday, November 2, when CAE and KAVA opened their fair at 11:00. Lunch was held at 12:00 for the girls and their parents. During the luncheon the Octet made their first appearance singing a few of their new songs.

After lunch, the Parents' Association had a meeting in the study hall while the first teams prepared for the oncoming hockey game.

At 2:30 the game began and ended with CAE's victory of 2-1. When all had left, the school seemed empty and relieved after the long, tense day.



FALL PLAYS



The fall plays on November 23, 1968, began with Susan Glaspell's well-known *Trifles*. In this atmospheric, almost tragic play a police investigator, Jan Laundon, and two neighbors, Marion Eddy and Nancy Ingraham, are examining in the desolate farmhouse, the scene of a strangling. Held for the murder of her husband is Mrs. Wright, whom we never meet but whose cold, empty life we are made very much aware of by Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Peters, well played by Betty Hall and Debi Pletscher, who are also at the farm to gather a few things to take to Mrs. Wright in jail. The women, who often "worry about trifles," discover the evidence, a strangled bird, obviously the one happy thing in Mrs. Wright's life and the motivation for the murder of her husband. In a moment of compassion for the mistreated woman, the two country women decide to suppress the evidence. The set, with its angular flats, was particularly effective in this play.



Parade at Devil's Bridge, by Henri Gheon, is a kind of morality play but, as the stage manager (well played by Karen Anderson) says, "there really is no moral." Lynne Tatian was a wonderfully malevolent devil who pitted himself against Toni Pollak, ironically cast as Father Kado, who finally promised to give up the first soul to cross the bridge so that the Devil would not continue to break it down. Lisa Laing, Father Kado's cat, saved the human souls by being the first one to cross the bridge. In fury at being outwitted, the Devil leaves forever while the old fisherman, well played by Mary Thomas, and his daughter, Jodi Tighe, rejoice with the good priest over their victory.

FALL PLAYS



The final play of the evening was the wonderful farce *The Man in the Bowler Hat*, by A. A. Milne. The Chief Villain and the Bad Man, excellently portrayed by Truda Bloom and Amelia Rowe, try to steal the Rajah's ruby from the Hero, Debbie Evans, who has hidden the ruby in a hat box in one of twenty London railroad stations. The Hero confuses the Villain who interrogates him by repeating the cycle of stations, each one containing a ticket in a hat box for the next. The scene takes place in the home of Mary and John, perfectly played by Kitty Wick and Cindy Brox, who until now have felt that "nothing exciting ever happens to them." Kathleen McCartin, wearing a bowler hat, sits downstage with her back to the audience and turns out to be the director of the play we too are watching. Truda's entrance to appropriate villain music and Debbie Evans' passionate embraces of the heroine, pertly played by Betty Sullivan, added much hilarity to the proceedings.



CHRISTMAS PLAY

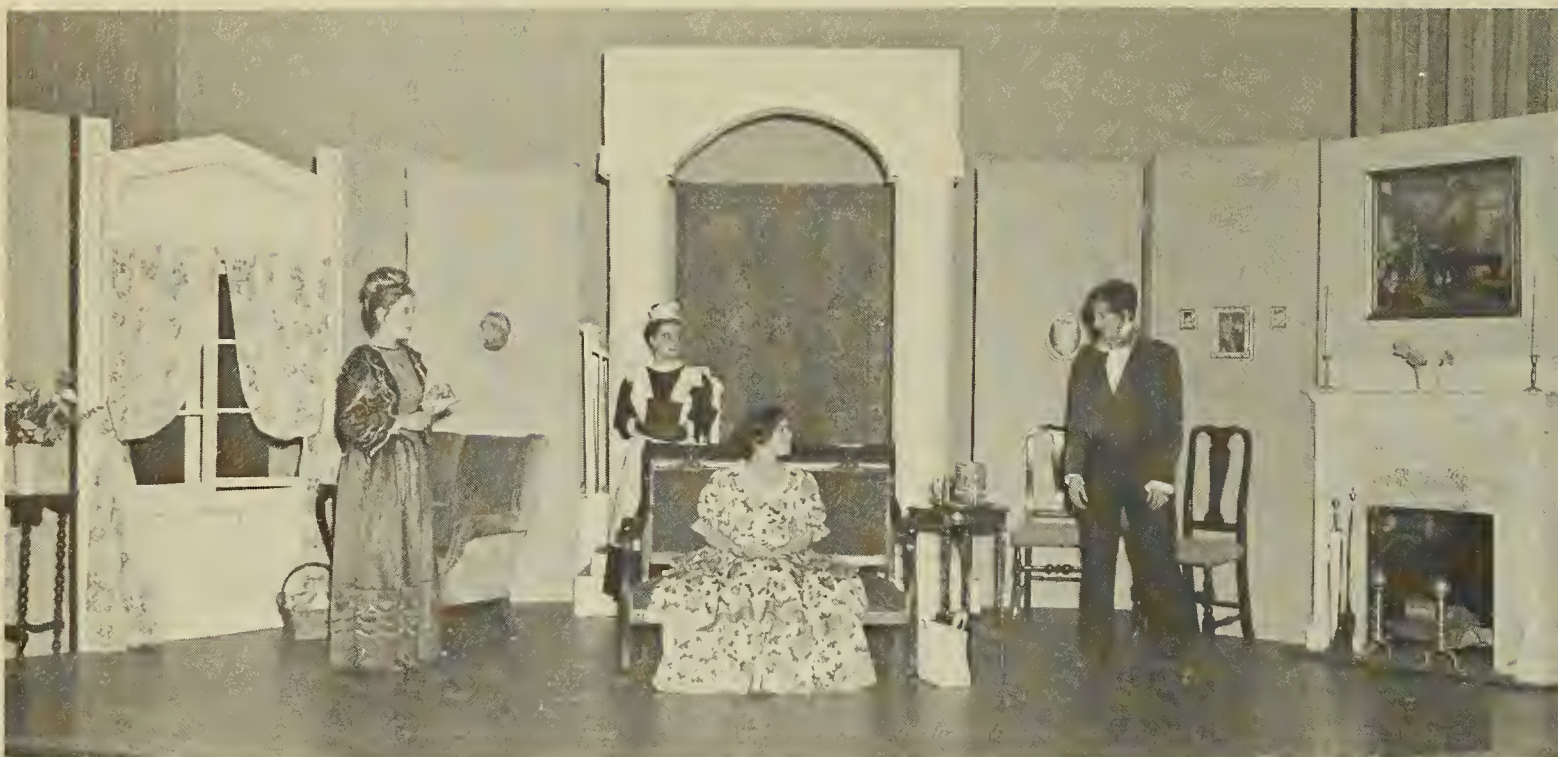


The Christmas play on December 17, 1968, was very well done especially considering the Thanksgiving to Christmas flu epidemic, which had forced us to cancel Christmas Vespers. *A Fabulous Tale* by Richard F. Stockton is a most unusual rendition of the good vs. evil and the power of prayer themes. It is set in the slums of any city outside the opposing doors of the Salvation Army and a gambler's haven, a poolroom. Captain Amy, forcefully portrayed by Ellen Curry, prayed for enough potatoes to feed the poor people, such as the blind beggar realistically played by Louisa Reppucci. Jiffy Copeland, the proprietor of the poolhall and rival of Captain Amy, cared only for profit and the well-being of his favorite customers such as the silent man with all the money, humorously played by Betsy Slimmon. Linda Juszcak as the fashionable thrill-seeker Alicia and her bored fiancé, Marilyn Keast, tease the blind beggar about his handicap, accusing him of faking; they are a reminder of the selfish and worldly. Then Captain Amy's prayer, an act of firm faith, is answered; potatoes fall from the sky, a technical effect requiring a lot of thought and skill on the part of the backstage masterminds. The blind beggar regains his sight after eating one of the potatoes that lands in his cup. But, of course, the world rejects the miracle. Ann Hemingway as the policeman added much humor by rushing in, discovering the mysterious substance on the ground, and ordering the unimpressed street cleaner, Truda Bloom, to sweep away the potato-miracle.

The Glee Club provided appropriate background music and some of the members were carollers in the street scene on stage. As so frequently happens the Christmas production proved to be one of the most effective of the year.



SPRING PLAYS



The first of the spring plays on March 13, 1969 was the final scene of *The Heiress* based on Henry James' *Washington Square*, which had been studied by the seniors in the fall. Though he had jilted her two years before, Morris, played by Truda Bloom, returned to persuade the wealthy Catherine (Betty Hall) to marry him. To his surprise she is willing to set forth that evening. Aunt Penniman's (Toni Pollak) romantic nature becomes excited since the relationship was spurred on by her doing. However, when Morris returns with pride of his success and a few belongings, (Louisa Reppucci), who played the maid, bolted the door for Catherine. Catherine could be cruel since she had "learned from masters."



The Dramatics Club presented a Shaw one-act play, *Poison, Passion and Petrification*, along with the other spring plays. Truda Bloom directed the madcap proceedings. Debbie Pletscher portrayed the glamorous Lady Fitztollemache causing the conflict between her husband, Marion Eddy, and Adolphus, her lover, Karen Anderson. In the chaos of the revengeful poisoning of Adolphus, the maid, played by Linda Juszczak, the landlord, (Ann Hemingway), the policeman (Pam Bell), and the doctor (Tina Lefferts), all appear. The landlord at first concerned about the noise soon found himself more upset about his lime ceiling being torn down as an antidote for Adolphus.

SPRING PLAYS



In *Mother's Day*, by J. B. Priestly, Kitty Wick as a meek housewife exchanges roles with an aggressive woman, Lynn Tatian, in order to teach her family a lesson about taking advantage of her. The mother suddenly refuses to wait on her spoiled daughter, played by Marilyn Keast, and her demanding son, played by Jiffy Copeland. When her husband, well played by Mary Thomas, learns of her new eight-hour work day limit, he is thoroughly shocked and upset. The family, after a humorous discussion, understands and begins to appreciate their mother. Now satisfied, she exchanges roles once again with her helpful friend.



The final play, *Aria da Capo*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay, illustrates the comedies and tragedies of life. Comedy can become tragedy as shown by the killings of Corydon (Amelia Rowe) and Thyrsis (Lisa Laing), who started out as friends. The world often ignores tragedies. Ellen Curry as Cothurnus, the Masque of Tragedy, directed this scene on stage. Columbine (Linda Juszcak) and Pierrot (Debbie Evans) act as clown-lovers to give the harlequinade effect. Their charm is overwhelming. Mrs. Perloff's set was particularly effective with its stark black and white decor and its smaller details such as a giant black flower and a huge artichoke.

FOUNDER'S DAY

Founder's Day seems to be one of the few events of the year that almost everyone participates in preparing for, in one way or another.

Most of the early arriving alumnae wandered around the Art and Photography rooms to judge the creative works, and around the dormitory to spot and admire their old rooms.

At eleven, the Senior Fair became the main attraction for old and new: there was something of interest for everyone, from the usual food, to skirts, posters and candles.

After a delightful luncheon and the annual alumnae business meeting, the next event was the annual water-ballet. This year's circus theme was enjoyed by all, with its amusing lion taming act and graceful aerialists' performance which was ignited by Linda Juszczak's soaring across the lit pool on a wire.

FATHER-DAUGHTER DAY



The weekend started out rather threatened with rain forcing the cookout and the softball game inside. The skies cleared and the fathers and daughters went off after a fine performance of the water-ballet which centered around a circus theme. It was very well done and most comical. Everyone returned for dinner and the dance in the evening. The entertainment at the dance included a marvelous take-off on "Laugh In," separate skits, a song by Marion Eddy and the ever-flowering sweetness of the Octet.

FATHER-DAUGHTER DAY



SPRING PROM



The spring dance was transferred back to the formal setting in the dining room this year, from MacGay's less-formal atmosphere of last year. It was enlightened by a new taste that Pam Bell brought with her "psychedelic" band.

Most of the mob arrived early Saturday morning where they were promptly met by a bus that took them on a day's excursion to the beach at Betty Hall's house.

The dance seemed to deaden a bit when the seniors left for a midnight party at the Broxes home, where they were entertained at a roast beef dinner by a male folk-singer.

Sunday morning was off to a slow start when the tired undergrads and the droopy-eyed seniors dragged in for an early breakfast at MacGay. After maximum confusion, the seniors tramped off again to the beach for a second warm day in the rays, this time to Janie Seller's house on the Cape, where the main attraction was the boat and the refreshments.

The big weekend came to an end when the three cars with the exhausted beachcombers straggled up to MacGay—wet, weak and weathered.



THE GAY LIFE



COMMENCEMENT PLAY



Our final play at commencement time was *Mrs. McThing*, by Mary Chase. This delightful fantasy-comedy revolves around Howay Larue, a dual personality played professionally by Ann Hemingway, whose mother, played in Betty Hall's capable style, refuses to allow just "any ragged child" to associate with him. Linda Juszczak, the persistent Mimi, wants to play with Howay, and she gets her mother, a witch called Mrs. McThing, to change Howay into a prim and proper Stick at home while the real Howay ends up on the other side of the tracks where Mimi *can* play with him. Mrs. Larue's friends, the Lewis sisters, played humorously by Kitty Wick, Debi Pletscher and Marilyn Keast, can't get over the wonderful change in Stick Howay's behavior; however, Howay's nurse, played convincingly by Cynthia Brox, notices the change and causes Mrs. Larue to follow up on the mysterious phone calls she has been getting from "some strange child." After scouring Skid Row Mrs. Larue finds the real Howay in the Shantyland Pool Hall Lunchroom where he has joined the Schellenbach mob. The plot is complicated further by Mrs. McThing's making another stick and putting it in Mrs. Larue's place at Larue Towers so that she too has to stay with the mob.

The gangster scenes were delightful. Poison Eddie Schellenbach, Dirty Joe McGinnis, and the Stinker are caricatures of gangsters. Truda Bloom, Karen Anderson and Toni Pollak did marvelous jobs recreating these characters down to specific mannerisms and articles of clothing. Other humorous additions to the play were Amelia Rowe as the chef who plays an imaginary piano and serves only people whose names he likes, and Kathleen McCartin as Mrs. Schellenbach who appears occasionally to beat up her wayward son.

The play draws to a climax when Mimi says that she knows a way to get everyone back to Larue Towers. Guns won't do it but she will use one of her mother's tricks provided Mrs. Larue will continue to let her play with Howay. The entire group, including the mob, arrive at Larue Towers where Mimi burns the stick characters just in time for the police to arrive. The real Mrs. Larue saves the mob from the law and pairs them with the flirtatious Lewis sisters who think they are collectors of silver, not thieves.

The ugly witch, effectively played by Lynne Tatian, then appears to scold Mimi for siding with humans, but she returns once again as a beautiful witch to say goodbye and to leave Mimi with the Larues.

COMMENCEMENT PLAY



Now hear this . . .



A stage manager's lot is not a happy one

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Howard V. Larue, III Elizabeth Hall
 Carrie Cynthia Brox
 Sybil Louisa Reppucci
 Evva Lewis Kathleen Wick
 Maude Lewis Deborah Pletscher
 Grace Lewis Marilyn Keast
 Nelson Genevieve Copeland
 Howay Ann Hemingway
 Chef (Ellsworth) Amelia Rowe
 Virgil Mary Thomas

Dirty Joe McGinnis Karen Anderson
 Stinker Toni Pollak
 Poison Eddie Schellenbach Truda Bloom
 Mrs. Schellenbach Kathleen McCartin
 Mimi Linda Juszczak
 Policeman Deborah Evans
 Mrs. McThing
 Ugly Witch Lynn Tatian
 Beautiful Witch Ellen Curry

TECHNICAL STAFF

Director Mrs. Dorothy Ann Worsham
 Scenery designed and executed by Mrs. Dorothy Perloff
 assisted by Roger Collins
 Stage Manager Dania Doremus
 Sound Nancy Dewey
 Make-up Christina Lefferts, Alida McIlvain, Elisabeth Strasburg
 Jo Anne Sweet, Suzanne Templet, Susan Whitney
 Costumes Hooker-Howe Company, Haverhill, Massachusetts



RH VARIED CURRICULUM



Apple picking for polishing



Public Speaking



Meditation



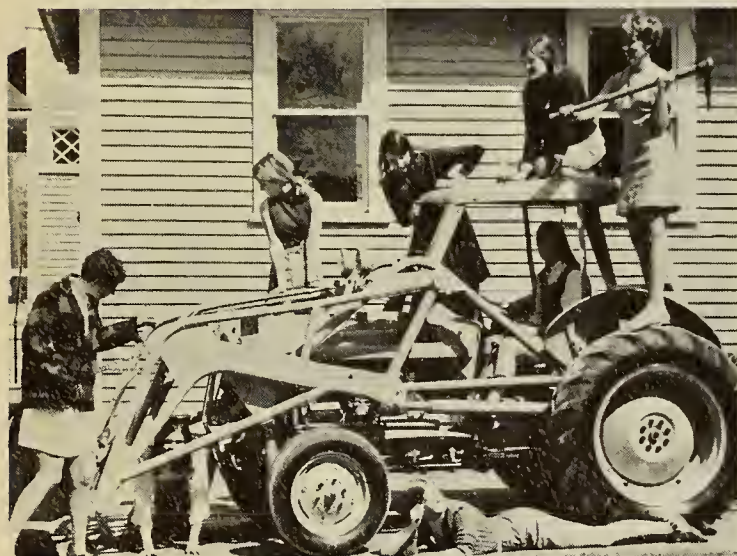
Extrapolating



Scholarly dissertation



Contemplation and repose



Popular Mechanics



SPRING Headholding



Exercising

CLASS DAY AWARDS — 1969

CLUB CUPS

Hockey	CAE	Softball	CAE
Volleyball	CAE	Swimming	CAE
Basketball	KAVA	Badminton	CAE
		Tennis	CAE

INDIVIDUAL AWARDS

Badminton	Susan Spring
Tennis	Susan Spring
Posture	Elise Catharine

RED CROSS LIFE SAVING — SENIOR

Christina Lefferts	Amelia Rowe	Betsey Slimmon
Ellen Peck	Susan Shipton	Mary Thomas

R. H. AWARDS

Given to those who have earned a total of seventy or more points in one year. Points are given for athletic ability, sportsmanship, captains, managers, water ballet, posture and neatness.

	CAE	KAVA
Karen Anderson	Betsey Slimmon	Susan Ellington
Suzanne Johnson	Susan Spring	Ann Hemingway
Linda Juszczak	Vanessa Vallis	Marilyn Keast
Christina Lefferts		Judith Knowles
Alida McIlvain		Martha Pihl
Betsy Nauss		Susan Shipton
Nancy Nields		Mary Thomas
Toni Pollak		Laura Waterman

HONORARY R. H. AWARD Dania Doremus

NEATNESS AWARDS

Hall	Barbara Gray
MacGay	Ellen Peck - Deborah Zinn

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CLUB OFFICERS FOR NEXT YEAR

	CAE	KAVA
President	Nancy Nields	President Mary Thomas
Vice-President	Vanessa Vallis	Vice-President Susan Shipton
Cheerleader	Ellen Peck	Cheerleader Nancy Dewey

COMMENCEMENT

THE BACCALAUREATE

At 10:45 a.m. Sunday the school met at All Souls Church for the Baccalaureate Service. The Reverend Thomas E. Dipko encouraged the members of the class of '69 to live in truth. His sermon most appropriately pointed out the problems that youth are being confronted with today. He asked the seniors to be true to their morals and ideals by which they were brought up. In short the familiar quotation, "To thine own self be true," was the overall theme.

Following the sermon the school was served delicious refreshments by the parish members.

THE MUSICALE

On Sunday at 3:30 the Glee Club and the Octet combined their efforts into the annual Musicale. It began with the Recessional by the Glee Club. The Glee Club sang "No Man Is An Island," "Love Is Blue," and "More." Between these numbers the Octet performed "Sunday Morning," and "The Lonely Goat Herd." It was obvious that both groups had worked very hard, for the Musicale was a success.

SENIOR LUNCHEON

A luncheon honoring the senior class took place on Monday. It began with the girls at Miss LeButt's table singing various songs to the senior class. The poems and the gifts from the undergraduates were amusing and sometimes very appropriate. The girls were also given leather frames from Miss Ramsay and tiny replicas of MacGay. At the end Miss Ramsay presented the survivors of four years with beautiful carnations.

CLASS DAY

After the Senior Luncheon everybody filtered into the gymnasium. Miss Ramsay and Miss Bowes began by announcing the athletic awards after which the clubs sang their songs. Then the present club heads announced the new ones. Most ably, Pamela Bell and Lynne Tatian read the Class Prophecy and the Class Will respectively. The activities ended with the walls still shaking from the hysterical laughter.

GRADUATION

The morning began with threatening skies and everyone had been plagued by the weatherman's reporting rain showers. Nevertheless, the sun managed to peek out occasionally. With or without the sun the radiant faces of the senior class made up for the overcast skies.

The seniors proudly showed off their dresses for the first time at 9:30 at a reception for parents and friends and walked into the gymnasium at 10:00 for the last time to the tune of "Pomp and Circumstance."

The Reverend Victor F. Scalise, a friend of Rogers Hall for many years, gave the address. He urged us to do "our thing" provided it possesses the qualities of "perspective, compassion, and love for humanity." Mr. Scalise gave us courage to face the world with the proper attitude.

Dr. David Latham, President of the Board of Trustees presented the long awaited diplomas to the anxious seniors. Then, Elizabeth Hall, President of the Senior Class, presented the school with books for the library. Miss Ramsay accepted the gift and then proceeded with the school honors. The school song was then sung and the Benediction was given. The seniors marched out making an arc with their roses and sang "When You Walk Through A Storm" while the undergrads went through. The seniors and the undergrads said good luck and goodbye. The undergrads were sad to see them go and the seniors weren't quite ready to believe that it was really all over.



AWARDS AND HONORS — 1969

UNDERHILL HONOR — COLLEGE PREPARATORY

Karen Anderson

PARSONS HONOR — GENERAL COURSE

Susan Ellington

HONOR ROLL — AVERAGE 85% OR ABOVE

Karen Anderson	Elizabeth Hall	M. Pamela Saba
Josephine Blain	Linda Juszczak	Elaine Sohier
Deborah Drury	Barbara MacMannis	Mary Thomas
Jennifer Foster	Betsy Nauss	Pamela Tikellis

HELEN HILL AWARD

Elizabeth Hall

ATHLETIC AWARD

Christina Lefferts

HONORABLE MENTION

Betsy Nauss

ART PRIZES

Marilyn Keast - Betsy Nauss

There are two awards this year, both of equal merit. They are being given to girls who are both creative and industrious. Each girl has contributed in a major way to either the Year Book or *Splinters*.

DRAMATICS

Elizabeth Hall

For her steady effort to achieve that concentration known to actors as "public solitude."

Truda Bloom

For her ability to contribute to a theatre which "infects the audience with its noble ecstasy."

HONORABLE MENTION

Karen Anderson	Linda Juszczak	Amelia Rowe
Cynthia Brox	Marilyn Keast	Lynne Tatian
Dania Doremus	Deborah Pletscher	Mary Thomas
Ann Hemingway	Toni Pollak	Kathleen Wick

MUSIC APPRECIATION

Karen Anderson - Deborah Zinn

HONORABLE MENTION

Estela Alvarez	Linda Juszczak	Pamela Saba
Susan Brown	Barbara MacMannis	Mary Thomas
Marion Eddy	Maureen McCann	Pamela Tikellis
Susan Ellington	Deborah Pletscher	Ann Whitney
Ann Hemingway	Nicola Plimpton	

ART APPRECIATION

Seniors Betsy Nauss Undergraduates Frances Grynkrout

HONORABLE MENTION

Susan Aubin	Anne Loring	Marilyn Keast
Catherine Begg	Barbara Gray	

CURRENT EVENTS

Senior Linda Juszczak Undergraduate Pamela Saba

HONORABLE MENTION

Deborah Drury - Raleigh Perkins

KATHARINE WHITTEN MacGAY LITERARY PRIZES

Seniors - Elizabeth Strasburg

For "*the rich webbed images of your enchanting tongue.*"

Undergraduates - Susan Aubin

In hopes that her lyrical sense will continue to grow.

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